







THE  
BOMBAY QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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JANUARY,

1855.

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PROSPECTUS  
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EARLY in January next, the first number of a new periodical work with the above title, will be published in Bombay.

Its pages will be open to the free exposition and discussion of all subjects of interest, literary, social, and in the largest sense of the term—political.

The spirit of inquiry which of late has been manifested by the educated classes in England, in every thing that relates to India, has produced a demand for trustworthy information regarding its history, its institutions, its condition, and its people, which the current literature of the East, at present, does not adequately supply.

A Review conducted with conspicuous ability has existed for some years in Calcutta, but it has hitherto devoted its chief attention to the valley of the Ganges, and the Punjab. It is thought, therefore, that another periodical, which on Indian Questions shall seek to co-operate with, rather than to rival the Bengal publication, is demanded from the intelligence, the public spirit, and the increasing importance of Western India.

The projectors of the *Bombay Quarterly Review*, however, by no means desire that it should possess an exclusively Oriental character. They believe that the time, if not arrived, is rapidly approaching, when an Indian periodical should open its columns to matter of universal interest. If, on the one hand, the results of modern science have of late years brought India into such close proximity with Europe, as to have awakened in our countrymen at home a deeper sympathy with their Indian fellow subjects; on the other, the same influences must insensibly attract attention in India to the great questions of European interest, and the educated Native may often be tempted to seek information in the pages of a local publication when disinclined to study, or embarrassed to select works, wholly of European character, and addressed exclusively to European readers.

To aid English enquirers in collecting accurate and practical knowledge of this, the greatest dependency of the British Empire, to

impart a vigorous impulse and a healthy tone to the Native mind, to enlarge its taste for, and guide its selection of English reading,—in short, to act in some respects as an auxiliary to the educational institutions of the country, will,—however imperfect the execution,—be the honorable aim of the intended Review; and the proprietors submit it to the public in the earnest hope, that intelligent and experienced men throughout India, will assist in making it an organ of practical instruction, on all matters relative to the well being of this country, and a valuable instrument in the cause of the moral and intellectual improvement of its people.

*Bombay, October, 1854.*

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THE

## BOMBAY QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1855.

### ART. I.—MR. MACKAY'S REPORT ON GUZERAT.

*Western India Reports addressed to the Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn, and Glasgow, by their Commissioner, the late ALEXANDER MACKAY, Esquire. Edited by J. ROBERTSON, Esquire, with a Preface by THOMAS BAZLEY, Esq., President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, &c. London, Nathaniel Cooke, Milford House, Strand, 1853.*

AT the close of the year 1850, Parliament having refused Mr. Bright's motion for an address to the Crown, that a special Royal Commission should be despatched to India to enquire into the causes which retarded progress in this country, especially in the cultivation of Cotton, the Chambers of Commerce of Manchester, Liverpool, Blackburn, and Glasgow, determined to make the same enquiry through a Commissioner of their own. Their choice fell upon the late Alexander Mackay, Esq. who as the author of "the Western World," one of the best works that has appeared on the United States of America—and as a writer, and special Commissioner, to a leading London Journal—had given public indications of his fitness for this very interesting and important trust.

The Commission was conceived in the most honorable spirit. Mr. Mackay was instructed to elicit the truth without fear or favour, and to transmit to England only such reports of the condition of India as could be implicitly relied on. His qualifications were thus described by Mr. Bright, on moving the resolution for the mission, at the meeting of the several Chambers of Commerce:—

"I have known Mr. Mackay for some years. I have known him  
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“for a considerable time intimately. I have had many opportunities of knowing his opinions and character long before this question was ever thought of by me; and I am quite satisfied that if he goes out under the sanction of this Chamber, and as representing the trade of this district, he will execute the duty confided to him with that impartiality, truthfulness, and fidelity which we, or any honest friend of the India Company, would require and expect.” Mr. Bright added, that “two years would probably be about the period which would be required for the purpose of performing this service satisfactorily.”

Naturally of a very delicate constitution, and having contracted organic disease before he left England, Mr. Mackay was scarcely a year in India ere his health entirely gave way, and compelled him to return home. We are told that he transmitted nearly the whole of his reports now given to the world, at intervals extending over the period of his residence in this country, that they were prepared at a time when he was much occupied with engagements and correspondence connected with his mission, and that the last of them was written while he was in a declining state of health. He died, unhappily, before reaching England. The papers he had with him were taken especial care of by gentlemen who accompanied him on his homeward voyage, and were delivered, we presume, to those whose Commissioner he was. We do not learn either from the Editor of the present work, or from Mr. Bazley, —and we are curious to know—whether Mr. Mackay left behind him any materials for correcting his earlier statements and impressions. Mr. Robertson's Preface suggests that the only liberty which he has taken with the reports, as transmitted to England, has been—the compression of them “within more moderate compass, by condensing “such passages as seemed to be unnecessarily amplified.” As Mr. Robertson had all Mr. Mackay's papers before him, we cannot suppose that he has performed his Editorial task in so slovenly, inaccurate, and dishonest a manner as to have printed anything which the author of the reports afterwards had discovered to be incorrect, and had in his later papers corrected. On the other hand, we believe that Mr. Mackay spared no pains to arrive at the truth,—that his errors, grave and inexplicable in many respects, as they are, are still conscientious, and mainly attributable to the peculiar duty he had to discharge, and to the embarrassing position it necessarily placed him in with reference to official personages in India—to his inability to estimate at its real value, the information he received from the natives of this country, ignorant as he was of their language, character, and customs—to a sensitive distrust of official authority, natural under the circumstances, and necessary perhaps for the preservation of his credit with his employers at home; and lastly, to no inconsiderable bias against the E. I. Company's

management of India, which the intimate friend of John Bright, selected by him for this particular mission, was not unlikely to possess. Still, however, his disposition was essentially truthful and candid; and we know that he considerably modified his earlier impressions, and—gathering information as he went on—he must have found that some of his earlier data were also erroneous. It is only natural to suppose that any change of opinion, which he freely acknowledged in this country, found its way into the note-book he always carried about with him, or into his later papers; and if the reports now published are his first views simply compressed—but unrevised and unmodified by his later opinions—we cannot but think that great injustice has been done to the memory of the lamented author by his Editor. After this, it is painful to have to say that the present work is in some of its most important particulars singularly inaccurate and untrustworthy.

Mr. Mackay on his arrival in Bombay was cordially received by the authorities as well as by the Chamber of Commerce. Government offered him facilities for prosecuting his enquiries which were declined. The public records—to all others a sealed book—were freely thrown open to him. The local officers were desired to give him all the assistance and information in their power; and he was sensible of the frankness and good faith with which they carried out this duty.

The Reports are written in a pleasant facile style—in every way more genial and agreeable than that of “the Western World.” But they are composed with a dangerous skill. We recognise in them that love of theorizing and taste for subtle and artificial reasoning which the author carried with him into private society, and which imparted to him an easy and deceptive copiousness in the development of his opinions—that charmed all who listened to his dissertations, and misled those who had not the power to analyse them. The same habit and turn of mind unfitted him to appreciate the results of experience where they conflicted with theory. Considerations of a practical nature seem to have made no impression on him; and although those with whom he came in contact whilst in India, could have had very little else to give him—for we are all too much engaged with daily facts to neglect them for speculation—still, so far as the reports throw any light on the practical working of the systems and machinery which Mr. Mackay found in operation in this country, he might as well have written them in England. In illustration of this—not a thought is bestowed on the difficulties of the position of the East India Company—its debt—its limited revenue—the few European servants it can afford to keep up for civil employ in the districts, or the state in which the country was when it came into the possession of the British. But all Mr. Mackay's efforts are directed to shew, and to convince his Mercantile constituents, that the Indian

Government ought to double its expenditure and give up one half its revenue; a Government already in debt, and with little or no surplus revenue as it is! How this is to be accomplished, and the public treasuries are to answer the call of those who attend on the first of the month for their salaries, we are left to divine. It is worse than puerile for one, who is drawing up articles of impeachment against the East India Company, to reason in this fashion. Any person can easily point out what India wants, and can, with irresistible logic, make out that the country has been scandalously neglected,—if the pecuniary part of the matter may be left entirely out of consideration.

We may furnish another illustration of Mr. Mackay's love of theorizing, and of his insensibility to all practical evidence. The leading proposition which he endeavours to establish, and on which he dwells more or less throughout these reports, is that the ryot's tenure of the land in Western India is that of "a tenant at will," and that an interest in the land, so insecure, obviously offers no inducement to the occupant to improve the soil, but, on the contrary, is, of itself, a complete bar to agricultural progress. One would naturally suppose that Mr. Mackay would have taken some pains to enquire whether in reality the ryot did feel uneasy as to the permanency of his tenure. He appears to have considered this wholly unnecessary! Now we do not believe that there is a single cultivator throughout Guzerat who has the least idea that his tenure is insecure; and Mr. Mackay does not affirm that there is.

We propose, in the present number, to confine our observations to the report on Guzerat, which forms the larger portion of the work. Mr. Mackay commences it with the following words:—

"I now proceed to lay before you, as briefly as the nature of the subject will permit, the results of my inquiries in Guzerat.

"In doing so I shall confine myself to those topics on which I feel competent to speak; and it will not be arrogating to myself too much to lay claim to some competency as a witness in speaking of Guzerat, after a tour through the province of three months' duration, and comprising, in extent, upwards of eight hundred miles.

"The whole of my time whether in the bungalow or on the road was devoted to the enquiry, and what I now proceed to lay before you is a faithful account of what I have actually seen and heard."

There is a tone of confidence in this passage, which daily experience teaches us is always to be found in companionship with imperfect knowledge. Mr. Mackay conceived a three months' tour through Guzerat sufficient to qualify him—a previous stranger to India,—to speak authoritatively on subjects which it has taken all others years of experience thoroughly to master. We have no doubt that he actually saw and heard all that he has put forth in his report; but we know that he heard a great many other things from unquestionable sources, quite at variance with the statements he has

preferred to adopt as truthful ; and it is inexplicable that he should have so confidently set the matter we allude to aside, and not even have adverted to it as having been presented to him. Mr. Mackay's belief of his competency to speak as a witness in relation to Guzerat, will probably be accepted in England as decisive of the correctness of every thing he has reported to his friends. In India it can only excite a smile. He spent his three months exceedingly well. We recognize indeed the fidelity of many of his statements on subjects on which ocular inspection was all that was needed for correct speaking. But it is simply ridiculous to suppose that a tour of that duration could enable him, however intelligent, to select—unassisted—the truth from the contradictory accounts he received, regarding the state of the country, and out of that mass of hearsay, to speak with the knowledge “ of a witness.” The phrase was altogether an artful one. It is deceptive in its suggestions. It gracefully covers the chief defect of these reports : namely, that no one can discover from whence the facts in them are derived. It keeps off all who are troubled with a rude inquiry on this point, and enables Mr. Mackay—unseen—to give credence to the stories of truthless Patells, in preference to data derived from the purest sources.

Again—candid, and open to conviction, as he was, in regard to most of the subjects on which he was seeking information, on one point he was immovable. He came to India with an opinion as to the pernicious effect of the landed tenures on the industry of the country, so deeply rooted that he could not listen even with temper to any other view. At the very commencement of his tour, he had the inestimable advantage, to one in his situation, of passing several days at the house of Mr. Landon of Broach, whom he justly describes as one of the most intelligent, energetic, and enterprising of the Europeans connected with the experiments of cotton cleaning in Guzerat. From this gentleman, perhaps the most competent authority in that district on the real condition of the cultivator—the practical effect of the landed tenures, the oppressiveness or otherwise of the assessment—and who certainly was the most disinterested and independent witness Mr. Mackay could have resorted to—he received very valuable data, which, strange to say, he has put entirely aside, adopting in their place other and most inaccurate statements derived from sources which we are left to conjecture. Mr. Landon's opinion as to the effect of the tenures of Guzerat on the position of the cultivator is, that they do not practically impede the progress of agriculture. We know this from himself, and that he combatted in vain the theories on the same point which Mr. Mackay had brought, ready made, from England—an argument which the former from his great experience was able to illustrate with facts which could not have been previously known to his guest, and to which the latter could only offer speculative and theoretical replies. We must,

therefore—on this the most important part of his enquiry—correct Mr. Mackay's statement, that his report is a faithful account of what he had actually seen and heard. He brought certain fixed views with him to India. He saw and heard much that should, at least, have modified them. He sent them back, by the post, in the state in which they arrived here ; and they have now been reproduced as the results of a tour through Guzerat !

The first chapter, of the Report on this Province, touches on "cotton," its cultivation, and treatment before it reaches the hands of the merchant for shipment to foreign countries. A few words dispose of the question of the relative merits of indigenous and exotic cotton in Guzerat ; and we must be content to follow Mr. Mackay's example, in the brevity of our remarks in this respect. It is only in the vicinity of Broach that the culture of cotton of both kinds, experimentally under the superintendence of Government Officers, has ever been fairly tested in Guzerat ; and this was in the case of the farm which was under the superintendence of Dr. Burn, of the Bombay Medical Service. Strange to say, this experiment, although carried on at great expense for some years, is not even mentioned in the work before us. As we are not in the same favoured position that Mr. Mackay was, with reference to authentic documents concerning the Broach farm, we can only state, in general terms, that the result of the experiment in some of the best cotton growing soil in Guzerat, on the banks of the Nurbuddah, near the town of Broach, was unfavorable to the successful culture of exotic cotton, as well as to the introduction of the more highly finished and theoretically superior agricultural instruments tried ; and we doubt if the experimental farm ever paid its own expenses. Attempts have been made to introduce the culture of exotic cotton in other parts of the country, by distributing seed to the cultivators themselves. We have conversed personally with numbers of these men, and have inspected their crops, and from all that we have as yet had an opportunity of seeing we should say, that the cultivation of cotton from foreign seed in the ordinary black soils, in which the indigenous variety arrives at perfection without manure and without irrigation, will be unremunerative. The plants raised from New Orleans seed appear dwarfish and stunted, and their produce is not to be compared in quantity with that of the indigenous plant. Their quality is still superior notwithstanding the disadvantage of climate ; for the staple retains all its characteristic length and silkiness of fibre. What may be done with this description of seed in well manured soils and with proper irrigation remains to be seen ; but if the failure of the experiments hitherto may be attributed to the want of moisture in the climate, artificial irrigation is the obvious remedy ; and time may induce the partial supplanting of the short

stapled indigenous, by the long fibred and more valuable foreign varieties.

Whilst the cotton is yet in the hands of the Ryot, the series of adulterations, to which it is subjected, commence. Frequently, indeed, it suffers from neglect before it is ready for picking, owing to the practice of selling the crop in an unripe state. In these cases, from the moment of the sale the grower takes no further interest in what he has disposed of. He prefers paying attention to some other crop to the neglect of this, which, being already sold, he cannot expect to get much more out of; and the fields that contain the latter are accordingly carelessly weeded and watched. When the cotton has ripened, the loss arising from dirt and other deteriorating substances getting mixed with it in the picking, does not fall on him but on the buyer; and in fact their admixture, from increasing the weight of the article, rather adds to the seller's gains; so that apart from his want of interest in the cleanliness of the cotton, the temptation to an unscrupulous grower to adulterate it is great. The remedy for such a state of things is not exclusively in the hands of Government or its servants. Only let the dealers know that adulterated cotton will not find the market which it now finds, and they will take care so to make their bargains with the grower, that they shall have it cleanly and carefully picked and put into their hands in a pure state, that will not oblige them to adulterate it still further in order to remunerate themselves. The remedy, so far, is a self-evident one, and the evil is not to be removed by such measures as are recommended by a late official, great in cotton matters, and in high favor with the Chambers of Manchester and Liverpool, that cultivators should not be granted remissions when they asked for them on the plea that their cotton had not been cleanly gathered, and that the native servants of Government should not be deemed worthy of promotion unless they had taken an interest in the extension of its culture!

The staple is now in the hands of the native up-country dealer called in Broach the "wukharia," not because he is a cotton dealer, but because he holds a "wukhar," or store-house. This person separates the cotton (henceforward called "roo" or "rooce," in contradistinction to "kuppas," or seed cotton) from the "kupassia," or cotton seed, packs it in rather loosely screwed bales, and ships it to Bombay. The cleaning instrument employed as yet,—for saw-gins have made but little progress in native favour—has been the "Churka." Mr. Mackay discusses the relative merits of these machines, and observes, correctly, that the saw-gin has the advantage of its rival in celerity, and cheapness in turning out the cotton in a much cleaner state. He overrates the powers of the churka, however, and supposes that "two men, working day and night,

might clean about four maunds (of 40lbs each) of seed cotton ; that is to say, they might turn out more than a maund of clean cotton." But the average daily out-turn of this instrument is not more than 25lbs of clean cotton. On the other hand, the capacity of the Saw-gin, when driven by bullocks, is underrated by Mr. Mackay : he says (apparently in allusion to the Government experiment in 1849) "that the out-turn per day, for each bullock with sixty saws, instead of twenty-five for each gin, was only about 60lbs of cotton" ; whereas, in reality, the average out-turn per bullock was 150lbs of clean cotton a day, all through the season of 1849.

We believe that Mr. Mackay is quite right in the following :

"But admitting the superiority of the saw-gin in point of cleanness, cleanliness and celerity, it is not to be overlooked that the churka has been found to do least harm to the staple of the cotton. The product of the latter is silky and glossy, with an almost uninjured fibre ; that of the gin has a dull look and feels woolly to the touch, whilst the staple has been visibly impaired. There is much reason to fear that the gin cannot be introduced into India without its injuring the staple of the cotton ; and therefore the question remains to be answered : Can the churka be so applied as to clean the cotton as rapidly and as cheaply as the gin ? The churka is at present in a rude and simple state, and a mere germ of a more perfect machine, which might have been invented by this time but for the attention which has been paid to the introduction of the gin."

Mr. Mackay gives a vivid and tolerably accurate description of the various ways in which cotton is injured in its progress from the grower's hands to the Bombay market. We pause to correct an error—not a very important one. He says that whilst the cotton is in the yard of the wukharia, "it is left exposed to the night dews ; and where the dealer is industrious, it is sometimes turned over once or twice in an evening, that it may absorb as much as possible. In the morning it is gathered into heaps, and hastily passed through the churka when in its moist state. Immediately after passing through the churka the cotton is carried to the press." This is a mistake ; kuppas must be in a dry state to pass through the churka. After it has been subjected to this process, and not before, the cotton is spread out in the open, uncovered space, in the centre of the wukharia's yard, for one whole night, to imbibe the dew and add to its weight ; and it is packed in a damp state.

Let us, however, proceed to consider our author's "cure" for the adulteration of cotton whilst in the districts. This part of his subject Mr. Mackay treats with a most unsatisfactory vagueness. He does not, in fact, know what to say, and although there is an abstinence from any definite accusation against the East India Company, there is a vein of complaint and insinuation running through the whole of his observations on this head. After expressing

an opinion that the introduction of European capital and enterprise "is essential to the thorough regeneration of the Indian Cotton trade"—a proposition in which all will probably concur—he notices a plan which has been suggested of appointing "a number of inspectors throughout the Cotton districts, whose duty it would be to stamp every bale in such a way that it could be easily traced to the dealer who sent it into the market."

Mr Mackay adds:—

"To this plan, which, if properly carried out, could not fail of being efficacious, no valid objection has been offered, and yet although it has been long advocated by many influential members of the Mercantile community, and even by its representative, the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, no effectual step has, as yet, been taken to carry it into effect."

The generality of this language conceals an immense deal of error and misrepresentation. The principle of appointing a certain number of officers in the districts to inspect the cotton, has received very great consideration from Government; but the difficulty has been to give shape and effect to the scheme, to define the duties of the inspectors, and to make the examination efficient without obstructing the operations of commerce. Another point not to be lost sight of, is that the expense should fall on the staple protected, and not on the general revenues of the country. Were Broach the only district in which the adulteration of cotton existed as a practice, the scheme might be easily applied; but—as Mr. Revenue Commissioner Townsend informed the Government—in districts such as those of the Southern Mahratta Country, "an army of inspectors" would be required. One would suppose from the text that "many influential members of the Mercantile community and its representative the Chamber of Commerce" had prepared and pressed Government to adopt a plan which met all difficulties—to which "no valid objection had been offered," and that the Government had, with scandalous indifference, declined to carry it out. Mr. Mackay says: "I must confess that "my belief is, that, to be effectual, the inspection must at first, at least, be entrusted to Europeans, or to natives playing subordinate parts under a comprehensive and efficient European controul; "to entrust the matter entirely to natives, as has been done, in some instances, is to ensure failure. In the first place, many of them "do not know what good cotton is." We perfectly agree in all this. Now come the details. "To simplify the matter, the presses" (in the districts) "might be licensed, and an inspector appointed to each place where cotton was cleaned and pressed." Where is the army of European inspectors to be found who do know "what good cotton is," to discharge this duty? And will the cotton merchants consent to pay them? So far from the plan of district inspectors, mentioned by Mr. Mackay, never having been objected to, experienced Europeans now



in Guzerat consider it most objectionable, and that it would never answer. Mr. Mackay continues : " Notwithstanding all the cry that " has been raised for years against the frauds which have been " practised, nothing of this kind has yet been done to discover " guilty parties." And he adds : " Whether this plan be adopted or " not, it is evident that *something* must be done, more comprehensive " and efficient than has hitherto been attempted, to put a stop to " a system of fraud, which has long outgrown all private means of " repression, and which can only be effectually checked by a firm and " judicious interference on the part of Government."

This " something must be done" only reflects the angry chafings of the energetic merchants of England at receiving year after year adulterated and damaged cotton from this country, and who, unable to reach the real culprit—the Native of India, and not knowing on whom to vent their rage, turn and rend the nearest object at hand—the East India Company. The extreme difficulty is to improve a trade which, at its earlier stages, is in the hands of a people who have not one spark of honesty in them, and who do not believe in its existence ; who live and profit by the adulteration of the article, as their fathers have done before them ; and who combine to keep the trade in their own hands, and prevent European interference ; and against whom a handful of foreigners—unsupported—nay, thwarted and deceived by corrupt Native subordinates—can accomplish little or nothing.

But why, amidst so much insinuation of neglect on the part of the Government, has no notice been taken by the Commissioner of the Regulation, which was passed so far back as 1829, for the punishment of frauds connected with the adulteration and false packing of cotton ? This law is still in force, and is, in itself, a most complete remedy, as far as the law can provide one, for the evils complained of ; and yet its existence is not even adverted to by Mr. Mackay. We draw the particular attention of our readers to the recital, and the first section, consisting of two clauses, of Regulation III of 1829, which he wholly ignores :

" Whereas numerous and various kinds of frauds are committed in the packing and preparation of cotton for sale, to the great detriment and injury of the trade, in that staple commodity ; and whereas, to check and eradicate an evil of such pernicious consequences to the trade, it is expedient to provide for the punishment of the frauds so practised : And whereas it is expedient, from the short interval that elapses between the gathering of the cotton, and the period when it must be shipped from the Ports of Guzerat, to provide that the cognizance of the offence committed should be had with the least possible delay. The following rules have therefore been enacted to have effect from the date of promulgation.

" First. Any person fraudulently mixing good and bad descriptions of cotton in one bale, termed ' false packing,' and fraudulently offering for sale, or

selling cotton, so packed, as good cotton, shall be deemed to be guilty of a penal offence, and punishable as provided in the following Section.

"Second. Any person fraudulently deteriorating cotton, by exposing it by night to heavy dews, by putting dirt, stones, earth, or any other substance, or salt water, amongst it, with the view of making it heavier, and packing it, in that state, to the injury of the staple, shall be deemed to be guilty of a penal offence, and any person so deteriorating cotton, or fraudulently offering it for sale, or selling it, when so deteriorated, shall be punishable in the mode prescribed in the following Section."

The second section provides for the punishment of these offences, by fine or imprisonment, and for the confiscation of the cotton; and the third section declares that all such offences shall be punished by the Magisterial authorities without delay.

In this enactment we have a law sufficiently comprehensive and stringent to put down all the cotton frauds that can be committed in the districts; but the Magisterial authorities cannot themselves initiate inquiries under the Regulation. They can only punish the violation of it in the cases that are brought and proved before them. The ryots and the up-country dealers are engaged in one large conspiracy, and will not themselves bring any instances of exposure of cotton to the night dews, or of adulteration, to the notice of the authorities. The European merchants can expect no assistance from the Natives in this respect; what then is the remedy? It is simple enough if the gentlemen of Manchester and Liverpool, interested in the Indian cotton trade, and whose agents, or branch firms, are in Bombay, think fit to carry it out. It is purely a question of combination and expense. In England, hundreds of societies exist for the purpose of promoting particular reforms; for preventing the breaches of particular laws; and for prosecuting—at the expense of the society—the parties offending. Almost every law in England affecting the morals of the people, or the cause of humanity, has its voluntary society which watches over its operation, and aids the authorities and police in bringing offenders to justice. Why do not the Merchants of Manchester and Liverpool and Glasgow and Blackburn, who have made so good a beginning in sending their own Commissioner to India, now combine to introduce, through their agents in Bombay, a similar system of watchfulness into the cotton districts? Why should they not appoint their own inspectors, to bring to the notice of the authorities all violations of Regulation III. of 1829? Would it be too expensive? Will not the cotton bear it? If so, how can they expect Government to keep up a staff of Europeans, merely to prevent the violation of a law which those, for whose protection it is made, will not themselves lift a hand to enforce? If it is not too expensive, if the Chambers are prepared to carry out such a scheme, but require legislative assistance to enforce the payment of a small fee on every

bale of cotton exported from the cotton districts, to ensure equality of contribution, let them prepare their Act, say exactly what they want, and Government, we have no doubt, will give every effect to their wishes. This is the real test by which to try the justice of the complaints against the authorities, for the continued existence of the frauds in the cotton districts. Mr. Mackay says most justly: "Government may open up the country, and bring the coast and the interior into easy communication, thus affording a field for European enterprise and capital; but if private enterprise is to succeed, it must rely entirely upon its own energies, and not on any extraneous help it may receive from Government."

Mr. Mackay's plan, of having an inspector at each place where cotton is ginned and pressed, we believe to be quite impossible to carry into practice. A more simple and effective remedy would be to transfer the inspector to the port of shipment, and to allow no bale of cotton to be exported which was not stamped by that officer. So many inspectors as the District scheme involves would not then be required; and no opportunity of evading their vigilance, and, then, of forging their seals, would exist. We should be glad to see this tried as an experiment, in the ports of Guzerat; but it rests with "those interested" to say, if they wish the trial to be made and will bear the expense of it. The cotton brought to Bombay by land cannot, we believe, be subjected to any efficient system of inspection. We are also disposed to think that it would be desirable to render all contracts for the purchase of unpicked crops illegal. In England it is contrary to law to sell corn even in the sheaf.

Mr. Mackay's "panacea" is the settlement of Europeans in the districts. He says:

"I am quite aware of the difficulties in addition to the physical obstacles to be encountered with which the European in the interior has to contend; but were the country opened up to enable Europeans to find a field for the investment of their capital and enterprise, most of these difficulties would readily be overcome; under such circumstances new life would be infused into the Cotton trade, and the frauds which have hitherto disgraced and retarded it would rapidly disappear."

This is a little sanguine, and somewhat over-stated. We are not aware of any field which Europeans might hope to find for the investment of their capital in Guzerat, if the country were "opened up," which they have not already. We have never heard of any Europeans having been desirous of settling in Guzerat, and having been deterred from so doing by its backward state. We agree that the roads are execrable, and a reproach to the East India Company, but in reality they do not impede the commerce of the country. Macadamised roads would be of no advantage to the Guzerat carts and bullocks—quite the contrary. Mr. Davies in his report on Broach, often quoted with great approbation

by Mr. Mackay, says : “ No where throughout the Presidency is communication so well kept up, not only on the great lines of traffic, but between village and village ; and no where, certainly, is the number of carts, 14,744, greater in proportion to the population and number of the villages. The above gives 35 to each village ; and every 18 inhabitants have a cart.” This certainly would shew that the existing roads are equal to the present requirements of the country ; and any very great improvement in them must follow, not precede the settlement of Europeans in the districts.

The second Chapter is devoted to the consideration of the relation of the Guzerat cultivator to the soil he tills. To make this question understood, it was necessary to describe the different land tenures in the Province, which Mr. Mackay has accordingly done. As the distinctions, however, have been given in a manner somewhat confused, and not in all cases correct, we will take the liberty of describing them in a shorter and more intelligible form.

The two great classes of villages in British Guzerat are those directly managed by the officers of Government, and those managed by others more or less responsible to them. In the former may be reckoned all the Khalsa or Tulput villages, in which the State itself is the landlord ; and in the latter the Jageer, Inamce, Talookdaree, Nerwa, Bhagdaree, and all other villages in which the lands are let out by others than the Government officers. In the villages directly, as well as in those indirectly, managed, the revenue is collected in different ways. In some it is by the exaction of bigotee, or money payment per beega of land, which may again be fixed according to the quality of the soil, or according to the crop raised, or both combined, or according to the case of the individual raising it : in others by taking a share of the actual produce of each crop, which share is fixed but annually calculated separately for each field, either by estimate or personal inspection, or by actual reaping and division of the out-turn, which is called the Bhagwattaee (division of share) system : in others by levying from each cultivator annually certain sums fixed for terms of years, according to the extent and nature of soil contained in his khata or holding, as in the “ khatabundee” and “ hoondabundee” tenures : in others by a tax on the plough of a cultivator, whatever the quantity or quality of land he may cultivate : and in others by a combination of this last tax with any money or grain the cultivator may have to pay, under the bigotee or bhugwattaee systems. These different methods of collecting the revenue may, and do prevail in the villages not directly managed by the Government Officers ; the general distinction being, that the bigotee system prevails on the East, and the bhagwattaee on the West of the Gulf of Cambay, in the peninsula of Kattiawar ; but the degree of interference with their administration that can be ex-

exercised by the State in the different descriptions of villages, is various. In the Jageer and Inamee (presented) villages, the holders have absolute power in the matter of disposing of their lands on any conditions they may choose. In the Talookdaree villages (called also in the Purant Purgunnah of the Ahmedabad Collectorate "Mehwassee," from "Mehwas," a thick jungle), the holder is bound not to exact more than the rental fixed by the recorded village "dhara" or custom; any infringement of this rule being punishable, when complained against, by the annulment of the talookdaree lease; but no other interference with its management by Government Officers is exercised. On the other hand in the Nerwa and Bhagdaree villages the principal holders are allowed to make their own terms with their sub-tenants; but the accounts are kept as strictly as they are in villages managed directly. The following statement, which includes certain villages held under the "Oodhur Jumabundee" tenure (the payment of a fixed tribute without any further interference on the part of the State), will shew how far the influence of the Government Officers can be exercised on behalf of the ryots in the British dominions in Guzerat, and how far it can not.

	Khalsa or directly managed	Talookdaree Mehwassee, &c.	Nerwa and Bhagdaree.	Jageer. Inamee, &c.
Surat... ..	805	0	2	53
Broach .....	156	0	244	17
Kaira.....	388	69	91	27
Ahmedabad. . .	489	475	3	61
• Total..	1838	544	340	158

In the first class, of 1838 villages, there is no obstacle to the introduction of any measures calculated to improve the condition of the ryot. In the second class, of 544 villages, although the State has the power of interfering with the rent to be exacted from the ryot, it is doubtful whether it would be politic to do so too suddenly. In the third class, it is doubtful whether the State have such a right of interference. And in the fourth, consisting of comparatively a small number of villages, there is no doubt that the right does, not exist at all. In considering, therefore, the tenure on which the cultivator holds, and what that tenure ought to be in order that the well-being of the people may be cared for, and the resources of the country developed to their fullest extent, we will confine our remarks to the case in which the right of interference is undoubted.

The substance of Mr. Mackay's opinions on these points appears to be, that the Guzerat cultivator is a mere tenant at will, because he can be evicted from his land if his rent be raised by Government (who have unlimited power in this respect) to such an extent that he may not be able to pay it.

Here our author develops at great length, and with insidious ability, the theory which he brought out from England. We cannot afford the space to follow his foot-steps in the argument ; but if our readers will look at it, carefully, we think they will say that the description we are about to give of it is not incorrect. Mr. Mackay quotes the language of Mr. Prideaux, Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone, and Mr. Davies, the late Collector of Broach, for the purpose of showing that their definition of the nature of the ryot's interest in the land does not amount to a "fee simple." Why this technical phrase, peculiar to the English law of real property, should find its way into the discussion, we are at a loss to imagine. The very fact that the ryot has to pay rent, and may be turned out in case of default, of itself shews that there is no resemblance between his interest in the soil, and that designated, by the technical term, "fee simple" ; which signifies the highest of all titles, and the most absolute interest in land that man can enjoy. The argument having arrived at this stage, then creeps on for several pages, until it settles down into another technical phrase, derived from the English law of real property, and establishes that the ryot's interest in the land is a "tenancy at will," which represents the lowest amount of interest that a man can possess in land under the English law ; and having now got hold of this phrase "tenancy at will," with all its false inferences and insidious suggestions, Mr. Mackay has no longer any trouble. The rest follows as of course. "A tenant at will"—one with so uncertain and precarious a tenure—has no stimulus to enterprise or industry. He would be a fool to lay out a rupee on his land beyond what is absolutely requisite ; for his occupancy may be determined to-morrow. Do any of our readers recognise in this phrase, "the tenancy at will," a veritable description of the ryot's interest in the soil ? Will any one who has been in Guzerat bear out Mr. Mackay's suggestion—mark, *not assertion*—that the cultivators—the hereditary tenants of the land for centuries—*feel* insecure in their position, or that they are so in fact ? The argument put into their mouths, in the 85th, 86th, and 88th pages of this work, is just as fictitious and unfaithful a representation of their real sentiments, as the artificial description given of their interest in the soil, is fallacious and practically untrue.

We have nothing to complain of in Mr. Mackay's logic. It is faultless—as far as it goes. But what then ? It does not help us on our way to what, practically, is the condition of the cultivator. We have still that investigation to make. The requirements of common sense will not be satisfied with the delicate repast Mr. Mackay has provided for it. It demands a more robust and nutritious diet. For what purpose have four pages of subtle reasoning been devoted to shew that Government are the absolute owners of the land, and the

ryots mere tenants at will, unless Mr. Mackay is prepared to add that the ryots have gone through the same course of reasoning, and have arrived at the same result, and, like good logicians, feel themselves insecure? Moreover, it would be very easy to meet Mr. Mackay on his own ground, and to prove that there is, even in theory, a wide difference between the interest of the Indian ryot in the soil and that of a "tenant at will" under the law of England, and which he has altogether omitted to notice. The ryot may sell his holding, without the consent of his landlord. It is indeed often seized in execution for his debts, and sold as his property under decrees of the Civil Courts. A tenancy at will, on the other hand, is inalienable, as its term implies. Again, it has been decided by the Courts of law that Government have no power to eject the ryot so long as he pays his rent, but a tenancy at will is determinable at the mere will of the landlord, and such a thing as an hereditary tenancy at will is unknown and obviously inconsistent with itself. Now the only insecurity the ryot is under, even in theory, is that his rent *may* be raised to an amount that he cannot pay, and that Government *may*, in consequence, eject him from the land; but as Government must raise the rent of the whole district at the same time, and must in common justice eject all the defaulters together, the actual danger to the ryot is simply that his landlord may be afflicted with insanity,—a peril which all tenants are exposed to!

Mr. Mackay seems to admit that the tenant is not substantially insecure. He does not produce a single instance of a cultivator of Government land being ejected for not having paid his rent, although liable to be so; nor, although we have had some experience in Guzerat revenue matters, can we recall one to mind. Even in the unfortunate case of Broach, so often thrown in the teeth of the Bombay Government in this Chapter, it is not alleged that a single cultivator was evicted from inability to pay his rent under Mr. Kirkland's heavy assessment, and we may be very sure that had such an event happened, Mr. Mackay would have chronicled it in conspicuous type. The fact, stated by Mr. Mackay, that the cultivator lived upon remissions, of itself illustrates that he is in reality in no danger of being ejected from his rent being raised so high that he cannot pay it; Government has a far greater interest in keeping him in possession, in order to derive a fair revenue from his land, than in raising the rent so high that no one will cultivate it. But Mr. Mackay has asserted that the tenure is not merely a tenancy at will, but that the evils of that tenancy are vastly aggravated by there being but one instead of numerous proprietors; and he winds up the paragraph with the following words: "What would be the condition of tenants at will in England, if

they had but one landlord to deal with instead of a hundred and five thousand ?" We answer without hesitation, that if that sole landlord were the State, their condition would be at least as favorable as it now is, for the State could afford to be more liberal in its dealings with its tenants than a private individual ; the result of such liberality in its land revenue department would cause greater prosperity among its subjects, and thus lead to an increase of revenue in the Customs, Excise, and other departments. This argument is still more applicable to the case of the Indian Government, whose very existence may be said to depend upon the stability of its land revenue ; and we maintain that the position of the Indian cultivator is far better when he holds direct from the Government, than when there are intermediate agents between him and the Officers of the State. This position is fully allowed by Mr. Mackay himself in his arguments against the Bhagdars and Norwadars of Guzerat ; but in his opinion the ryot himself should be the proprietor, with absolute power of disposal over his land, and without the liability to have his rent increased unless with his consent. Mr. Mackay's argument assumes that the Indian cultivator is as enlightened, as energetic, and as capable of understanding and caring for his own interests as the English farmer, and though probably there is about the same amount of prejudice in both, the one at any rate is capable of being shaken and instructed, the other is bound down by the iron bonds of caste and the customs of his fathers, which are his religion. But giving Mr. Mackay the benefit of his assumption, though in truth it goes to the root of his whole argument, it will not aid him in contending that the ryot of the East India Company should be placed in a better position than the tenant of the Crown lands in England ? If the greater portion of the revenues of Great Britain were derived from the rent of the Crown Lands, can it be conceived for a moment that the most enlightened legislature in the world, the British Parliament, would grant their tenants such a tenure as, a fee simple with absolute power of disposal over their lands, and without any security for the realization of the demands of the State, binding itself moreover never to increase those demands, however great an emergency might arise to render such a proceeding advisable ? Let us see how the Crown lands, once so extensive, now so limited and unimportant as a source of public revenue, are dealt with in England at the present day.

" These demesne lands, *terre dominicales regis*, being either the share reserved to the Crown at the original distribution of landed property, or such as came to it afterwards by forfeitures or other means, were antiently very large and extensive; comprising divers manors, honors, and lordships; the tenants of which had very peculiar privileges, as has been shown in a former book of these Commentaries, when we spoke of the tenure in antient demesne. At present they are contracted within a very narrow compass, having been almost entirely granted away to private subjects. This has occa-



tioned the Parliament frequently to interpose; and particularly after King William the Third had greatly impoverished the Crown, an act passed, by the effect of which, and of subsequent statutes on the same subject, all grants or leases from the Crown for any longer term than thirty one years, are in general, and subject to certain exceptions, declared to be void. And no reversionary lease can be made, so as to exceed, together with the estate in being, the same term of thirty one years: that is, where there is a subsisting lease, of which there are twenty years still to come, the Crown cannot grant a future interest, to commence after the expiration of the former, for any longer term than eleven years. The tenant must also be made liable to be punished for committing waste; and the usual rent must be reserved, or where there has usually been no rent, one third of the clear yearly value." — 2nd vol. Stephen's Commentaries, p. 308.

But in India, as contrasted with England, the State is almost entirely supported by revenue derived from the land. Nevertheless under the reformed system of revenue management now in process of introduction in Guzerat, the tenant of Government will be much more lightly taxed than, and in as favourable a position as, the tenant of Crown lands in England.

There are other weighty arguments against the introduction of a permanent settlement of the nature proposed by Mr. Mackay into, at all events, the portion of the Bombay Presidency included in the four Guzerat Collectorates, and we borrow his own words in illustration of one of them.

"When new roads take new and more rational directions, giving rise to great marts in places where they now neither exist nor are dreamt of, both the classification and valuation (of villages and their lands under the new Survey system) will be to a great extent upset; and villages, which are now in the first rank, will find themselves thrown back, by the new order of things, into subordinate classes."

We presume that the author of the Reports meant in this, the relative valuation of the villages; for the positive valuation of such, as under the present system of classification might be included in the first class, would still remain the same, although that of lower classes might be raised by the development of new markets—unless indeed the rise of the latter should turn the course of trade in agricultural produce away from the old ones—on account of their proximity to which the relative valuation of the different villages might at first have been fixed. This change is one by no means likely to occur, as the present markets are generally the chief towns of districts or of Collectorates, where a large manufacturing population may be found to consume surplus produce from the neighbouring country. The chance of this change in the relative values of villages is one great argument against the permanency of any settlement now introduced. Another great argument is the probability of a considerable fall in the value of agricultural produce, taking place from the extension of cultivation, that may be expected under the more liberal system of revenue management now being introduced. This is attempted to

be provided against in the survey settlements by the lightness of the maximum rate of assessment ; but the actual fall it is impossible to estimate, and at the end of thirty years the rates might be found to be inapplicable to the altered state of the market. To show the force of the argument we need only state, that the fall in the value of agricultural produce in Guzerat has been within the last thirty years from one-third to one-half and as prices in the Deccan and other parts of the Bombay Presidency are still generally lower than those in Guzerat, there is no knowing how far those in the latter province may eventually fall.

But Mr. Mackay, in advocating a permanent settlement, while at the same time he argues that increased and improved communications may materially alter the relative value of different villages, seems to have lost sight of the unfairness with which such a settlement must for this very reason operate, as under its provisions the villages which had become the most able to bear a high rent would remain at a low assessment, while those which had become impoverished would still have to bear their original high rate.

We trust we have said enough to shew that a permanent settlement of the land revenue in Guzerat would be unfair and inexpedient both for the Government and for the Ryot. The sufficiency or otherwise of the reform promised in the introduction of the Revenue Survey and Assessment into the Province (now not only a probability but an accomplished fact) will be discussed hereafter.

Let it not be imagined, however, that in the number of years during which we have had possession of British Guzerat, nothing has been done towards introducing reform into its revenue system. If the payments have not been in all instances fixed on a lasting basis, it has been owing to the want of system by which different Collectors, or their Assistants in different parts of the country, have been allowed to select a single district or a few villages here and there for a revision of assessment without reference to any general plan. But is it a small step to have made in advance, to have introduced the system of money instead of grain payments in the directly managed villages of the Surat, Broach, Kaira, and a large part of the Ahmedabad Collectorates ? What has been done will not be appreciated without a description of the native revenue system that had to be supplanted before a commencement could be made. Under the native Governments that preceded the British rule, the revenues of the different Pargunnahs or districts were farmed out, generally annually, to the highest bidder, the farmer proceeding to his charge with letters of authority from the seat of Government to the hereditary district officers, collectively denominated the Zumeendars, such as Muzmoondars, Ameens, and Dessaees, for the management of his charge, over which he thenceforward reigned supreme in all

matters, revenue, judicial, and fiscal. He maintained whatever forces were necessary for the preservation of the peace and the collection of the revenue out of the produce of his district, and retained his charge until some one bid higher for it, or complaints of some very glaring act of oppression reached the ears of his Sovereign, or the latter chose to remove him from some mere caprice or whim of his own. Such being the uncertainty of his tenure of office, we may be pretty sure that his only aim was to make as much money out of it as possible during the period of his incumbency. The way in which it was managed was as follows : the farmer called together the Jumeendars, who enjoyed hereditary allowances in rent-free land, or money, or dues from different villages for keeping memoranda of the condition and rentals of the various landholders in the district, and with their aid fixed on the latter their rentals, varying with the goodness or badness of the season, and the address and means of resistance of those called upon to pay them, but calculated of course so as to leave the farmer in pocket after the payment of all expenses of management. The rentals being explained to the heads of estates or villages, in some instances powerful petty chieftains and in others the Patels or headmen of single villages, the latter were left to apportion them on their sub-tenants, the individual cultivators, in any way they pleased. Hence arose the infinite complexity of tenures and methods of collecting the revenue already described. Out of this chaos had the revenue officers to create order. Where no registers of land or the tenures on which it was held existed, with the exception of such rough memoranda as the Patels or village Banians chose to keep for their own convenience, regular field-books, containing accurately numbered entries of each field, its boundaries, the tenure on which it was held, its cultivator, its estimated area, and the amount of revenue with which it was chargeable, had to be prepared. This was followed by a revenue survey, which defined more accurately all these particulars ; and this was again followed up in some districts by a classification of the soils of the different fields, by the agency of native Panchayets or juries, practically acquainted with agriculture, and the substitution of payments in money of those in kind formerly prevailing. Subsequently to this, revisions of assessment have been undertaken and carried through in different parts of the country, where the settlements at first made appeared to have become unsuitable. All these improvements, although attesting the zeal and ability of the different officers who laboured at them, failed to effect any thorough reform from the want of some one general system. The Collectorato of Ahmedabad, fared the worst. Being looked upon as a place of exile from the pale of civilized society, every one tried to get away from it as soon as possible. Add to this, that its

area and consequent routine work is equal to that of the three other Guzerat Collectorates put together, with a far more complicated revenue system, which it would take several years of practice for any one to understand at all, and we ask can it be wondered at that in this part of the province revenue reform has proceeded but slowly? Yet, even in Ahmedabad the system of payments in money, instead of in kind, has been gradually introduced into by far the greater number of directly managed villages, where alone the officers of Government have the power to interfere, and it is in the very hot-bed of all the confusion that has remained behind, in the Dholka Pargunnah, where the various native systems of revenue management still luxuriate, that the new revenue survey and assessment has commenced its operations, and fairly grappled with the greatest difficulties it has to meet with in the province. Let it not then be said that, although a thorough reform has not been effected, no steps have been taken towards it in British Guzerat, and let not the Bombay Government be blamed for not extending to it sooner the benefits of the new survey; for there were not until lately competent men to be spared for the purpose from the departments employed in the settlement of the Deccan and Southern Mahratta country.

The third Chapter of the work opens with a description of the machinery employed in the collection of the revenue. The information conveyed in these remarks is generally correct; but we may mention that the scale given of the pay of the *Mainludars* and *Tulaties*, or village accountants, is erroneous. The former officers, according to their different classes, receive from £96 to £246 per annum, and the latter from 72 Rupees or £7-4s. to £30. Only in the Ahmedabad Collectorate can the *Tulatie's* pay be so low as 72 Rupees; for in the other Collectorates he can not draw less than Rs. 7 a month or 8 guineas a year, beyond which he is paid upon the excellent system of a per centage on the net realizable revenue of his village; so that he becomes personally interested in the maintenance of its prosperity. We, however, agree with Mr. Mackay, that the scale of remuneration of both these classes of native officers might be raised with advantage; but in answer to his question, "What is there in the emolument which he now receives to prevent his reverting to something like his old position in regard to the *patel*, and becoming his mere creature?" we reply, that on the settlement of a district according to the new survey system, the check on his conduct, supplied in the forms of accounts he has to keep, is so perfect as to prevent, with the most ordinary precaution on the part of his native and European official superiors, his becoming the creature of any body in his official capacity. The assertion that the services of such hereditary district officers as the *Dessaees* and *Muzmoondars* have been almost dispensed with, notwithstanding

that they are allowed to continue in receipt of the hereditary emolument of their offices, is incorrect. The services of such officers are still very important to the State, and often onerous to themselves, with the single exception of the Surat Dessaces, whose duties have passed into the hands of stipendiary officers called shekdars; probably because being in the habit of farming most of the revenues themselves, the Dessaces were too much mixed up with the cultivators at the first introduction of our rule, to be particularly trustworthy. Under the native Governments the records of the Muzmoondar were the repositories of the whole of the public transactions, especially those connected with the revenue management of his district, and they are still so under our rule in so far that any statistical information required is always called for from them. The Muzmoondar is answerable for the correctness of the accounts of all the separate villages of his district, as well as for that of the whole district kept by the Mamlutdar or head native revenue officer, and he signs conjointly with that officer the daily cash balance of the district treasury. His services are in fact indispensable, for the office being hereditary, the person holding it is always thoroughly acquainted with the minutiae of the revenue management of his district, and able to supply information on any subject that the Mamlutdar and his establishment, from being stipendiary and therefore liable to change, may not be competent to give. As the Muzmoondars are responsible for the accuracy of the revenue accounts, and thus act as a check on the Mamlutdars and their establishments, so the Dessaces or Ameen Patels, whose duties are the same, are responsible for the accuracy of all entries in the village cultivation registers, on which those accounts are based, thus acting as a check on the Tulaties (village accountants) and other village authorities. They are the parties to whom all trivial disputes between individual cultivators, as to the cultivation of fields, or use of water for irrigation, or boundaries of occupancies, &c., are usually referred in the first instance for report, and they are expected to make themselves generally useful to the Mamlutdars in carrying on the revenue business of the villages under their charge. It is a mistake therefore to suppose that they enjoy the emoluments of their offices for nothing.

It may be as well to mention, that since Mr. Mackay's "Reports" were written, a new class of Revenue Officers has been established in the Bombay Presidency; these are the Deputy Collectors and Magistrates, of whom there are again two divisions, one being employed in the Sudder Stations, who must have a good knowledge of English, so as to superintend the English accounts of the Collectorates at head quarters; and another, called District Deputy Collectors, being employed in the same way as Assistant Collectors in the revenue and magisterial charge of districts. They have the same amount of

authority as the Covenanted Assistant, and, as regards pay and position, are about on a par with the Dufferdars. The result of the experiment will enable the Government to judge of the expediency of introducing native officers into still higher positions, and more responsible appointments, and of thus effecting a more efficient superintendence of the details of revenue and magisterial business, at a smaller cost than would be incurred by the extension of the costly machinery of the Civil Service,—a great consideration when the present state of Indian finance, and the multifarious duties which almost all the members of the Service have to discharge, are taken into account.

We now come to the question of the assessment of land in Guzerat, which is elaborately entered into in the present Chapter, and we must say that a greater amount of error and misrepresentation, in so short a space, we never before saw. Mr. Mackay has assumed, *in limine*, that the rates of assessment are so high throughout the Province that an annual settlement is necessary to determine whether it be possible to collect the full rate or not, thus making remissions the rule, and the possibility of levying the full rates of assessment the exception; the contrary being really the case. One would imagine, from the way in which he describes the preparation of the annual cultivation registers, which is essential to the ryotwarree system of revenue management, that this simple preliminary step to ascertain the amount of the Government demands for the season was made only to try how tightly the screw could be applied to the unfortunate ryot, and that the degree to which it could be turned depended upon the Mamlatdar, who made the settlement subject to the approval of the Collector. The facts however are as follows: in the villages under the direct management of the Government officers, with the exception of those managed on the khatabundy and hoondabundy systems, in which small farms are held at sums fixed in the lump for certain terms of years, the cultivators are at liberty to take or throw up their fields or portions of them at pleasure, and the annual field inspection becomes necessary to ascertain the increase and decrease of the revenue on that account. For instance, suppose out of a village consisting of 200 fields, assessed at 3 Rupees the beega, and containing 3 beegas each, there were cultivated last year 100, the revenue for that year would be accordingly 600 Rupees. If the same men always cultivated the same fields, because bound down to do so, and new lands could be taken up by others, there would be no necessity for this annual inspection; but if, as might constantly be the case, four of the old cultivators died, or were unable from other causes to cultivate ten of the fields they held last year, the annual inspection would shew a decrease in the Government revenue of 60 Rupees. Or on the other hand, if 15 new cultivators had come into the village and

taken up 20 new fields, the revenue thereby would be increased by 120 Repees. Now to ascertain and certify this increase and decrease, and frame the revenue accounts for the year accordingly, is what the Tulties and Mamlutdars have to do. But that is not making the annual settlement, because the rates per beega are fixed, and each cultivator knows beforehand, by these rates, what he will have to pay. It is only where the almost entirely exploded system of levying revenue by a tax fixed on the plough of the cultivator, varying according to his circumstances, still exists, that any latitude is allowed to the native revenue officers in making the settlement; for even where the bhagwuttace or division of produce system prevails, the share of produce to be levied is fixed, and the cultivator is at liberty to appeal against the decision of the appraisers as to the valuation of that share of his crop for the current season. If a cultivator thinks that he cannot pay his bigotee assessment, he petitions, and then enquiries are made into the truth or otherwise of his allegations, and he attends in person at the annual settlement, and there hears the decision on his case given by the Collector or other officer. So that to say that when the settlement is made, the Tultie returns to his village and informs the inhabitants of the sum which each has to pay, and to leave the reading public to imagine that up to that moment the cultivator is left entirely in the dark, is, to say the least, to commit a grave error in a matter of fact.

The Chapter goes on in a very cavilling spirit to state, that, with the exception of 267 villages, it is still the practice in the Ahmedabad Collectorate to levy the rent in kind; the fact being, that out of the 489 directly managed villages, that system only prevailed in 82. The author has carelessly assumed that revenue was levied in kind in all the villages not included in the bigotee settlement, introduced in the year in which he wrote, ignoring entirely what had been done before in the direction of reform. There is no worse instance of fault-finding, emanating from mere ignorance, in the "Reports" than that contained in the following words, in page 101:—

"It (the system of crop assessment) also prevails in Mandvec, which recently lapsed to the British Government for want of heirs. Though this was expected for some years before, no preparation was made to put its fiscal affairs on a better footing, whenever it should come into our hands, &c."

Here was a district unsurveyed, almost unknown to Europeans, except those who sometimes visited it for tiger-shooting, without any revenue accounts that could be relied on to form a basis on which to fix a settlement, and yet Mr. Mackay expects that the revenue officers would have a revised system of revenue management ready cut and dried, to be introduced immediately on our taking possession of the territory. Those who have the slightest experience in such matters know, that revisions of assessment, on which not only the

stability of the State revenues, but the welfare of thousands of its subjects, depends, cannot be worked out in this rapid fashion ; and we may depend upon it that the Governments of India are far too wise to attempt any thing of the kind.

Before proceeding to consider Mr. Mackay's remarks on the amount of the assessment in Guzerat, it will be as well to notice the extraordinarily exaggerated statements he has put forward with reference to the Bhagdaree and Nerwadaree villages. The principle of these tenures is precisely the same, viz. that of several and joint responsibility for the payment of the Government demands by the different sharers in a village, in proportion to the assessment on the share of land that each holds, whether that land be cultivated or waste. The difference in the origin of the two tenures has been the cause of there being in the Nerwadaree villages few cultivators who are not more or less related to the principal holders—and a greater mixture of castes among the cultivators of the Bhagdaree villages. The former have originally been villages held by a single person, among whose descendants they were divided according to the Hindoo laws of inheritance, the demands of the State on the whole remaining unaltered ; and the latter are villages which different parties, not necessarily related or of the same caste, have agreed to take up at different times, in certain shares, which are not again subdivided according to the laws of inheritance. There are then in the Nerwadaree villages few cultivators but those belonging to the patel's family, from whom no more than the established rates of assessment can be exacted, and there are some similarly privileged in the Bhagdaree villages called " zuptee kheroot," or long established cultivators. Thus in both classes of villages there only remain those cultivators who, from want of attachment to the soil, are the least likely to put up with over-exaction, from whom the superior holders can extract any profit over and above the Government rates of assessment. These last are " operwaria " cultivators, men inhabiting other villages in the immediate neighbourhood, whom the offer of liberal terms by the Bhagdar may tempt to cultivate land in the latter's village, or whom the prospect of being provided with a residence at the Bhagdar's expense and of further profit from a fair assessment, may induce to settle there. Now it has been shewn above that a Bhagdar or Nerwadar is answerable for the assessment of the land included in his share, whether it be waste or cultivated, as an individual, and that all the Bhagdars or Nerwadars are answerable collectively for the rental of the whole village. Could there be a better security against over-exaction on their part than that of self interest, such as this system provides for ? Mr. Mackay has attempted to prove, that the profits of the Broach cultivator, when he holds direct from Government, are little, if any thing, more than



the wages of a common labourer, and has estimated the over-exaction of Bhagdars from their cultivators at 20 per cent of the Government assessment on the land. On these suppositions let us see according to Mr. Mackay's own estimates of produce, what would be the position of a cultivator in a Bhagdarree village.

*Credit.*

	Rs.	a	p.		<i>Debit.</i>	Rs.	as.	p.
Average produce of a beega	5	0	0	Average Govt. assessment	2	2	0	
				Add 20 per cent.....	0	6	9	
				Cost of cultivation.....	1	10	0	
						4	2	9
				Balance in favour.....	0	13	3	
						Rs. 5	0	0

Or suppose grain and not Cotton to be the crop:—

	Rs.	as.	p.
Average Govt. assessment	1	15	0
Add 20 per cent.....	0	5	2
Cost of cultivation.....	1	10	0
		3	15
Balance in favour.....	1	0	10
	Rs. 5	0	0

The average balance in favour of the cultivator is, then, about 15 annas per beega. A fair average quantity of land that could be cultivated by a man with a single plough, drawn by a good pair of bullocks in black soil, would be twenty beegas, which would leave the cultivator an annual profit of 18 Rupees 12 annas, or just 1 Rupee 9 annas a month out of which to feed himself and his family and his bullocks. Now it is a common estimate in Guzerat, that a single man cannot provide himself with decent clothing, and food, such as the Guzerat cultivators eat, under 2 Rupees a month, and where the deficiency is to come from, we leave the reader to guess. If it be replied, 'from the money-lenders,' we should ask if it is probable that, when even the present low rate of assessment has only been introduced within the last few years, out of the 400 directly managed villages in the Broach Collectorate 244 would be under such circumstances still held on the Bhagdarree tenure? The fact is, that our author had got hold of some stray exceptions, and constituted them the rule. Doubtless some Bhagdars may exact from some cultivators more than the rate of assessment which Government may have fixed on the land, but, at the same time, there are many others from whom they are glad to take even less than that rate, to prevent their lands lying waste and their having to pay for them themselves, and it is absurd to suppose that if, as represented, the Government rates of assess-

ment bore so heavily on the cultivator, he would, although free to move at any time, be induced as a general rule to consent to allow them to bear 20 per cent more heavily from mere attachment to the soil. In Lieutenant Colonel Monier Williams' Memoir on the Zilla of Broach, quoted by Mr. Mackay, we find the estimated expenses of living of a family, consisting of a man, his wife and three children, given at Rs. 82 per annum. Grain having fallen since that estimate was made, at least one-third in value, we may calculate that the expense of feeding in those days, given at Rs. 62, would now cover that of clothing as well, which would leave the monthly cost of the family still a little above 5 Rs., to be provided for out of 1 R. 9 as., the cultivator's surplus profit, as shewn above. These arguments are not so applicable to the case of the sub-tenants of those who hold direct from Government on the bigotee tenure, who perhaps may pay 20 per cent above the Government rates of assessment. But is it probable that a mere tenant at will, such as the former is, would pay this unless the Government assessment were low enough to enable him to do so without inconvenience to himself?

We need now only mention as an instance of the general untrustworthiness of the statements in this Chapter of the work before us, that Tulaties (village accountants) are not appointed to check oppression on the part of the Talookdars, in the villages held by that class, in the Ahmedabad Collectorate. They are only appointed when the villages are attached and placed under the management of the revenue authorities, on account of decrees of the Civil Courts or from other causes. Measures of reform have as yet been prevented by orders from home not to interfere with the internal administration of these villages; but steps are now being taken in connection with the Revenue Survey, to afford as great protection to the cultivators in them, and as fair a chance of the anchorage in their condition, as will be brought about by the same agency in the directly managed or Khalsa villages.

We have now to notice that part of the "Reports" that has been most elaborated by their author, and apparently, according to his own statement, with the utmost care and caution; so that it requires the more elaborate refutation to convince the reading public. Unfortunately, however, from the nature of the assumptions made by Mr. Mackay on which he has grounded his calculations, it is easier to point out his errors than to supply their place with trustworthy data on which to found reliable results. This will be seen as we proceed.

We propose to confine our remarks more particularly to the calculations by which it is proved, or rather attempted to be proved, that the assessment in Broach amounts on an average to 48 per cent of the average produce. In the first place the plan of arriving at an

average of the Government dry-crop rates of assessment, by taking the total quantity of land under cultivation in one year with its assessment, deducting from it at a guess the quantity of rice and other lands at an estimated assessment, and the land revenue derived from salt-pans, is untrustworthy, because the estimates are mostly but haphazard guesses. It is assumed that after these deductions the land left is all cotton-growing land, and the balance of revenue remaining the assessment on it; whereas, by the former revenue survey of the province, it was ascertained that out of a total area of 8,32,926 acres, 78,541 acres, or not quite one-tenth, was "marwa" or "gorat," a kind of light soil that scarcely produces cotton at all, and is generally assessed at a higher rate than the "regur," or black soil, in which it grows. The carelessness of these assumptions is shown in comparing the result arrived at, in page 109, as to the quantity of land under cotton cultivation, with that derived from official sources, in page 420. The former gives the area of cotton cultivation at 585,905 beegas, and the latter at 417,590, a difference of 168,315.

We might criticize the paragraph in which these calculations are made, and suggest that it might have been probably, that the author discovered that cotton was cultivated in two out of five, instead of two out of six, years; but we pass on to give facts in refutation of his assertions. The actual area cultivated with cotton in any particular year, with the assessment it bore, could only be ascertained by a laborious examination of the books of each village in the Broach Collectorate: which we have neither the time nor the opportunity to undertake. Under these circumstances we will content ourselves with contrasting the average rates of assessment on the "regur" or black cotton soil, on all of which cotton can be grown, with Mr. Mackay's averages deduced from the calculations referred to. These, which have been carefully computed from official returns, are for 1st class soils 2Rs. 4as. 6ps., for 2nd class soils 1R. 11as. 1p., and for those of the lowest quality 1 R. 5as. 10ps., giving an average of 1 R. 12as. 6ps. per beega on all, in opposition to Mr. Mackay's estimate of 2 Rs. 2 as.—a difference of more than 16 per cent.

Let us compare these results with the average produce of the same area, quoting in the first instance Williams' Memoir of the Zillah of Broach, to shew with what caution all estimates of the kind should be received.

"But the uncertainty of any such estimate must be very evident when the following circumstances are considered:—The difference of seasons; the difference in the care with which land is dressed and weeded; in the degree in which it has been manured; in the quality of the manure; in the due attention to a proper succession of crops, in the particular situation of fields, to benefit by much

“ or by little rain. Besides the occasional depredations of various enemies, such as monkeys and deer, locusts and other insects; and the practice of the people employed in the fields of eating the grain in the ear, from the time of its being in near a ripe state to its removal to the rully (properly Rhullee, the village grain repository), where it is still liable to be pilfered, and to be eaten by various animals and insects.”

With this preliminary precaution Col. Williams has given the following estimates of the produce of Joowar and Cotton, the chief staple products in black soil, per beega in the “marwa” soil, in a number of villages in the Jumbooseer Purgunnah:—

	<i>Greatest.</i>	<i>Least</i>	<i>Average.</i>
Joowar	670 seers	250 seers	460 seers or $11\frac{1}{2}$ maunds.
Cotton	590 „	170 „	380 seers or $9\frac{1}{2}$ maunds.

It will be observed that the lowest estimated produce of cotton here shown is 20 seers or half a maund higher than Mr. Mackay's highest estimate of 150 seers per beega, which he states can only be come up to in a favorable year. In the report on the Jumbooseer Purgunnah the average produce per koomblia is given at 384 seers, which would give about 200 seers or five maunds as the out-turn per beega:  $1\frac{1}{2}$  maunds more than Mr. Mackay's estimate. A fairer way to judge of the pressure of the assessment than taking a general average of it, and comparing that with a general average of produce per beega in all lands, is to compare the average rates of assessment of each of the three classes of soil, with the average produce per beega in each. But as Col. Williams' averages of produce were calculated from the most fertile lands in the Collectorate, we will take a lower standard, which may be relied on as a fair one, as follows;—

Col. Williams' for 1st class reduced from  $14\frac{3}{4}$  to 10 Maunds.

Do. average for 2nd class do  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to 7 „

Do. lowest for 3rd class do  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 „

It must indeed be a poor soil, which would be assessed probably at about  $\frac{1}{2}$  a Rupee the beega, that would produce less than 3 maunds on that area. The selling price of cotton for the four years from 1849 to 1853 was in the Broach bazar on an average about 27 (kutchia) seers the Rupee, which would give the value of the produce of the three classes of soil, with their assessment, as follows;—

	<i>Value of Produce.</i>	<i>Assessment.</i>	<i>Centesimal proportion of assessment to produce.</i>
1st class.. Rs. 14 13 0..	Rs. 2 4 6	....	15.4
2nd class.. „ 10 5 11..	„ 1 11 1	....	16.3
3rd class.. „ 4 7 1..	„ 1 5 10	....	30.7
			3) <u>62.4</u>
Average pressure on all classes....			20.8

Let us now take Joowar and consider it in the same way.

						Maunds.
Col. Williams' estimate for 1st class soils reduced from	16 $\frac{1}{2}$	to	12			
Do. do. for 2nd	do.	do.	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	to	9	
Do. do. for 3rd	do.	do.	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	to	5	

which at 66 seers the Rupee, the average selling price in the Broach bazar for the last 4 years, would give 7 Rs. 4 as. 4 ps.—5 Rs. 7 as. 3 ps.—and 3 Rs. 0 as. 5 ps. as the value of the produce of a beega in the three classes of soil-respectively. But to these must be added at the least 2 Rupees a beega for the kurbec or straw of the grain, on which the cattle are almost exclusively fed. The comparative pressure of the assessment then stands as follows ;—

	Value of Produce	Assessment.	Centesimal proportion of assessment to produce.
1st class..	Rs. 9 4 4..	Rs. 2 4 6	24.6
2nd class..	„ 7 7 3..	„ 1 11 1	22.7
3rd class..	„ 5 0 5..	„ 1 5 10	27.1
			<hr/> 3) 74.4

Average pressure on the three classes: . . . 24.8

The above estimates of produce, considerably reduced from those given by Colonel Williams, the authority whom Mr. Mackay himself has declared trustworthy, may be relied on as fair for an average season. If we deduct from them one-third as the falling off in the produce of an inferior year, we shall still have only 27.7 and 33 per cent as the average pressure on land cropped with the two principal products of black soil in the Collectorate of Broach, in opposition to Mr. Mackay's estimate of 48 per cent.

The average rates of assessment on black soil in the Surat Collectorate would, if calculated in the same manner, make its nominal pressure even greater than that stated by Mr. Mackay. We have been able to arrive at the conclusions given for Broach from the assessment being levied on the simple principle of a fixed money payment per beega of land, and because the average produce throughout its area is remarkably similar, on account of the close approximation of the soils in its different districts to each other. But this is by no means the case in Surat. Its districts are more widely scattered, and embrace much greater varieties of soil and temperature than those of Broach, and the system of its revenue accounts is such that large quantities of land, held rent-free by cultivators, who hold other land paying nominally a high rent to Government, do not appear in them at all. Equally vain would it be to attempt any generalizations of the nature practicable in Broach, in the Collectorates of Kaira

and Ahmedabad, with their complicated systems of revenue management, and we will quit the subject with an appeal to the common sense of our readers. If the land of Broach had been so over-taxed during the period of our rule as it is represented to have been in the work before us, is it probable that the area under cultivation would have increased from 6,66,798 beegas at the time of Col. William's survey to 7,88,046 beegas in A. D. 1852-53? Instead of an increase of 1,21,248 beegas in cultivation, is it not far more probable that the returns would have shown a great decrease in the quantity of cultivated land? for, patient though the Indian ryot be under oppression, there are still limits to his endurance.

We pass on now to the consideration of our author's estimates of the comparative price at which Indian and American Cotton can be laid down in Liverpool; but as it is not within our province to speculate with him as to the probability or otherwise of a still further reduction eventually in the price of the latter, we propose to confine our observations to the correction of the bill for laying down a candy of cleaned Cotton, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bhars of seed Cotton, in the village grain repository. According to the estimates we have already given, it would take in a favorable year but 9 beegas at the average rate of produce of  $6\frac{2}{3}$  maunds per beega to produce  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bhars, but let us add one third or even one-half for the chances of an unfavorable season. The area of land required would then be  $13\frac{1}{2}$  beegas, and its assessment at the average of 1 R. 12 annas 6 pies per beega would amount to 22 Rs. 0 annas 9 pies. Taking Mr. Mackay's estimate of the expense of cultivating, 1 R. 10 annas the beega, though, in reality, it is excessive and not a fair one, we must add to it 21 Rs. 15 annas, and this gives Rs. 45 annas 15 pies 9 as the average cost of producing  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bhars of seed Cotton. Mr. Mackay's bill is as follows:

	Rs.	As.	P.
Govt. assessment for 16 beegas at Rs 2-2 per beega...	34	0	0
Other exactions, as heretofore explained, averaging			
20 per cent of the Government rent.....	6	12	0
Expenditure on the land, at the rate of R. 1-10 per beega	26	0	0
Interest on money borrowed.....	3	0	0

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Average total cost per candy of 784 lbs. Rs. 69 12 0

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Now it has already been shown that the idea of the Broach Bhagdars and superior holders on the bigotee tenure, charging their tenants 20 per cent in excess of the Government rates, is, as a general rule, chimerical, and ought not therefore to be introduced into a general calculation of this nature, especially when it is recollected that out of the 400 Broach villages (exclusive of Inamee and such

tenures) 156 have no Bhagdars to exact anything from the cultivators beyond the regular rates. Again, in the 4th item of the bill it is assumed that every cultivator is in debt, which is certainly not the case—and the sum allowed for the cost of cultivating, is large enough to include interest. We contend, therefore, that our estimate is the fairer of the two. We have stated before, that the selling price of cotton has been for the last four years 27 seers the Rupee in the Broach bazar. Suppose that in remote villages it has been 30 seers, or three-fourths of a maund :  $2\frac{1}{2}$  bhars would then be worth 80 Rupees, and the cultivator's profit would be about 34 Rupees, nothing very much out of the way, when it is recollected that his own food and dress alone must cost him about 24 Rupees a year, and the feed of a pair of bullocks perhaps half as much again. Our estimate, then, gives not quite  $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. as the cost of producing a pound of cleaned cotton, and leaves the cultivator, at the average selling price at Broach for the last four years, a profit of a little more than a penny a pound. Let us take Mr. Mackay's estimate of the further expenses before the cotton can reach Bombay as tolerably correct. Then Rs. 46 + Rs. 20 as 4 = Rs. 66 annas 4, or about £6 12s. 6d. which would give, with the addition of  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. for freight to England, a fraction above  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. as the cost per lb. at which, at the average selling price of the last four years, Broach cotton can be laid down in Liverpool. Is it probable that if, after the reduction of the assessment carried out by the late Mr. Davies, subsequently to which Mr. Mackay obtained the returns on which his calculations are based, the pressure of that assessment had been so heavy on cotton as he has attempted to show, the value of the export of it from that port would have increased from Rs. 16,56,544 in A. D. 1845-46 to Rs. 23,55,428 in 1849-50 ? Again, is it at all likely that if the cotton of Guzerat had been produced under such extreme disadvantages as Mr. Mackay has endeavoured to make out, the value of what was exported from the province would have increased from Rs. 50,78,743 to Rs. 1,14,79,642 in the same period ? The truth is, that cotton can be laid down, at present, in Liverpool at about the price which Mr. Mackay has endeavoured to prove, we have shewn how wrongly, that it could be sold at in that port, were all the reforms he recommends, carried out, or from  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. a lb.

Let us give one more authority for stating that Mr. Mackay's estimates of cotton produce in Broach are too low, and the pressure of the assessment as given by him consequently too high, and we think we shall have said enough on the subject. The authority is Dr. Burn, the Superintendent of the Broach Cotton Experiments already adverted to, an extract from one of whose letters is given in Dr. Royle's work on the culture of cotton in India, and who must be allowed to have had practical experience to enable him to judge of

the correctness of what he stated in this respect. That gentleman gives the average out-turn of an acre of cotton in Broach at 340 lbs. or  $8\frac{1}{2}$  maunds; this with our average rate of assessment of R. 1-12-6 per Broach begga as shewn above, and sold at the average selling price in the Broach bazar for the last four years, would give about 28 per cent as the average pressure of the assessment, or considerably within the one-third of the gross produce that Mr. Mackay himself allows as a fair proportion for the rent of land to be taxed at. The authority of Mr. Davies, whose estimates Mr. Mackay has taken as his standard, is valueless in comparison with that of Dr. Burn and Col. Williams, as he had to depend upon his native establishment to tell him what the average produce was, from having no practical experience in the matter himself. And that we are not far out in our general estimate of the cost at which a pound of cleaned cotton can be laid down in Liverpool is shewn by the figured statement, given at page 442 of Dr. Royle's work, of the actual expense incurred in laying down at Bombay, cotton purchased in Surat and Broach in the year 1849, and ginned and shipped on account of Government. This, when brought from the latter port, under Mr. Landon's direct superintendence, came to rather less than 2 pence per pound, and when brought from the former to about  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb. Add to this Mr. Mackay's own estimate of the average expense of freight to England and charges there, or  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per lb., and we have our estimate from  $2\frac{1}{4}$ d. to  $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. as the average cost at which a lb. of cleaned cotton can be laid down in Liverpool with the present rates of assessment in Broach, and notwithstanding all the disadvantages we admit the trade is under. If such had not been the case it is perfectly impossible that the value of the exports of the staple from that port should have increased by nearly 7 lakhs of Rupees from A. D. 1846 to A. D. 1850, near the commencement of which period the revision of the assessment by Mr. Davies, which established the present rates, was first brought into operation.

Our article has reached such a length that we must, in order to devote a little space to the consideration of Mr. Mackay's remarks on the Revenue Survey, pass with but cursory notice the 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters of the first part of the work, relating to irrigation, and to the roads and harbours of Guzerat. They are by far the most truthful portions of the work, and treat of subjects on which it required no previous Indian experience in our author to enable him to form a right judgment. But even here the spirit of undue and unreasonable fault-finding is very manifest. Let us take the case of irrigation. It is maintained that the Government has not done its duty in this respect because it has failed to supply the deficiencies of rain in the South West Monsoon by irrigation from wells and tanks. We admit that more might be done for wells and tanks in Guzerat were



a systematic examination of such works by Government officers, with a view to their efficiency being maintained, adopted. Guzerat wants a Road and Tank Department as well as the Deccan ; for it is impossible that Collectors and their Assistants, however able and zealous they may be, should, in addition to their more legitimate duties, perform also those of Civil Engineers in the districts under their charge. Mr. Mackay truly observes at page 184:—

“ Tanks and wells, but especially the former, if left to themselves, soon get into a state of disrepair, from which they can only be rescued at considerable cost. The rains, which annually supply them, deposit in them sufficient sand, mud, and silt, to fill them up in the course of a few years, or at least to render them, in a great measure, useless. The mischief thus effected in a single year could easily be counteracted at little cost, were a system of annual repairs universally and rigidly enforced.\* There is reason to believe that, throughout the greater part of India, such a system was formerly prevalent ; the villagers and private proprietors being liable to be called upon to aid the State, when outlays of any magnitude were required, and do the work themselves when the repairs needed were small, and the outlays insignificant.”

But wells must, as a means of irrigation to any great extent, be constructed by private individuals, with their own capital ; for it is impossible that the most perfectly organized executive could superintend the construction or repairs of such works as these, the best of which could not be made to irrigate above 30 beegas of land, so as to have any sensible effect upon the general irrigation of the province. The importance of tanks, as a means of irrigation, is much overstated ; for, to quote Mr. Mackay, “ they are of the simplest and rudest construction ; for the great bulk of the tanks of Guzerat are formed by a bank being thrown across the lower end of a small valley, or by taking advantage of a natural depression of the surface, the defects of which are repaired, so as to form it into a basin for the retention of the water supplied it by the rains.” The small valleys must not be understood in the ordinary sense of hollows between hills or rising ground. The province may, in fact, be said to be one dead level, and the valleys are no more than the depressions of the surface of that plain. If the water is attempted to be forced up to any height by an embankment, its natural level spreads it in a wide sheet over the face of the country above the tank ; and if the tank is deepened much, there is every probability, in many parts of the country, of brackish springs being met with to flow in and spoil the sweet rain-water, and the additional evil of the water not being able to flow out of its own accord, for the purposes of irrigation, from the level of the tank becoming lower than that of the country around it. In such cases water could certainly be drawn out by means of bullocks,

\* An Act to enforce some measure of this kind was some time ago proposed by the late Revenue Survey Commissioner, Captain Wingate, but negatived by the Supreme Government.

with leather water bags; but the plan of irrigation would thus become as tedious and expensive as that from wells. The consequence of this state of affairs, for which no Government could be answerable, is, that throughout British Guzerat, irrigation from tanks is only used for raising crops of rice in and immediately after the monsoon. These are grown mostly in low-lying lands, close under the tanks, the water of which is only used to give them three or four waterings during the season, and this, the higher level of the water within the embankments, enables the cultivators to effect by merely cutting through them. But not one in 500 tanks in Guzerat could be constructed so as to supply similar irrigation during the hot weather months. The beautiful stone tanks in the neighbourhood of Ahmedabad and other large towns that Mr. Mackay refers to, as "proofs of the extent to which tank irrigation was formerly carried," were never meant for, and were never applied to irrigation at all. They were constructed at different times, mostly by the high Mogul officers of the province, for their own honour and glory, and for the use of the people of the towns for bathing and washing in. This is evident from their being invariably connected with, and adjacent to, some mosque or temple, or other place of Hindoo or Mahomedan worship.

Something should be done for irrigation in Guzerat, but it should not be done rashly. After Colonel Grant's expensive canals from the Nurbuddah were completed, it was discovered that the soil on their banks would not admit of irrigated crops being raised. To avoid a similar blunder, a scientific survey should be made of all the Guzerat rivers, the Taptee, the Nurbuddah, the Kini, the Dadur, the Myhe, the Kharee, the Sabarmuttee, the Badur, and the numerous small streams in the Gogo purgunnah, and they something would exist to work upon. But without systematic enquiry by competent Officers, irrigation in the province will remain at a stand-still. We are inclined to think that the heavy rent exacted by former Governments compelled the ryots to resort to irrigation to enable them to pay it, whilst the reduced rent taken by the British Government does not call for the excessive labour which irrigation requires. Hence the general neglect of that mode of cultivation. The less the ryot has to pay, the less he will exert himself.

The Guzerat roads are, in sober truth, such as nature and the passage of carts have made them, and we commend Mr. Mackay's sketches of carts in difficulties on Guzerat roads, to any one who wishes to get an idea of what they are in black soil districts. Mr. Mackay's remarks, with reference to the ports of Guzerat, in his seventh Chapter, are also but too true. Guzerat cartmen and Guzerat ship tindals are a contented race; and when a crack Collector can persuade himself to say that the roads could not be better, we can hardly expect much improvement in this respect. But it may be

truly said for the Bombay Government—that much more would have been long ere this expended on the material improvements of Guzerat, had their hands not been tied by having to obtain the sanction of the Supreme Government for the expenditure of a larger sum than Rs. 10,000 on any public work. This was well illustrated by Mr. J. P. Willoughby, in his evidence before Parliament in reference to the Tankaria Bunder, which is to this day without any landing place for goods but the mud bank of a creek.

Since Mr. Mackay completed his Report on Guzerat, the new Revenue Survey and Assessment have been fairly commenced in that province. The subject is treated of at considerable length in the second part of the work, being the Report on the Southern Maharratta Country, and we are unwilling to close this article without glancing at our author's views of the new system, and of the prospects of improvement which it holds out. For a correct and elaborately detailed statement of the manner in which the survey is made, and of the rules by which the various soils are classified, the present work may be safely consulted. The information was furnished by Captain Wingate, the late able and intelligent Revenue Survey Commissioner, and is, no doubt, in every way trustworthy. The following is our author's statement of the principle of the new system :

“Although the assessment in the surveyed districts is fixed upon the land for 30 years, and although the holders are exempt from any increase of it for that period, they are under no obligation to pay it for the whole of that period. The State agrees not to enhance its terms for 30 years, but the tenant is under no reciprocal contract to occupy the land and pay the fixed rates for 30 years. He may, in any year within the period, on presenting his petition in proper time, throw up the whole, or a part of his holding, being in the one case entirely absolved from all further liabilities on account of the land, and in the other liable only to the rent of so much of it as he retains. In fact, his agreement with Government is, *from year to year* to hold the land at the fixed rates, whilst the agreement of Government with him is, that it will not raise the rates for 30 years, *if he choose* to hold it for that period. He has thus, say the survey officers, all the *advantages of a long lease* without the *risks and liabilities attendant upon one*. The reason assigned for this arrangement is drawn from the poverty of the cultivators, for it is asserted, that to devolve upon them leases of 30 years, would be to impede rather than to promote their progress.”

This last sentence is a little overstrained. The reason that it has been determined not to make the thirty years' lease binding on the cultivators is not exclusively their poverty or indebtedness. It is based also on the extreme uncertainty of the seasons, and the impossibility of fixing so low a rental as would allow of its being paid, by an indebted agricultural population, in all seasons. The only alternative would be, to give the land at a merely nominal rent, which would admit of the cultivator reaping much more than the

proportion of profit,—admitted by Mr. Mackay to be fair in average years—and of his not being a loser in the worst seasons. Such a sacrifice it is impossible for the Government to make. We ourselves, in the year 1848-49, saw large tracts of land in Broach, with the tall stalks of the grain, standing without a single seer of produce in 50 beegas; and yet the same land had, during the previous season, yielded from 12 to 15 Maunds of grain per beega.

Mr. Mackay says:—"On the very threshold of the scheme we find the ryots placed in a false position, a position which can only be satisfactorily explained on the ground that Government has a lurking suspicion that the rents demanded under the new Survey are still *too high* to bind the tenant to pay for a series of years."

The false position here alluded to is, that the tenant is not bound down to pay the rent for the whole period of the 30 years, but is allowed at the end of each year to throw up his land if he likes. Mr. Mackay says, "The cultivator, under a sense of the responsibility incurred by an engagement for thirty years, would be more apt to turn his capital, his skill, and his industry to good account, and by such means improve the value of his holding."

We confess that this argument appears to us to be more fanciful than sound, and to be very inconsistent with the theory which Mr. Mackay is, at such pains to develop throughout his Reports, as that which can alone regenerate Indian agriculture. In order to test his argument, we must assume that the assessment is not higher than might fairly be demanded by a landlord as rent. An assessment too high, of course, would introduce a new element into the question. If the result of it not being compulsory on the ryot to pay his rent from more than year to year, with the power of throwing up his land at the end of any one year if he likes, and the certainty that Government will not raise the revenue for 30 years; and if "the advantages of a long lease without the risks and liabilities attendant upon one" be not sufficient inducements to the cultivator "to turn his capital and industry" to good account, we are at a loss to know on what foundation any belief can rest that the risks of the lease would have the contrary effect. Why should we infer, if the lease were compulsory on the tenant, that he would be more energetic than he is under the system as it exists? The rent being at a low rate, as the theory assumes, the ryot has no uneasiness as to being able to pay it, at the same time reaping a considerable profit without any unusual exertions; and under these circumstances he is not likely to be affected by any sense of responsibility resulting from having taken a lease, at an extremely favorable rent, for 30 years. Moreover, placed on such easy and secure terms as he now is under the operation of the Revenue Survey, if he still wants the incentive resulting from a greater liability to stimulate him to exertion, what will become of him when made a *peasant pro-*

*prietor in perpetuity, at a small rent*, as Mr. Mackay proposes? What incentive will *then* be at hand to induce him to improve his condition, which the liberality of the new system does not at present offer? The doubt thrown out, that Government have a lurking suspicion that the rents demanded under the new Survey are still too high, is unworthy; for Mr. Mackay must have known from his enquiries in those districts in which he found the system in operation, that the rent was, in fact, exceedingly light. But it was thought that the general indebtedness of the agricultural population, at the time of the introduction of the Survey, and their improvident habits, might disable them from paying even a very light rent in bad seasons.

Again, Mr. Mackay says:—"an objection of considerable gravity to the details of the new Survey is, that it does not get rid of the necessity of annual inspections"—the objection being, that the Native Officers, on whom the duty devolves, have thereby opportunities of extorting from the ryot, or defrauding the Government. The annual inspections under the old system, no doubt, afforded these opportunities, but they will not exist under the new. The only object of annual inspections now (to use the words of Mr. Mackay,) is "to protect Government from being defrauded by parties throwing up fields, and then, whilst they remain unoccupied," (nominally) "making a surreptitious use of them." Considering that to be the object, it is not easy to discover how annual inspections constitute an objection of great *gravity* to the scheme. It is impossible to avoid them. Those fields only that have been thrown up, are inspected. Those which the cultivators keep on, are not; and what opportunities can there be of extorting money from Rama, the acknowledged cultivator of one field, by taking measures to ascertain that Hurree makes no use of another field which he has nominally thrown up?

Mr. Mackay admits that the new tenure has been productive of good, and that it is an improvement, as far as it goes, but he condemns it as a half-measure that fails to confer any proprietary right in the soil on the cultivator. We have pointed out that in England the Crown lands cannot be leased for a longer period than 30 years; and it has yet to be established that there is any peculiarity attaching to Government land in India which renders it desirable to grant a longer term to the Hindoo. Mr. Mackay truly says, that at the end of the 30 years "Government will again find itself in a position to exact *what rent it pleases*." But it does not follow, as one might fancy from the last four words of the above sentence being italicized, that the rent will infallibly be raised, or, if raised, be unreasonably increased. We have already noticed, that in all probability it will be lowered in some districts, and that a change of circumstances in others may justly allow of its being raised in the

course of a revision of the whole assessment. He has illustrated this, himself, with the greatest success in pp. 312 to 315 of his work, and has there convincingly shewn that a permanent settlement of the land revenue, in such a manner as to bar for ever the way to its readjustment, would be one of the greatest evils that could occur to a country in a transition state.

But in truth, our author, whilst ostensibly examining the merits and the demerits of the new tenure, is really engaged in another and very different occupation which alone has his real attention, and which he is elaborately working out under cover of the first. His design plainly is, by accumulating discredit on a system of letting out the Government lands—generally approved of, and not altogether condemned even by himself—to gain assent to that favorite theory which he so fondly cherishes, which appears never to be absent from his mind, and to be indeed, the main purpose of his work. He says—

“One course was open to the Government, which, however, in all its financial experiments, it seemed studiously to have avoided, viz. a *permanent settlement on the basis of a peasant proprietorship*.”

After alluding to the failure of the permanent settlements hitherto, he adds,

“The experiment which remains to be tried is that of Government abdicating its proprietary claims in favor not of a few great landlords, but of the *actual holders and cultivators of the soil*. \* \* \* Such a measure would put the cultivator in his proper relation towards the land. He would be in a position which would enlist his best energies in the cultivation and improvement of his farm. It would further stimulate agricultural improvement and the development of agricultural wealth, by placing the proprietary right in the hands of those who not only could acquit themselves of proprietary duties, but whose interest it would be to do so.”

There does appear to us to be something singularly visionary and mistaken in these views ; and if we analyse them, we shall see how many things are needed to give success to the scheme as propounded. It assumes that the Hindoo ryot, if converted into a peasant proprietor, will at once change his character, and from being slothful, stupid, and prejudiced, become an energetic, intelligent, and provident farmer, industriously devoting himself and his savings to agricultural improvement. It is suggested that the scheme would fail, as the permanent settlements in Bengal and Madras have done, if Government were to abdicate their rights in favor of any other persons than the actual cultivators of the soil. To create a class of landlords over them—more intelligent, better educated, less prejudiced and more wealthy—will not do. This being the plan, it depends for its success on “the proprietorship” in the land remaining with the “peasant” class to whom it is to be made over. Government are to make a large concession of revenue, and to abandon all ownership in the soil to effect one single object, namely, to place

the cultivator in his proper position. All depends on his being able to maintain it. Should any untoward circumstances transfer "the proprietorship" to another class of landlords, so as to occasion him to fall back to his former condition of a day laborer, the sacrifice in his favor will have been made in vain. If the peasant should become improvident in his money matters, marry his children expensively, either have his land sold in execution of a decree against him, or be obliged to sell it to the village Banian, this great scheme to regenerate agriculture will shrivel up and die. Now, Mr. Mackay in giving the cost of cultivating cotton in Guzerat, at p. 168 of the work, adds an item for interest on money borrowed, and thus assumes that *every* ryot is cultivating with borrowed money. This is certainly not true in Guzerat, nor perhaps anywhere else—though the general poverty and indebtedness of the agricultural population cannot be denied. In the Southern Mahratta country, where the new tenure under the Revenue Survey was first introduced, many of the holdings, as Mr. Mackay himself tells us, have passed into the hands of traders who have bought them with a view to subletting. He must also be well aware, that many of the cultivators are really but the labourers of the village, Banians, and other money-lenders, with whose capital and agricultural stock they till the soil; and we may safely affirm, that if his scheme were carried into effect, the greater part of the land would very soon pass into the hands of those whom he does not wish to see as landlords. The regeneration of India, nay the improvement even of the Cotton trade, is not to be accomplished by so feeble a panacea. We think that there was great practical wisdom in that part of the scheme of the Revenue Survey which reserved to the tenant the right from year to year of giving up his lease if he deemed it expedient. It was a measure suggested by an intimate knowledge of the state of the agricultural population, and was justly conceived to be the most effective mode of improving their condition, and of opening a way to the gradual rise of a class of farmers from amongst the most, provident and intelligent of them. There must in every country be a laboring population able to earn but a bare subsistence, and many holdings under the new tenure will pass into the hands of the money-lenders. These, Government are under no express or implied obligation to renew at the end of the 30 years' lease, and the opportunity will thus, periodically, occur of strengthening and invigorating the agricultural class.

Here, though the subject is far from exhausted, we must conclude our notice of that part of the work which relates to Guzerat. The second part, containing the Report on the Southern Mahratta country, we must reserve for a future opportunity.

## ART. II.—THACKERAY'S NOVELS.

1. *Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. London, 1849.
2. *The History of Pendennis.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. London, 1849.
3. *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq. a Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Written by himself.* London, 1853.

THE art of writing fiction does not seem to preserve the repute which it once had in England. Not that there is any dearth of Novels. London is inundated every Spring with ~~works~~ of well got up 3 vol. post 8vo. tales, calculated, as one might suppose, to suit every taste. We have naval and military novels, sporting novels, political, fashionable, and even religious novels. There must needs be good natured readers, who can laugh and cry over these productions (at the rate of thirty-one shillings and sixpence each), or we may be sure Mr. Colburn and his brethren would spare their hot pressed paper and irreproachable printing. But, if we may say so without offence, these are not exactly the kind of readers to which "Tom Jones" and "Humphry Clinker" were addressed. Fielding, Smollett, Burney, and Goldsmith, commanded the laughter and the tears of the greatest wits and statesmen of the Empire. Ministers of the King were not ashamed to be found poring over "Cecilia." Dr. Johnson could not put down "Evelina," and he read "Amelia" through without stopping. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, herself the idol of her age, went into raptures over Henry Fielding's great Comedy of Manners: "Tom Jones was not to be surpassed," she said. "*Ne plus ultra*" Gibbon, from his Olympus, nodded in approbation of the same. Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle" is more of a classic than his continuation of Hume; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" than his History of Rome. Scott's Waverley will be read when his Life of Napoleon is forgotten. But how many of our "novels of the season" are ever found on the study table of a scholar or a man of the world? How many will ever find a place on the shelves of a standard library? Does the very best fiction of the year divide with his portfolio the attention of Mr. Gladstone? or allure the Dean of Christ Church from the proof sheets of the "Etymologicon Magnum"? We suppose not; and indeed the gentlemen and ladies who write the tales seem conscious that they are not adding anything very durable or useful to the literature of their country. They acquiesce easily in the notion that novel reading is a waste of time, and take a strange pleasure in showing the worthless fashionable woman of the piece, with her feet upon a sofa, languishing over the last new



production of their craft—the trash to be sure of *some other* novelist. Sensible people, who encourage their children to read Scott, lay a ban on the equally decorous performances of modern days. And yet Gray likened novel reading to Paradise, and Burke could shed tears over *Clarissa Harlowe*.

It is easy, but as we are persuaded unjust, to sneer at the incapacity of our writers. For the most part they wield their pens with ease if not with grave ; they generally have spirit and some power of description. In taste they are far above the best writers of the last century. They are decently well informed, moreover, and can preserve an amount of accuracy in “costume” quite unknown even to the best of our classical novelists. We think on the whole that they are skilful workmen, but that they waste their powers and work on a false plan. In one word, much used of late with an emphatic and almost technical significance, they want “reality.” We can illustrate our meaning by the present state of another art. Those of our readers who have had the happiness of living in England during the last twelve years, and who take pleasure in visiting the annual exhibitions of living painters, must needs have had their attention attracted by a class of pictures which do not readily fall under the usual heads of division—poetical, historical, landscape, and still life. The critics elude the difficulty by applying to them the rather unmeaning term of “*genre*.” The painters of these works profess to represent real life and manners, though for the sake of picturesque accessories they mostly relate to a bygone age. Their subjects are drawn from modern history and our classical novels. As the gentlemen who “like a large canvass are always finding the body of Harold, toasting cakes with Alfred, and signing the great Charter at Runnymede—these smaller-minded men love to sit at meat with Gil Blas and Sancho Panza ; wander in the galleries of Whitehall amidst the lace and periwigs of Charles the Second’s court ; flirt with the Miss Flamboroughs, or take their chair in the Kitkat Club by the side of my Lord Halifax. They attempt to shew us the living men and women of no long time since, surrounded by the furniture and dressed from the wardrobes “of the period.” As far as relates to the furniture and wardrobes, they are perfect. They portray with patient enthusiasm the ebony cabinets, the carved mantelpieces, the brass fire dogs, the quaint China, the Venice glass, the great silver flagons, the tapestry hangings, the picturesque oriels, and high-backed chairs of a former generation. They revel in a skilful portraiture of satin and damask, lace ruffles, voluminous periwigs, broad-skirted velvet coats, silken farthingales, and quilted petticoats. But alas ! Hamlet is left out of the play, or rather, all the players are gone away, and their parts are performed by marionettes. The artist has exhausted his skill on the still-life of his picture, and has no energy

left for the men and women. Compared to the homely truth of Hogarth, and the Dutch *genre* painters, it is an assembly of puppets, dressed by extravagant milliners, seated in a chamber furnished by an extravagant upholsterer, and surrounded by a multitude of nick-nacks, that could only be seen together at an auction or in a painter's studio. It fails the more signally from its brilliant execution. The accessories form the subject, and the toilettes eclipse their wearers. It is not a picture of real life at all, but a kind of fairy land where the sun is brighter, the skies more blue than with us; where jewels sparkle and wine glows with a strange lustre, and where ladies triumph with eyebrows and complexions that exist only in poets' dreams and barbers' dummies. It bewilders us, like breathing oxygen or eating opium. We forget this humdrum prosy world to wander in a paradise of fools.

But this style of painting, like highly-seasoned meats, first delighted, then created satiety, and afterwards something like disgust. Critics of original minds began to cry, "give us something more genuine and humanly true!" and some young students of original genius began on their side to protest, as Mr. Carlyle would say, in an inarticulate manner, against these sparkling unrealities. This protest was Pre-raphaelitism, an unlucky word, but the meaning whereof, well understood, is:—"Paint from life,—selecting nothing and rejecting nothing." The applause of the public has amply justified the young Protestants in their rebellion. Now, we think that our novelists have run a course exactly parallel to that of our *genre* painters, and that Mr. Thackeray is the great literary Pre-raphaelite of the day. We will endeavour to develop this comparison.

Confining our attention to prose narrative fiction, we first ask, what does a Novel aim at setting before us, and in what does it differ from a Romance? In both we expect to find an interesting story, with incidents and characters of tolerable probability. Each admits of descriptions of scenery, of manners, of costume; as well as of moral reflections, and even of historical disquisition. The distinction we think is to be found, not in the means, but in the end of each. In a Romance the writer has one object only before him—to amuse. To this he may and ought to sacrifice Nature to any extent that the reader will tolerate. Watching that candid person's countenance with an attentive eye, the story-teller weaves his web of the brightest and most contrasted colors; he tells of heroes so brave, ladies so beautiful, villains so wicked, as the world never saw the like of. His triumph is to surprise, to terrify, to melt—his only failure, is to be dull and prosy. The genuine Novelist, on the other hand, as we hold, proposes as his main purpose to affect and instruct us by a story of real life. The appropriate merit of such a tale is truth—its worst

defect is to arouse by distortion of Nature the incredulous hatred that Horace speaks of. No brilliancy of language, no powers of description, avail to palliate such an offence. It is the misdemeanour of a trader who endeavours to pass counterfeit coin or to sell adulterated bread. It is the dishonesty of an historian who suppresses inconvenient facts, of an orator who sacrifices principle to point, of a portrait painter who turns an Alderman into a Jupiter. He should be hunted down by the critics like Hayraddin the Gipsy in "Quentin Durward," when he donned the herald's tabard and cap of maintenance to impose on Charles of Burgundy.

It is here that we must look for the reason why the successors of Fielding and Scott are unable to charm readers of a superior class. They write trifles in the shape and with the title of novels. We pay our penny for a look at the microscope, and they exhibit the magic lantern instead. Now a mere amusing story delights children, and grown up folk with the minds of children; but it cannot charm men. We have too much interest in the realities of life to dream away our time over shadows.

We believe that the squeamishness of the age is partly in fault, which, as Mr. Thackeray himself complains in the Preface to "Pendennis," will not permit a writer of fiction to depict to his utmost power a Man. "We must dupe him, and give him a certain conventional simper." This is true, and our decorous subscribers to circulating libraries tolerate no hero, until he has been subjected to a sort of embalming process—his vitals extracted, and their place supplied with gums and spices. We ourselves do not care much for the society of these fragrant mummies. We find the perfume rather sickening, and long for fresh air.

But the fact is, our writers acquiesce with too great facility in this yankee Puritanism. It saves them the drudgery of observation of manners. It is easier to collect the exciting condiments of the stage and romance than to put together the elaborate fabric of a living creature. Hence they have sunk from historians and moralists into the "mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

They don't "understand how hard it is to write." They don't find it hard at all. They saunter gaily through the three volumes, marry Fanny to Frederick, and the other young woman to the other young man, in the regularly approved manner,—hang, drown, run over, poison or convert the wicked characters, and finally distribute estates, titles, and consols (like the House of Commons after a victory) without any difficulty whatever. The difficulty is to read it when it is done. We do not care a straw for Frederick—we do not recognise him. He is no friend of ours. We gape incredulously at his heart-breaking agonies. We fancy if such a pining creature existed, how disagreeable he would be with his incorruptible

virtue and fine speeches (Oh, those dismal orations !) and his contempt for the honest folks who go on eating, drinking, sleeping, and attending to business around him. We are sceptical about his tremendous abilities, and remember very well that, in our time at the University, the first class men and senior wranglers were mostly men with thick shoes and dirty shirts, and that if a "swell" found himself among that hardworking body, he was not a dreaming sentimentalist at all, but a jolly fellow with a great relish for life, who hunted and boated, and sang his song and drank his beer, and smoked with the rest of us. It may be laid down as a rule, that the hero of a modern novel is a man who would be sure to be black-balled at a club. The ladies (Fanny and the sub-beauty) as well as the fashionable, heartless person, who ~~sits~~ <sup>sits</sup> on the sofa, reading the author's previous romance, are all equally unsubstantial. They are creatures of the book of beauty, and the "real domestic Drama," as far off from this earth and its concerns as the planet Venus. The villain of the piece we cannot of course, as respectable people, be expected to recognise; we have no villains (at least we sincerely hope not) among our acquaintances, and when he tumbles into the water, or is run over by a Railway train, we look on with a laugh as we do at the tragical end of Fusbos in *Bombastes Furioso*. As for the comic personages, we know very well where they come from—the funny countryman, who makes the oddest jokes in bucolic English; the old gentleman who is always repeating his idiotic catch word—we have seen these jack puddings in every farce we ever were ashamed of laughing at. It is very well in a farce, but when a sober novelist presents them to us, as people actually existing in this world, we are shocked at the impertinence. Those who have had the good fortune to see Mr. Buckstone in "Box and Cox" may recollect his remarkable costume. Fancy the worthy manager of the Haymarket Theatre trotting down Piccadilly when so attired. Just as startling and incredible are the conventional funny characters of our novels. We are not desirous of limiting the scope of invention, but only protest against drawing fancy pictures and calling them portraits. It is the prerogative of great genius to make abstractions fascinating, and to charm us with an ideal world. If the writer of fiction feels himself inspired with this ambition, let him avow it boldly, and carry his idea through with logical consistency. Invite us to Fairy land, if you will; but don't put it in Brompton or Chancery Lane. We shall be delighted to be introduced to Oberon and Titania, but it is a little too much to expect us to believe, that Oberon is that rather spoony looking young man now coming through Temple Bar, and Titania the vulgar young woman who got out of the omnibus, with a brown paper parcel. Modern dress should cover modern characters, and we cannot recognise Hamlet in

a paletot or Othello in an Albert hat. Again, in an epic or a satire or even an epigram we allow an author to cloth a virtue or a vice with flesh, and to label his characters, so to speak, with their several designations, like the mystery players in "the Bell ringer of Notre Dame." But incarnate abstractions must not be introduced on the novelist's sober stage among men and women. We cannot call to mind that we ever sat down to dinner with Pride of Birth, or saw my Lord Hategood rolling by in his carriage. And yet there is scarce a novel that does not introduce these characters in black coats and Wellington boots. Equally removed from our experience are the tribe of eccentric persons who people the world of modern fiction, and who never open their mouths without an allusion to the favorite pursuit or other monomania by which they are distinguished. We take leave here to insert a "purple patch" from Mr. Macaulay, that expresses our meaning with a point and clearness peculiar to that writer.

"Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue, stands Shakspeare. His variety is like the variety of nature, endless diversity, scarcely any monstrosity. The characters of which he has given us an impression, as vivid as that which we receive from the characters of our own associates, are to be reckoned by scores. Yet in all these scores hardly one character is to be found which deviates widely from the common standard, and which we should call very eccentric if we met it in real life. The silly notion that every man has one ruling passion, and that this clue, once known, unravels all the mysteries of his conduct, finds no countenance in the plays of Shakspeare. There man appears as he is, made up of a crowd of passions, which contend for the mastery over him, and govern him in turn. What is Hamlet's ruling passion? or Othello's? or Harry the Fifth's? or Wolsey's? or Lear's? or Shylock's? or Benedick's? or Macbeth's? or that of Cassius? or that of Falconbridge? But we might go on for ever. Take a single example—Shylock. Is he so eager for money as to be indifferent to revenge? or so eager for revenge as to be indifferent to money? or so bent on both together as to be indifferent to the honor of his nation and the law of Moses? All his propensities are mingled with each other, so that, in trying to apportion to each its proper part, we find the same difficulty which constantly meets us in real life. A superficial critic may say, that hatred is Shylock's ruling passion. But how many passions have amalgamated to form that hatred? It is partly the result of wounded pride—Antonio has called him dog. It is partly the result of covetousness—Antonio has hindered him of half a million, and when Antonio is gone, there will be no limit to the gains of usury. It is partly the result of national and religious feeling—Antonio has spit on the Jewish gabardine, and the oath of revenge has been sworn by the Jewish sabbath. We might go through all the characters which we have mentioned, and through fifty more in the same way, for it is the constant manner of Shakspeare to represent the human mind as lying, not under the absolute dominion of one despotic propensity, but under a mixed government, in which a hundred powers balance each other. Admirable as he was in all parts of his art, we most admire him for this, that while he has left us a greater number of striking portraits than all other dramatists put together, he has scarcely left us a single caricature."

We think that the last sentence of this vigorous passage re-

quires some explanation. In Shakspeare we do actually find an abundance of characters distinguished by "humours." To say nothing of his clowns—Parolles, Justice Shallow, Dogberry, Sir Hugh Evans, would certainly be considered as eccentrics of the oddest stamp, if they occurred in a work treating of modern manners, and would fall under the class of caricature, as properly as the drawings of Cruikshank, and much more properly than those of Leech or H. B. But we hold that these wonderfully amusing creations form no precedent for our novelists ; and this for two reasons.

In the first place a broad distinction must be drawn between the methods proper for treating character in the drama and in narrative fiction. The dramatist is obliged to speak through the mouths of his actors ; except by an occasional soliloquy (and ~~soliloquies~~ soon fatigue an audience), he has no means of letting us into the secrets of the heart. We take no account of the ridiculous expedient of "asides"—audible to pit, boxes, and gallery, but not to the stage—except so far as that the existence of so monstrous an impropriety shows the difficulty of explaining the moral progress of the piece. The only resource open to the author is, to make his actors speak with greater emphasis and clearness than men do in common life, to retrench every part of the dialogue that does not advance the plot and display the peculiarities of the speakers in the most vivid light. In the world, the characteristic part of men's actions and speeches is infinitesimally small compared to that which is common place. We may know a friend for years without discovering his real temperament, and he may live for years without discovering it himself. But in a Play, the bustle and action of which do not admit in general of the development of *entire* characters, an unnatural condensation is necessary. Every feature must be eliminated, in which mankind are uniformly the same, and those points only presented by which one person differs from another. The audience is conscious of this necessity, and makes allowance for the excessively definite outlines and strong contrasts of character which result from it. But we must also bear in mind, that the dramatist is helped in producing his picture of human nature by living actors. The scene may be ever so artificial ; still we are looking at men and women, the commonplace beings of our daily life, who wear the dramatic accidents of character, as they wear the stage costume ; so that much of the substantial homely truth of Nature, which, for the sake of effect, is left out of the play, is supplied by the players. To use an image from an art every where valued yet spoken meanly of, the actors provide the common flavourless "stock," the poet infuses the artful condiments and essences, too potent to be swallowed alone, and the resulting mixture flatters the palate of the connoisseur, as a delicate soup or an appetising sauce. The novelist is not bound by the same necessity

of employing conventional artifices. He may conduct his narrative at any pace he pleases—a gallop, an amble, or a walk. Or he may pull up his Pegasus altogether if he will, and preach or philosophize at leisure. He has no excuse for violating Nature. *His* dramatis personæ are not separated from us by the fiddles and footlights. They need no masks, nor the sock, nor the cothurnus. They have no call to mouth to the pit, or make faces to the gallery. Paint and spangles and mock jewellery are as odious upon them as upon a lady in a drawing room. This is one reason for declining to accept Shakspeare's more grotesque characters as an authority for admitting buffoonery in a novel.

In the second place we must bear in mind, that the manners of one age are not the manners of the next, and that possibly what is nature in Shakspeare may be outrageous caricature in Dickens. There is every reason to believe that the Elizabethan age was remarkably prolific of oddities. It was a time of ferment all over Europe. Men were discovering new sciences and new countries. The seaman, the student, the divine, the soldier, were from day to day being called to novel and exciting tasks. An immense religious revolution was in the course of rolling over Europe, and no man knew where the movement would be arrested. The fountains of the moral deep were broken up, and the waters were everywhere rising. Heated minds were hatching new ideas of law, casuistry, taste, and politics, with a rapidity that defied analysis and escaped record. It was a time when every man did that which was right in his own eyes in spite of canons and doctors, synods and councils, princes and prelates, fire, faggot, and common sense. It was the age of Euphuism. We can easily imagine that among the mercenary soldiers of that time, who had picked up scraps of Spanish, Italian, and German in the continental wars, where they had safely served the stronger side—that among the vagabond secularized monks, owls blundering and blinking in unwonted sunshine—the quacks whose astrological or alchemistic jargon was enriched by stray phrases of the new philosophy, the school-masters who clung to the venerable but empty formulas of the Master of the Sentences and the Seraphic Doctor—among the clergy, taken then from the lowest of the people, whosoever would—among the illiterate magistrates called to dispense a technical law—there must have been varieties of habit, talk, and sentiment quite unknown to a more settled age. It would, therefore, be rash to conclude that Shakspeare's Dogberry greatly differed, except in being more amusing, from men who then adorned the bench in the Ward of Cheap, or that Bardolph and Pistol might not be fairly matched from the bullies that swaggered in Alsatia.

But the effect of modern civilization has been to smoothe down these queer excrescences of human nature, and to reduce the language and actions of men to something like a level. This is more the case in

England perhaps than in any other country in the world. Frenchmen delight in satirizing, and trying to imitate, our sangfroid. Their novels are incomplete that do not introduce a Lord Smith remarkable for the *phlegme Britannique* as much as for his coarseness, his stupidity, and his love of "*the box*." We have embraced the philosophy of the Porch, and train ourselves to meet all the vicissitudes of life with a serene countenance. Great sensibility we have learned to despise as weak, and exhibitions of strong feeling as either effeminate or barbarous. This manly composure, is no doubt especially characteristic of persons of high breeding, but our peasants and mechanics also admire and possess it to a great extent. Thus individual peculiarities become masked under a tranquil exterior, and the manners of modern men approach uniformity, like ~~the cut of~~ their coats.

The smooth surface indeed is liable to be disturbed by gusts of passion, but to use a common expression, we cannot raise a "tempest in a tea cup." The incidents of our daily life are not such as to excite the most sensitive to transports. Events have become as monotonous and commonplace as our manners. Railways, electric telegraphs, police, and newspapers, have turned every thing into prose. The world has lost its romance, at least in respectable society. People make their fortunes by hard work, and lose them by speculation or profligacy. We do not recollect a single instance of the *Deus ex machina*, the uncle or philanthropist, so common in novels, who comes from some remote part of the world, generally India, (but novelists are not very strong in geography, and leave this part of the story in convenient obscurity) and makes a young couple a present of £50,000. As if anybody ever takes £50,000 home with him from India, or would give it to Frederick and Fanny if he did. Orphans do not nowadays discover, that they are the lawful issue of deceased peers of the realm, and the rightful owners of a title and half a dozen country seats, as it appears they were in the daily habit of doing in the good old times. The sensible novelist must discard all this venerable machinery for producing startling effects.

In fact any one who will describe the English world as it is, must be sparing of surprises, agonies, tears, and raptures, heroisms, great crimes, and astounding eccentricities. He should turn his monsters out into their native solitudes, or at most shew one or two fine specimens in a caravan, and not allow them to race and roar about our sober towns and villages. His task is more difficult, but more worthy than that of the romancer, and not without its reward, if he will shew us ourselves with our modern respectable virtues, and decorous weaknesses, without extenuating or exaggerating any trait in the homely picture. We believe that this is the key to the proper appreciation of "*Vanity Fair*."



Before making any observations on that striking work, we beg leave to announce that we are not going to *patronize* Mr. Thackeray, as some of his critics have done. To do so would be an impertinence. He is far above any panegyric or censure of ours. His reputation is established beyond cavil or dispute. We look upon him as a living classic; and if we have occasion to use the language of praise or blame, we wish to be understood as exercising a tentative and not a dogmatic criticism—as submitting views, not as pronouncing judgment. We do not lay claim to the constitutional intrepidity of some brothers of our craft, who can summon great and small to their tribunal, and snub them all round with equal composure. As long as Mr. Thackeray will talk, we will listen with respect; and not ~~the less~~ <sup>less</sup> respectfully because his moods vary from the cynical to the tender without check and without preparation.

He had passed many years in literary labour before he conquered the town with “*Vanity Fair*.” He had painfully acquired the perfect use of his pen, and purged his taste from the defects, without losing the energy of a young writer. He was the king of that joyous company that meets every Saturday in the office of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, in Bouverie Street, there over a good dinner and Clicquot’s champagne to concoct the next number of “*Punch*.” That periodical owes him immense obligations. Every one has laughed over his delightful contributions—“the Prize Novelists,” the “*Snob Papers*,” “*Jeames’s Diary*,” the “*Ballads of Policeman X*”—and laughing, has learned wisdom and good nature. But his reputation was for a long time that of a merely comic writer. He could not succeed in impressing either the public or the publishers with his real merits. “The great Hoggarty Diamond,” his favourite tale, was refused by one Magazine; “*Vanity Fair*,” his finest novel, was declined by another, and owed its appearance to the courage or the discernment of the proprietors of “*Punch*.”

The success of this wonderful novel was of the most gratifying kind. It was rather complete than brilliant. It won upon the world, beginning with the coldest and keenest minds, and gradually extending to the multitude. When the last number appeared, its yellow cover might be seen on every table, and the book had become a house-hold word. The whole press, with uncommon unanimity, sang its praise. The envy of rivals was cowed or conciliated. Not to admire “*Vanity Fair*” was a proof of ignorance, or malignity. At last Cogia, who had stood so long and wistfully before the closed treasure house, had discovered the mystical formula which alone could unbar the golden gates. Mr. Thackeray had hit on the “open sesame.” He had achieved fame and could command fortune; and his name was thenceforward to be written among those of Fielding, Smollett, and Scott.

"Vanity Fair" illustrates, and we think justifies, our previous observations on the peculiar position of Mr. Thackeray among novel writers. It is a kind of protest against the *dashing* artificial style, now romantic, now theatrical, of modern writers of fiction. It is a conscientious highly finished picture from life—a Pre-raphaelite study of nature, "selecting nothing and rejecting nothing." On its front it wears the badge of defiance: "Vanity Fair—a Novel without a Hero." The author throws down the gauntlet at once. This, he says, is what I have observed in my travels through the world: I have never met your heroes of fiction, but I have seen many men and women—weak and imperfect the best of them; to the utmost of my poor abilities, I have here recorded the truth of my observations; I have tried to write not merely an amusing ~~book~~ but a genuine book—read it or leave it.

We believe, that though objections have been made to the artistic design of this novel, it has never been suggested that it fails in truth. Indeed no one but a hermit, a woman, or a child could entertain such a notion. It has a stereoscopic roundness and solidity. We are not walking in dreamland among troops of shadows, but among our acquaintances of every day. We seem to know all the characters. They are the very same men and women that we dine with, that stand behind our chairs, that we stare at in the streets; that we read about in the newspapers. They live the ordinary life, think the common thoughts, talk the vulgar English tongue that we do. The humdrum sober people are going about their business or their pleasure, and are daguerreotyped on the spot. Without flattery—the sun is a little malicious, as every lady knows who has had her charming face rendered by the colodion process—without flattery; unmistakably like—a monument to all time.

The story commences in the early part of this century; a period of which the author can have had but little personal recollection. The battle of Waterloo fixes the date of the marriage of the two principal female characters, and the tale concludes about ten years later; the events occur partly in England, partly in Belgium. There is a multitude of characters, chiefly belonging to the upper portion of the middle class. We are also introduced, but sparingly, into the society of great folks and of the servants' hall. These different persons are sketched with more or less finish, but all with wonderful distinctness; Amelia Sedley and Rebecca Sharp are the foci round which the story revolves. The fortunes of these ladies are soon told. Amelia is the daughter of a stock-broker, bred up with the notion of marrying George Osborne, the son of a rich city man. Her father is ruined by unfortunate speculations in the funds. His name appears in the *Gazette* in 15. Old Osborne, who owes him every

thing—and is one of his creditors,—is furious, and, of course, insists on his son breaking off the match. George is too selfish and conceited to care much for this change of destiny ; but Amelia, who adores him, is heartbroken. A kind, awkward Captain Dobbin, George Osborne's superior officer, who himself adores the young lady and is torn with pity at her sufferings, insists on the young fellow's keeping his faith, which, in spite of his violent old father's threats and entreaties, he, under a generous impulse, consents to do. The elder gentleman disinherits his son, who turns and rends Dobbin for his disinterested advice. Amelia is all smiles,—the silly little thing—and welcomes with rapture the notion of love in a cottage. George's regiment is ordered to Brussels, to form part of the allied army under the Duke of Wellington. He is tired of his wife in the first half of his honeymoon, wastes his little store of ready money, invites a lady to elope with him from the Duchess of Richmond's historic ball, and two days afterwards is shot at Waterloo. The poor widow returns to England, becomes a mother, worships her husband's memory, and her boy, who is his image ; for years denies the suit of poor Dobbin, who throughout the story is her good genius, till at last her gratitude overpowers her sentimentality. She feels her need of a protector, and recalls the honest fellow whom she had dismissed unkindly. At the same moment she makes the dreadful discovery, that George Osbornewould have been faithless to her ; a great revulsion of feeling ensues, and her admirer, now Colonel Dobbin, C. B., receives the mature reward of his constancy—in the hand of the repentant widow.

Rebecca Sharpe was the French governess at Miss Pinkerton's academy at Chiswick, where Amelia received the advantages of a genteel education. Becky (we must needs be familiar with this saucy young person) has derived from her parents, a danseuse and a poor dissipated clever artist, good animal spirits, great courage, and tact, and very indifferent morals. She is by birth and disposition what French people call a Bohemian. She becomes a governess in the family of Sir Pitt Crawley, Bart, a coarse and hateful (we dare not say overdrawn) specimen of one of those old English gentlemen who formed "the October Club" ; she carries off in triumph Rawdon, the younger son of that Baronet, a large young Officer in the Life Guards, who has nothing to depend on but his commission, and his skill at billiards and écarté. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, with admirable art and energy, coaxes, cajoles, swindles, and fights her way through the world, dragging her heavy husband after her ; seems on the point of achieving a crowning triumph, by sacrificing his honor to his interest, when her fortunes collapse. Rawdon frustrates the vile scheme, goes as Governor to Coventry Island, and his lady roams over the continent sinking in her tastes, her morals, and her company.

Towards the end of the novel she lights again on her old school friend, the widow of George Osborne, who is travelling with her brother, Mr. Joseph Sedley (of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, on their Bengal Establishment). Becky, who has previously flirted with him, as indeed with most of the gentlemen she has met, makes a slave of the civilian, and, we are shocked to say, induces him to insure his life for her benefit. It is even hinted that she hastens the end of that gentleman, whose liver, however, is, from much curry and claret, in such a state of chronic inflammation, that we hope Mr. Thackeray is mistaken in that particular, and will correct his error in the third edition of the book.

Amelia and Rebecca are both highly finished figures, and set each other off by contrast. We think the latter admirable; the former inimitable. Only the author of a novel "without a hero" could have conceived and resolutely carried out the idea of such a heroine as Amelia. We prefer to allow him to speak here. He never loses an opportunity of telling us that this young lady had a kindly, smiling, tender, generous heart. She is thus introduced to us in a letter addressed to her mother by the venerable schoolmistress of Chiswick.

"MADAM, - After her six years' residence at the Mall, I have the honor and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents as a Young Lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterise the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

"In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needle work, she will be found to have realized her friends' *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired, and a careful and undeviating use of the blackboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment* and *carriage* so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

"In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honoured by the presence of the *great Lexicographer*, and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regards of her Mistress, who has the honor to subscribe herself,

Madam,

Your most obedient humble Servant,  
(Signed) BARBARA PISKERTON."

(page 2.)

Mr. Thackeray seems in love with her in the first Chapter:—

"As we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was one of the best and dearest creatures that ever lived: and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most sombre sort, that we are to have for a constant companion so guileless and good natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person, indeed, I am afraid

that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks a great deal too round and red for a heroine, but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humour, except, indeed, when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often ; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary-bird, or over a mouse, that the cat haply had seized upon, or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid ; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any one hard-hearted enough to do so, why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and god-like woman, ceased scolding her after the first time, and though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did Algebra, gave all Masters and Teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her." (Page 4.)

He has some misgivings, apparently, that a merely loveable character is beneath the level of a heroine.

" ' ~~What~~ care a fig for her,' writes some unknown correspondent, with a pretty little handwriting and a pink seal to her note. ' She is *fade* and insipid,' and adds some more kind remarks in this strain, which I should never have repeated at all, but that they are in truth prodigiously complimentary to the young lady whom they concern.

" Has the beloved reader, in his experience of society, never heard similar remarks by good natured female friends, who always wonder what you *can* see in Miss Smith that is so fascinating, or what *could* induce Major Jones to propose for that silly, insignificant, simpering Miss Thompson, who has nothing but her wax-doll face to recommend her ? What is there in a pair of pink cheeks and blue eyes forsooth ? These dear Moralists ask, and hint wisely, that the gifts of genius, the accomplishments of the mind, the mastery of Mangnall's questions, and a ladylike knowledge of botany and geology, the knack of making poetry, the power of rattling sonatas in the Herz manner, and so forth, are far more valuable endowments for a female than those fugitive charms which a few years will inevitably tarnish. It is quite edifying to hear women speculate upon the worthlessness and the duration of beauty.

" But though virtue is a much finer thing, and those hapless creatures who suffer under the misfortune of good looks ought to be continually put in mind of the fate which awaits them, and though, very likely, the heroic female character which ladies admire is a more glorious and beautiful object than the kind, fresh, smiling, artless, tender little domestic goddess whom men are inclined to worship—yet the latter and inferior sort of women must have this consolation, that the men *do* admire them after all, and that, in spite of all our kind friends' warnings and protests, we go on in our desperate error and folly, and shall to the end of the chapter. Indeed, for my own part, though I have been repeatedly told by persons for whom I have the greatest respect, that Miss Brown is an insignificant chit, and Mrs. White has nothing but her '*petit minois chiffonné*,' and Mrs. Black has not a word to say for herself, yet I know that I have had the most delightful conversations with Mrs. Black (of course, my dear Madam, they are inviolable), I see all the men in a cluster round Mrs. White's chair, all the young fellows battling to dance with Miss Brown, and so I am tempted to think that to be despised by her sex is a very great compliment to a woman."

She idolizes her husband that is to be :—

" She thought about him the very first moment on waking, and his was the very last name mentioned in her prayers. She never had seen a man so beautiful or so clever ; such a figure on horseback, such a dancer, such a hero in general.—Talk of the Prince's bow ! what was it to George's ? she had seen

Mr. Brummell, whom everybody praised so—compare such a person as that to her (George ! Not amongst all the beaux at the opera (and there were beaux in those days with actual opera hats) was there any one to equal him. He was only good enough to be a fairy prince, and oh ! what magnanimity to stoop to such a humble Cinderella. Miss Pinkerton would have tried to check this blind devotion very likely, had she been Amelia's confidant, but not with much success, depend upon it. It is in the nature and instinct of some women. Some are made to scheme, and some to love ; and I wish any respected bachelor that reads this may take the sort that best likes him.” (page 102.)

Amelia writes him long letters, with which he lights his cigar, to Captain Dobbin's horror :—

“ But if Osborne's were short and soldierlike letters, it must be confessed, that were Miss Sedley's letters to Mr. Osborne to be published, we should have to extend this novel to such a multiplicity of volumes, as not the most sentimental reader could support—that she not only filled sheets of large paper, but crossed them with the most astonishing perverseness ; that she wrote whole pages out of poetry-books without the least pity ; that she underlined words and passages with quite a frantic emphasis, and, in fine, gave the usual tokens of her condition. She wasn't a heroine. Her letters *were* full of repetition ; she wrote rather doubtful grammar sometimes, and in her verses took all sorts of liberties with the metre. But oh, mesdames, if you are not allowed to touch the heart sometimes in spite of syntax, and are not to be loved until you all know the difference between trimeter and tetrameter, may all poetry go to the deuce, and every schoolmaster perish miserably.”

“ Poor little Emmy,” says the young officer to whom these epistles were addressed, “ dear little Emmy, how fond she is of me—and, gad, what a headache that mixed Punch has given me !” Poor little Emmy, indeed. Her misgivings commence very early after her wedding. She has jealousy “ among the other virtues of her sex,” and is terrified by the audacious wit and charms of her friend Rebecca, who visibly charms the coxcomb George Osborne. The reader's heart is quite rent at the sufferings of her tender spirit during that sojourn at Brussels before Waterloo. Her painful doubts of her husband's affection, her anguish at the Ball, the terrible parting in the dim morning of Quatre Bras. We must give one little glimpse of her pale figure, a fine piece of word painting :—

“ If Captain Dobbin expected to get any personal comfort and satisfaction from having one more view of Amelia before the regiment marched away, his selfishness was punished just as such odious egotism deserved to be. The door of Jos's bed-room opened into the sitting-room, which was common to the family party, and opposite this door was that of Amelia's chamber. The bugles had wakened everybody, there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room, Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bed-room, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was ! So white, so wild and despair stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

“ She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders,

and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers whereon it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted Captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. 'Good God,' thought he, 'and is it grief like this I dared to pry into?' And there was no help, no means to soothe and comfort this helpless speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

"At last, George took Emmy's hand and led her back into the bed-room, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone." (page 263.)

After George's death and a period of sad prostration, poor Emmy is comforted by the birth of a child—let those who doubt Mr. Thackeray's capacity for tenderness turn to the affecting passage. Poor Dobbin finds that Amelia's heart is now as much engrossed by the child as it was before by the father. He goes back to India. She lives a dismal life with her parents, who are soured by adversity, consoling herself with her boy, and the recollection of her saint and hero who died at Waterloo. First, one of these comforts is removed from her, then the other. She cannot afford even to dress her child, and is forced to give him up to the old Mr. Osborne, who adopts him, but fiercely repulses the poor widowed mother. As usual she submits, and cries a great deal in private. Poor little Emmy is always at that kind of performance. Henceforward she hangs up in her bed-room the picture of little George under that of his father. The child—ungrateful and selfish as is the nature of young children,—is glad to escape from dulness and poverty to his grandfather's fine house :—

"At last the day came, the carriage drove up, the little humble packets containing tokens of love and remembrance were ready and disposed in the hall long since—George was in his new suit, for which the tailor had come previously to measure him. He had sprung up with the sun and put on the new clothes; his mother hearing him from the room close by, in which she had been lying in speechless grief and watching. Days before she had been making preparations for the end, purchasing little stores for the boy's use, marking his books and linen, talking with him and preparing him for the change, fondly fancying that he needed preparation.

"So that he had change, what cared he? He was longing for it. By a thousand eager declarations as to what he would do when he went to live with his grandfather, he had shown the poor widow how little the idea of parting had cast him down. 'He would come and see his mamma often on the money,' he said, 'he would come and fetch her in the carriage, they would drive in the park, and she should have every thing she wanted.' The poor mother was fain to content herself with these selfish demonstrations of attachment, and tried to convince herself how sincerely her son loved her. He must love her. All children were so, a little anxious for novelty, and—no, not selfish, but self-willed. Her child must have his enjoyments and ambition in

the world. She herself, by her own selfishness and imprudent love for him, had denied him his just rights and pleasures hitherto.

"I know few things more affecting than that timorous debasement and self-humiliation of a woman. How she owns that it is she and not the man who is guilty, how she takes all the faults on her side, how she courts in a manner punishment for the wrongs which she has not committed, and persists in shielding the real culprit! It is those who injure women who get the most kindness from them—they are born timid and tyrants, and maltreat those who are humblest before them.

"So poor Amelia had been getting ready in silent misery for her son's departure, and had passed many and many a long solitary hour in making preparations for the end. George stood by his mother, watching her arrangements without the least concern. Tears had fallen into his boxes, passages had been scored in his favourite books, old toys, relics, treasures had been hoarded away for him and packed with strange neatness and care, and of all these things the boy took no note. The child goes away smiling as the mother breaks her heart. By heavens it is pitiful, the bootless love of women for children in *Vanity Fair*.

"A few days are past, and the great event of Amelia's life is consummated. No angel has intervened. The child is sacrificed and offered up to fate, and the widow is quite alone.

"The boy comes to see her often, to be sure. He rides on a poney with the coachman behind him, to the delight of his old grandfather Sedley, who walks proudly down the lane by his side. She sees him, but he is not her boy any more. Why, he rides to see the boys at the little school, too, and to show off before them his new wealth and splendour. In two days he has adopted a slight imperious air and patronising manner. He was born to command, his mother thinks, as his father was before him.

"It is fine weather now. Of evenings on the days when he does not come, she takes a long walk into London; yes, as far as Russell square, and rests on the stone by the railing of the garden opposite Mr. Osborne's house. It is so pleasant and cool. She can look up and see the drawing-room windows illuminated; and, about nine o'clock, the chamber in the upper story where Georgy sleeps. She knows—he has told her—she prays there as the light goes out, prays with a humble humble heart, and walks home shrinking and silent. She is very tired when she comes home. Perhaps she will sleep the better for that long weary walk, and she may dream about Georgy.

"On Sunday she happened to be walking in Russell square at some distance from Mr. Osborne's house (she could see it from a distance though) when all the bells of Sabbath were ringing, and George and his aunt came out to go to Church, a little sweep asked for charity, and the footman, who carried the books, tried to drive him away, but Georgy stopped and gave him money. May God's blessing be on the boy! Enemy ran round the square and coming up to the sweep, gave him her mite too. All the bells of Sabbath were ringing, and she followed them until she came to the Foundling Church, into which she went. There she sat in a place whence she could see the head of the boy under his father's tombstone. Many hundred fresh children's voices rose up there and sang a hymn to the Father Beneficent, and little George's soul thrilled with delight at the burst of glorious psalmody. His mother could not see him for a while through the mist that dimmed her eyes." (p. 446.)

Dobbin returns to England and renews his suit in vain. Amelia knows her power, and tyrannizes over him. "The weakest of women," Mr. Thackeray tells us, "will domineer over somebody. And she



ordered him about, and patted him, and made him fetch and carry just as if he was a Newfoundland dog. He liked, so to speak, to jump into the water if she said 'High Dobbin!' and to trot behind her with her reticule in his mouth." But Dobbin would not allow his imperious mistress to admit Mrs Rebecca, now an irreclaimable Bohémienne, into her innocent household. Emmy, for a wonder, is obstinate. Dobbin unluckily reminds her that Rebecca was not always her friend. Emmy fires up, takes refuge, as usual, with the picture of her husband. The impulsive cruelty and injustice of a weak and generous woman was surely never touched off more delicately:—

"She ~~passed~~ the room trembling and indignant. She went and leaned on the chest of drawers over which the picture hung, and gazed and gazed at it. Its eyes seemed to look down on her with a reproach that deepened as she looked. The early, dear, dear memories of that brief prime of love rushed back upon her. The wound which years had scarcely cicatrised bled afresh, and oh, how bitterly! She could not bear the reproaches of the husband there before her. It couldn't be, never, never.

"Poor Dobbin, poor old William! That unlucky word had undone the work of many a year, the long laborious edifice of a life of love and constancy, raised too upon what secret and hidden foundations, wherein lay buried passions, uncounted struggles, unknown sacrifices—a little word was spoken, and down fell the fair palace of hope—one word, and away flew the bird which he had been trying all his life to lure." (p. 603.)

The Major yields, and announces to Amelia that he gives up all claim to her affection. She is not worthy of him.

" 'You are very good natured and have done your best, but you could not—you could not reach up to the height of the attachment which I bore you, and which a loftier soul would have been proud to share. Good bye, Amelia. I have watched your struggle. Let it end. We are both weary of it.'

"Amelia stood scared and silent as William thus suddenly broke the chain by which she held him, and declared his independence and superiority. He had placed himself at her feet so long, that the poor little woman had been accustomed to trample upon him. She didn't wish to marry him, but she wished to keep him. She wished to give him nothing, but he should give her all. It is a bargain not unfrequently levied in love.

"William's sally had quite broken and cast her down. Her assault was long since over and beaten back.

" 'Am I to understand then, that you are going away, William?' she said.

"He gave a sad laugh. 'I went once before,' he said, 'and came back after twelve years. We were young then, Amelia. Good bye, I have spent enough of life at this play.'

When the Major is gone the poor little woman finds out her mistake:—

"Emmy was not very happy after her heroic sacrifice; she was very *dis-traité*, nervous, silent, and ill to please. The family had never known her so peevish. She grew pale and ill. She used to try and sing certain songs, ('Einsam bin ich nicht alleine' was one of them, that tender love-song of

Weber's, which in old fashioned days, young ladies, and when you were scarcely born, showed that those who lived before you knew too how to love and to sing);—certain songs, I say, to which the Major was partial, and as she warbled them in the twilight in the drawing-room, she would break off in the midst of the song, and walk into her neighbouring apartment, and there, no doubt, take refuge in the miniature of her husband.

"Some books still subsisted, after Dobbin's departure, with his name written in them; a German Dictionary, for instance, with 'William Dobbin, the——th Reg.,' in the fly-leaf, a guide-book with his initials, and one or two other volumes which belonged to the Major. Emmy cleared these away and put them on the drawers where she placed her work box, her desk, her Bible, and Prayer Book under the pictures of the two Georges. And the Major, on going away, having left his gloves behind him—it is a fact that Georgy rummaging his mother's desk sometime afterwards found the gloves neatly folded up, and put away in what they call the secret drawers of the desk.

"Not caring for society, and moping there a great deal, Emmy's chief pleasure in the summer evenings was to take long walks with Georgy (during which Rebecca was left to the society of Mr. Joseph); and then the mother and son used to talk about the Major in a way which even made the boy smile—she told him that she thought Major William was the best man in all the world, the gentlest and the kindest, the bravest and the humblest. Over and over again she told him how they owed every thing which they possessed in the world to that kind friend's benevolent care of them; how he had befriended them all through their poverty and misfortunes, watched over them when nobody cared for them; how all his comrades admired him, though he never spoke of his own gallant actions; how Georgy's father trusted him beyond all other men, and had been constantly befriended by the good William. 'Why, when your Papa was a little boy,' she said, 'he often told me that it was William who defended him against a tyrant at the school where they were, and their friendship never ceased from that day until the last, when your dear father fell.' " (p. 613.)

At last she takes the great resolution and writes to the faithful Major. Becky, meanwhile, determines that her poor whimpering little hostess shall marry that gentleman. Thus she carries out her resolutions:—

"So Becky took a cup of tea to Amelia in her private apartment, and found that lady in the company of her miniature, and in a most melancholy and nervous condition. She laid down the cup of tea.

"'Thank you,' said Amelia.

"'Listen to me Amelia,' said Becky, marching up and down the room before the other and surveying her with a sort of contemptuous kindness. 'I want to talk to you. You must go away from here and from the impertinences of these men. I won't have you harassed by them, and they will insult you if you stay. I tell you they are rascals, men fit to send to the bulks. Never mind how I know them. I know everybody. Jos can't protect you, he is too fat and weak, and wants a protector himself. You are no more fit to live in the world than a baby in arms. You must marry, or you and your precious boy will go to ruin. You must have a husband, you fool, and one of the best gentlemen I ever saw has offered to you a hundred times, and you have rejected him, you silly, heartless, ungrateful, little creature.'

"'I tried—I tried my best, indeed I did, Rebecca,' said Amelia deprecatingly, 'but I couldn't forget'—and she finished the sentence by looking up at the portrait.

" ' Could'n't forget him ! ' cried out Becky, ' that selfish humbug, that low bred cockney-dandy, that padded booby, who had neither wit nor manner, nor heart, and was no more to be compared to your friend with the bamboo cane than you are to Queen Elizabeth. Why, the man was weary of you and would have jilted you, but that Dolbin forced him to keep his word—he owned it to me. He never cared for you. He used to sneer about you to me, time after time, and made love to me the week after he married you.'

" ' It's false ! It's false ! ' Rebecca, cried Amelia, starting up. ' Look there, you fool,' Becky said still with provoking good humour, and taking a little paper out of her belt, she opened it and flung it into Emmy's lap. ' You know his handwriting. He wrote that to me, wanted me to run away with him, gave it me under your nose the day before he was shot—and served him right ! ' Becky repeated.

Emmy did not hear her, she was looking at the letter. It was that which George had put into the bouquet and given to Becky on the night of the Duke of Richmond's ball. It was as she said ; the foolish young man had asked her to fly.

Emmy's head sank down, and, for almost the last time in which she shall be called upon to weep in this history, she commenced that work. Her head fell to her bosom, and her hands went up to her eyes, and there for awhile she gave way to her emotions, as Becky stood on and regarded her. Who shall analyse those tears, and say whether they were sweet or bitter ? Was she most grieved, because the idol of her life was tumbled down and shivered at her feet, or indignant that her love had been so despised, or glad because the barrier was removed which modesty had placed between her and a new, a real affection ? ' There is nothing to forbid me now,' she thought. ' I may love him with all my heart now. O, I will, I will, if he will but let me, and forgive me ; ' I believe it was this feeling rushed over all the others, which agitated that gentle little bosom." (p. 618.)

Here we conclude our extracts relating to the character of Amelia Sedley. We shall not handle any other of Mr. Thackeray's personages at the same length—although there are many of them that deserve analysis—because we fancy that he must have been at greater pains in working out this wonderfully complete conception than in any other of his most elaborate creations. The delicacy of touch with which he has given life and truth to a being whose chief distinction is *to want character*, belongs to him and to no other novelist; not even Fielding has shown the patience and self-control necessary for the production of so refined a piece of portraiture.

Most readers, we fear, turn with pleasure from the common place Amelia to the brilliant Rebecca, who is indeed always delightful, until the catastrophe which crushed her daring projects and hurled her down the facile but terrible descent to Avernus. Her gay intrepid spirit cheers us like the sparkle of champagne—She has no morals, but she is witty, good natured and good tempered—She has great resolution, patience and strong sense ; qualities which in a better cause &c. &c. Let her announce her simple philosophy.

" ' It is not difficult to be a country gentleman's wife,' Rebecca thought. ' I could be a good woman if I had five thousand a year ; I could dawdle about in the nursery and count the apricots on the wall ; I could water plants in a

green house, and pick off dead leaves from the geraniums. I could ask old women about their rheumatisms, and order half a crown's worth of soup for the poor ; I should not miss it much, out of five thousand a year. I could even drive out ten miles to dine at a neighbour's and dress in the fashions of the year before last ; I could go to church and keep awake in the great family pew, or go to sleep behind the curtain, and with my veil down if I only had practice. I could pay every body if I had but the money. This is what the conjurors here pride themselves upon doing. They look down with pity upon us miserable sinners who have none. They think themselves generous if they give our children a five pound note, and us contemptible if we are without one. And who knows but Rebecca was right in her speculations, and that it was only a question of money and fortune which made the difference between her and an honest woman ? If you take temptations into account, who is to say that he is better than his neighbour ? A comfortable career of prosperity, if it does not make people honest, at least keeps them so. An alderman coming from a turtle feast will not step out of his carriage to steal a leg of mutton ; but put him to starve, and see if he will not purloin a loaf. Becky consoled herself by so balancing the chances and equalising the distribution of good and evil in the world.

"The old haunts, the old fields and woods, the copses, ponds and gardens, the rooms of the old house, where she had spent a couple of years, seven years ago, were all carefully revisited by her. She had been young there, or comparatively so, for she forgot the time when she *ever* was young, but she remembered her thoughts and feelings seven years back and contrasted them with those which she had at present, now that she had seen the world and lived with great people, and raised herself far beyond her original humble station.

"I have passed beyond it because I have brains," Becky thought, "and almost all the rest of the world are fools—I could not go back and consort with those people now, whom I used to meet in my father's studio. Lords come up to my door with stars and garters instead of poor artists with screws of tobacco in their pockets. I have a Gentleman for my husband and an Earl's daughter for my sister in the very house where I was little better than a servant a few years ago. But am I much better to do now in the world than I was when I was the poor painter's daughter, and wheedled the grocer round the corner for sugar and tea ? Suppose I had married Francis who was so fond of me, I could not have been much poorer than I am now. Heigho ! I wish I could exchange my position in society and all my relations for a snug sum in the three per cent consols ;" for so it was that Becky felt the vanity of human affairs, and it was in those securities that she would have liked to cast anchor." (p. 376.)

There is much sly humour in the description of her courtship of Captain Crawley, and subsequent taming of that Dragon. Her fun and wit are irresistible. When she gets into high life, she finds it rather monotonous and dull.

"Her success excited, elated, and then bored her. At first no occupation was more pleasant than to invent and procure (the latter a work of no small trouble and ingenuity, by the way, in a person of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's very narrow means) to procure, we say, the prettiest new dresses and ornaments, to drive to fine dinner parties, where she was welcomed by great people, and from the fine dinner parties to fine assemblies, whither the same people came with whom she had been dining, whom she had met the night before and would see on the morrow ; the young men faultlessly appointed, handsomely cravatted, with the neatest glossy boots, and white gloves ; the elders

portly, brass buttoned, noble looking, polite and proxy—the young ladies blonde, timid and in pink—the mothers grand, beautiful, sumptuous, solemn, and in diamonds. They talked in English, not in bad French, as they do in the novels. They talked about each others' houses, and characters, and families, just as the Joneses do about the Smiths. Becky's former acquaintances hated and envied her; the poor woman herself was yawning in spirit. 'I wish I were 'out of it,' she said to herself; 'I would rather be a parson's wife and teach a Sunday School than this, or a serjeant's lady and ride in the regimental waggon; or, O! how much gayer it would be, to wear spangles and trowsers, and dance before a booth at a fair.'

" 'You would do it 'very well,' said Lord Steyne, laughing. She used to tell the great man her ennuis and perplexities in her artless way—they amused him.

" 'Rawdon would make a very good Fencer-master of the ceremonies—what do you call him, the man in the large boots and the uniform, who goes round the ring cracking the whip? He is large, heavy, and of a military figure. I recollect,' Becky continued pensively, 'my father took me to see a show at Brookgreen Fair when I was a child, and when we came home I made myself a pair of stilts, and danced in the studio to the wonder of all the pupils.'

" 'I should have liked to see it,' said Lord Steyne.

" 'I should like to do it now,' Becky continued; 'how Lady Blinkey would open her eyes, and Lady Grizzel Macbeth would stare! Hush! Silence! there is *Pasta* beginning to sing.' " (p. 152.)

Becky reaches her culminating point of triumph on the night of the charades at Gaunt house; we wish we could give the whole passage, which is an excellent specimen of Mr. Thackeray's powers as a scene painter, and "property man." "A portion of that splendid room, the picture gallery of Gaunt House, was arranged as the charade theatre. It had been so used when George the Third was King; and a picture of the Marquis of Gaunt is still extant, with his hair in powder and a pink ribbon, in a Roman shape, as it was called, enacting the part of Cato in Mr. Addison's tragedy of that name, performed before their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales, the Bishop of Osnaburgh, and Prince William Henry; then children like the actor."

Becky first appears as Clytemnestra (the allusion is obvious) murdering her husband. She performs her part with ghastly truth, and frightens her titled and fashionable audience. As the lights are turned on again there are roars of applause. A Royal Duke insists on being presented to the charming actress. "Heigh ha? Run him through the body. Marry somebody else, 'ray?" was the apposite remark of his Royal Highness. The next charade is on the word "nightingale." Becky triumphs again in a different style.

"There was a little ballet *Le Rosignol*, in which Montessee and Noblet used to be famous in those days, and which Mr. Wagg transferred to the English stage, as an opera, putting his verse, of which he was a skilful writer, to the pretty airs of the ballet. It was dressed in old French costume; and little Lord Southdown now appeared, admirably attired in the disguise of an old woman, hobbling about the stage with a faultless crooked stick.

"Trills of melody were heard behind the scenes, and gurgling from a sweet pasteboard cottage covered with roses and trellis work. 'Philomele, Philomele,' cries the old woman, and Philomele comes out.

"More applause—it is Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in powder and patches, the most ravissante little Marquise in the world.

"She comes in laughing, humming, and frisks about the stage with all the innocence of theatrical youth; she makes a curtsy—Mamma says, 'Why, child, you are always laughing and singing;' and away she goes with

'The rose upon my balcony,

The rose upon my balcony, the morning air perfuming,  
Was leafless all the winter time and pinnae for the spring.

You ask me why her breath is sweet and why her cheek is blooming,

It is because the sun is out, and birds begin to sing.

The Nightingale, whose melody is through the greenwood ringing,

Was silent when the boughs were bare and winds were blowing keen,

And if, Mamma, you ask of me the reason of his singing,

It is because the sun is out, and all the leaves are green.

Thus each performs his part, Mamma, the birds have found their voices,

The blowing rose a flash, Mamma, her bonny cheek to dye.

And there's sunshine in my heart, Mamma, which wakes and rejoices,

And so I sing and blush, Mamma, and that's the reason why.

"During the intervals of the stanzas of this ditty the good-natured personage addressed as Mamma by the singer, and whose large whiskers appeared under her cap, seemed very anxious to exhibit her maternal affection, by embracing the innocent creature who performed the daughter's part. Every caress was received with loud acclamations of laughter by the sympathising audience. At its conclusion (while the music was performing a symphony, as if ever so many birds were warbling) the whole house was unanimous for an encore; and applause and bouquets without end were showered upon the nightingale of the evening. Lord Steyne's voice of applause was loudest of all. Becky, the nightingale, took the flower; which he threw to her and pressed them to her heart with the air of a consummate comedian. Lord Steyne was frantic with delight. His guests' enthusiasm harmonised with his own. Where was the beautiful black-eyed hourie, whose appearance in the first charade had caused such delight? She was twice as handsome as Becky; but the brilliancy of the latter had quite eclipsed her. All voices were for her. Stephens, Garradori, Rouz de Begnis, people compared her to one or the other, and agreed, with good reason, very likely, that had she been an actress none on the stage could have surpassed her. She had reached her culmination; her voice rose thrilling and bright over the storm of applause, and soared as high and joyful as her triumph. There was a hall after the dramatic entertainments; and everybody pressed round Becky as the great point of attraction of the evening. The Royal personage declared with an oath that she was perfection, and engaged her again and again in conversation. Little Becky's soul swelled with pride and delight at these honours. She saw fortune, fame, fashion, before her. Lord Steyne was her slave; followed her everywhere, and scarcely spoke to any one in the room beside, and paid her the most marked compliments and attention. She still appeared in her Marquise costume, and danced a minuet with Monsieur de Truffingny, Monsieur Le Duc de La Jabotiere's attaché; and the Duke, who had all the traditions of the ancient Court, pronounced that Madame Crawley was worthy to have been a pupil of Vestris, or to have figured at Versailles. Only a feeling of dignity, the gout, and the strongest sense of duty, and personal sacrifice, prevented his Excellency from dancing with her himself; and he declared in public, that a lady who could talk and dance like Mrs. Rawdon was fit to be Ambassadress at any Court in Europe: he was only con-

soled when he heard that she was half a Frenchwoman by birth. 'None but a compatriot,' His Excellency declared, 'could have performed that majestic dance in such a way.'

"Then she figured in a waltz with Monsieur de Klingenspoehr, the Prince of Peterwarddin's cousin and attaché. The delighted Prince, having less reticence than his French diplomatic colleague, insisted upon taking a turn with the charming creature, and twirled round the ball-room with her, scattering the diamonds out of his boot-tassels and hussar jacket, until his Highness was fairly out of breath. Papoosh Pasha himself would have liked to dance with her, if that amusement had been the custom of his country. The company made a circle round her and applauded as wildly as if she had been a *Noblet* or a *Tagliomi*. Every body was in ecstasy; and Becky too, you may be sure. She passed by Lady Stunnington with a look of scorn. She patronised Lady Gaunt and her astonished and mortified sister-in-law; she crased all rival charmers. As for poor Mrs. Winkworth, and her long hair and great eyes, which had made such an effect at the commencement of the evening, where was she now? No where in the race. She might tear her long hair and cry her great eyes out, but there was not a person to heed or to deplore the discomfiture.

"The greatest triumph of all was at supper time. She was placed at the grand exclusive table with his Royal Highness, the exalted personage before mentioned, and the rest of the great guests. She was served on gold plate. She might have had pearls melted into her champagne if she liked—another *Cleopatra*; and the potentate of Peterwarddin would have given half the brilliants off his jacket for a kind glance from those dazzling eyes. *Jabotiere* wrote home about her to his government. The ladies at the other tables, who supped off mere silver, and marked Lord Steyne's constant attention to her, vowed it was a monstrous infatuation, a gross insult to ladies of rank. If sarcasm could have killed, Lady Stunnington would have slain her on the spot.

"Rawdon Crawley was scared at these triumphs. They seemed to separate his wife farther than ever from him somehow. He thought with a feeling very like pain how immeasurably she was his superior." (page 460.)

Rebecca's downward career is hinted at, rather than described. Mr. Thackeray classically alludes to her as a "*Siren formosa superne*." Any of our readers who has visited a German watering place, and has the habit of observing his fellow creatures, will recognize many possible originals for this picture of an *aventurière*. Her career concludes, by a grotesque kind of poetical justice, in a humdrum respectability:—

"Rebecca, Lady Crawley, chiefly hangs about Bath and Cheltenham, where a very strong party of excellent people consider her to be a most injured woman. She has her enemies. Who has not? Her life is her answer to them. She busies herself in works of piety. She goes to church, and never without a footman. Her name is in all the charity lists. The destitute Orange girl, the neglected Washerwoman, the distressed Muffin-man, find in her a fast and generous friend. She is always having stalls at Fancy Fairs for the benefit of these hapless beings." (page 624.)

Every one must like Rawdon, her husband, whom she conquers, tames, and deceives. He is presented to us at first as a man about town, caring for nothing but play, hunting, and his regiment. His marriage calls out some of his better instincts. He adores his little

wife, and give up all his wild regimental pleasures to be her slave. There is something touching in the honest fellow's calculations of the property which he can leave to her before Waterloo.

The next incident that shows him in a favorable light is the birth of a little Rawdon. Becky neglects, and if the truth must be said, hates her son and heir. Her husband is very fond of the little chap. My Lord Steyne procures a presentation to Charterhouse-school for the boy, and Rawdon consents to part with him with more heroism than poor Amelia exhibited in her case, —

"Rawdon Crawley, though the only book which he studied was the *Racing Calendar*, and though his chief recollections of polite learning were connected with the floggings which he received at Eton in his early youth, had that decent but honest reverence for classical learning which all English gentlemen feel, and was glad to think that his son was to have a provision for life, perhaps, and a certain opportunity of becoming a scholar. And although his boy was his chief solace and companion, and endeared to him by a thousand small ties, about which he did not care to speak to his wife, who had all along shown the utmost indifference to their son, yet Rawdon agreed at once to part with him, and to give up his own greatest comfort and benefit for the sake of the welfare of the little lad. He did not know how fond he was of the child until it became necessary to let him go away. When he was gone, he felt more sad and downcast than he cared to own—far sadder than the boy himself, who was happy enough to enter a new career, and find companions of his own age. Becky burst out laughing once or twice, when the Colonel, in his clumsy, incoherent way, tried to express his sentimental sorrows at the boy's departure. The poor fellow felt that his dearest pleasure and closest friend was taken from him. He looked often, and wistfully, at the little vacant bed in his dressing-room, where the child used to sleep. He missed him sadly of mornings, and tried in vain to walk in the Park without him. He did not know how solitary he was until little Rawdon was gone. He liked the people who were fond of him, and would go and sit for long hours with his good-natured sister Lady Jane, and talk to her about the virtue, and good looks, and hundred good qualities of the child." (page 465.)

Poor Rawdon even rises into dignity when he discovers that his wife has been trading on his honor; misfortune seems to purge his past life, and a reader must be very hard-hearted or very virtuous, who does not allow some weight to his expostulations with his brother. "Look here Pitt—you know that I was to have had Miss Crawley's money. I wasn't brought up like a younger brother, but was always extravagant and kept idle. But for this, I might have been quite a different man. I didn't do my duty with the regiment so bad."

The poor fellow's simple talk with the brave Captain Macmurdo, who is to be his friend in the affair with Lord Steyne, is a wonderful piece of mixed humour and pathos :—

"'What's the row about, Crawley, my boy?' said the old warrior. 'No more gambling business, hey, like that when we shot Captain Marker?'"

"'It's—about my wife,' Crawley answered, casting down his eyes and turning very red."



"The other gave a whistle; I always said she'd throw you over," he began—indeed there were bets in the regiment and at the clubs regarding the probable fate of Colonel Crawley, so lightly was his wife's character esteemed by his comrades and the world; but seeing the savage look with which Rawdon answered the expression of this opinion, Macmurdo did not think fit to enlarge upon it further.

"Is there no way out of it, old boy?" the Captain continued in a grave tone. "Is it only suspicion, you know, or what is it? Any letters? Can't you keep it quiet? Best not make any noise about a thing of that sort, if you can help it."—"Think of his only finding her out now," the Captain thought to himself, and remembered a hundred particular conversations at the mess-table in which Mrs. Crawley's reputation had been torn to shreds.

"There is no way but one out of it," Rawdon replied, "and there's only a way out of it for one of us, Mac—do you understand? I was put out of the way, arrested,—I found them alone together. I told him he was a liar and a coward, and knocked him down and thrashed him."

"Serve him right," Macmurdo said. "Who is it?"

"Rawdon answered it was Lord Steyne."

"The deuce! a Marquis! they said he,—that is, they said you"—

"What the devil do you mean?" roared out Rawdon; "do you mean that you ever heard a fellow doubt about my wife, and didn't tell me, Mac?"

"The world's very censorious, old boy," the other replied. "What the deuce was the good of my telling you what any ton fools talked about?"

"It was damned unfriendly, Mac," said Rawdon, quite overcome, and covering his face with his hands, he gave way to an emotion the sight of which caused the tough old campaigner opposite him to wince with sympathy. "Hold up, old boy," he said, "great man or not, we will put a bullet in him, damn him. As for women, they are all so."

"You don't know how fond I was of that one," Rawdon said half inarticulately. "Damn it, I followed her like a footman; I gave up everything I had to her. I am a beggar, because I would marry her. By Jove, sir, I have pawned my own watch in order to get her any thing she fancied, and she—she has been making a purse for herself all the time, and grudged me a hundred pounds to get me out of quod." He then fiercely and incoherently, and with an agitation under which his counsellor had never before seen him labor, told Macmurdo the circumstances of the story. His adviser caught at some stray hints in it.

"She may be innocent, after all," he said. "She says so. Steyne has been a hundred times alone with her in the house before."

"It may be so," Rawdon answered sadly; "but this don't look very innocent," and he showed the Captain the thousand pound note which he had found in Becky's pocket-book. "This is what he gave her, Mac, and she kept it unknown to me: and with this money in the house, she refused to stand by me when I was locked up." The Captain could not but own that the secreting of the money had a very ugly look.

"Whilst they were engaged in their conference, Rawdon dispatched Captain Macmurdo's servant to Curzon Street, with an order to the domestic there to give up a bag of clothes of which the Colonel had great need. And during the man's absence, and with great labor and a Johnson's Dictionary, which stood them in much stead, Rawdon and his second composed a letter which the latter sent to Lord Steyne. Captain Macmurdo had the honor of waiting upon the Marquis of Steyne, on the part of Colonel Rawdon Crawley, and begged to intimate that he was empowered by the Colonel to make any arrangements for the meeting which he had no doubt it was his Lordship's intention to demand, and which the circumstances of the morning

had rendered inevitable. Captain Macmurdo begged Lord Steyne in the most polite manner to appoint a friend with whom he (Captain Macmurdo) might communicate, and desired that the meeting might take place with as little delay as possible.

"In a postscript the Captain stated that he had in his possession a bank note for a large amount, which Colonel Crawley had reason to suppose was the property of the Marquis of Steyne. And he was anxious, on the Colonel's behalf, to give up the note to its owner." (page 486)

William Dobbin, we think, owes more to Mr. Thackeray's pen than his pencil. In the text we are perpetually reminded of his simple, kind, brave nature. He is always hovering round Amelia; even whilst in India he is an unseen protector and loving friend. He is accomplished, witty, and a gentleman. What then remains to complete his character?

We are told that he lisps, that his figure is ungainly, that he has large hands and feet; but we should easily look over these imperfections if it was not for the pictures by Mr. Thackeray's own hand scattered through the book, wherein poor Dobbin is treated in the most barbarous manner. The artist seems to take a malicious pleasure in making us laugh at the person whom the writer wishes us to reverence. In the schoolboy scenes any amount of awkwardness is allowable; but we must think that after years passed in the world, in the army, and in courtship, the most shambling and grotesque of mortals would be drilled, dressed, combed and polished into something, if not elegant, at all events not outrageously ridiculous. But it is Mr. Thackeray's "way." He will not suffer us to indulge in unmingled admiration, any more than in uncompromising hatred. When we have made up our minds to loathe a sinner, he softens us by adding some redeeming touch of kindness or bravery to the ugly portrait; and when we are roused to canonize a saint, his wicked wit flashes on some infirmity of the idol, which makes us lay by our tapers and incense-pots with a grin.

One of the most strongly marked characters in "*Vanity Fair*" is old Osborne. He is a vulgar, coarse, purse-proud domestic tyrant. Ungovernably violent if opposed, and lavish of money and indulgence when pleased. We think the following scene as impressive as any thing we ever read in any work of fiction. He has just discovered that his son has married Amelia Sedley, the daughter of his bankrupt rival. Observe the allusive minuteness of detail perfectly Hogarthian.

"Behind Mr. Osborne's dining-room was the usual apartment which went in his house by the name of the study, and was sacred to the master of the house; hither Mr. Osborne would retire on a Sunday forenoon when not minded to go to church, and here pass the morning in his crimson leather chair, reading the paper. A couple of glazed book-cases were here, containing standard works in stout gilt binding. The *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's*

Magazine,' 'Blair's Sermons,' and 'Hume and Smollet.' From year's end to year's end he never took one of these volumes from the shelf, but there was no member of the family that would dare for his life to touch one of the books, except upon those rare Sunday evenings when there was no dinner party, and when the great scarlet Bible and Prayer-book were taken out from the corner where they stood beside his copy of the Peerage, and the servants being rung up to the dining parlour, Osborne read the evening service to his family in a loud grating pompous voice. No member of the household, child or domestic, ever entered that room without a certain terror. Here he checked the housekeeper's accounts, and overhauled the butler's cellar-book. Here he could command, across the clean gravelled courtyard, the back entrance of the stables with which one of his bells communicated, and into this yard the coachman issued from his premises as into a dock, and Osborne swore at him from the study window. Four times a year Miss Wirt entered this apartment to get her salary, and his daughters to receive their quarterly allowance. George, as a boy, had been horse-whipped in this room many times, his mother sitting sick on the stair listening to the cuts of the whip. The boy was scarcely ever known to cry under the punishment; the poor woman used to fondle and kiss him secretly, and give him money to soothe him when he came out.

"There was a picture of the family over the mantel-piece, removed thither from the front room after Mrs. Osborne's death—George was on a poney, the elder sister holding him up a bunch of flowers, the younger led by her mother's hand, all with red cheeks and large red mouths simpering on each other in the approved family portrait manner. The mother lay under ground now, long since forgotten—the sisters and brother had a hundred different interests of their own, and familiar still, were utterly estranged from each other. Some few score of years afterwards, when all the parties represented are grown old, what bitter satire there is in those flaunting childish family-portraits, with their farce of sentiment and smiling lies, and innocence so self-conscious and self-satisfied. Osborne's own state portrait with that of his great silver ink-stand and arm-chair, had taken the place of honor in the dining-room vacated by the family-piece.

"To this study old Osborne retired then, greatly to the relief of the small party whom he left; when the servants had withdrawn they began to talk for a while volubly, but very low, then they went upstairs quietly, Mr. Bullock accompanying them stealthily on his creaking shoes. He had no heart to sit alone drinking wine, and so close to the terrible old gentleman in the study hard at hand.

"An hour at least after dark, the butler, not having received any summons, ventured to tap at his door and take him in wax candles and tea. The master of the house sate in his chair, pretending to read the paper, and when the servant, placing the lights and refreshment on the table by him, retired, Mr. Osborne got up and locked the door after him. This time there was no mistaking the matter, all the household knew that some great catastrophe was going to happen, which was likely directly to affect master George.

"In the large shining mahogany escretoire Mr. Osborne had a drawer especially devoted to his son's affairs and papers. Here he kept all the documents relating to him ever since he had been a boy; here were his prize copy-books and drawing-books all bearing George's hand, and that of the master; here were his first letters in large round hand sending his love to papa and mamma, and conveying his petition for a cake. His dear god-papa Sedley was more than once mentioned in them. Curses quivered on old Osborne's livid lips, and horrid hatred and disappointment writhed in his heart, as looking through some of these papers he came on that name. They were all marked

and docketed, and tied with red tape. It was—' From Georgy, requesting 5s. April 23, 18-- ; answered, April 25—' or ' Georgy about a poney, October 13,'—and so forth. In another packet were ' Dr. S.'s accounts'—' G.'s tailor's bills, ' and ' outfit drafts on me by G. Osborne, junr,' &c. his letter from the West Indies—his Agents' letters, and newspapers containing his commissions ; here was a whip he had when a boy, and in a paper a locket containing his hair, which his mother used to wear.

" Turning one over after another, and musing over these memorials, the unhappy man passed many hours. His dearest vanities, ambitions, hopes, had all been here. What pride he had in his boy ! He was the handsomest child ever seen. Every body said he was like a nobleman's son. A Royal Princess had remarked him, and kissed him, and asked his name in Kew Gardens. What city-man could show such another ? Could a Prince have been better cared for ? Any thing that money could buy had been his son's. He used to go down on speech-days with four horses, and new liveries, and scatter new shillings among the boys at the school where George was ; when he went with George to the depot of his regiment, before the boy embarked for Canada, he gave the Officers such a dinner as the Duke of York might have sat down to. Had he ever refused a bill when George drew one ? There they were, paid without a word. Many a general in the army could not ride the horses he had ! He had the child before his eyes, on a hundred different days when he remembered George—after dinner when he used to come in as bold as a lord and drink off his glass by his father's side, at the head of the table—on the poney at Brighton when he cleared the hedge and kept up with the huntsmen—on the day when he was presented to the Prince Regent at the levee, when all Saint James's couldn't produce a finer young fellow. And this this was the end of all,—to marry a bankrupt, and fly in the face of duty and fortune ! What humiliation and fury, what pangs of sickness, rage, balked ambition and love, what wounds of outraged vanity, tenderness even, had this old worldling now to suffer under !

" Having examined these papers and pondered over this one and the other, in that bitterest of all helpless woe with which miserable men think of happy past times—George's father took the whole of the documents out of the drawer in which he had kept them so long, and locked them into a writing-box, which he tied and sealed with his seal. Then he opened the book-case, and took down the great red Bible we have spoken of—a pompous book seldom looked at, and shining all over with gold. There was a frontispiece to the volume, representing Abraham sacrificing Isaac. Here, according to custom, Osborne had recorded on the fly-leaf, and in his large clerk-like hand, the dates of his marriage and his wife's death, and the births and Christian names of his children:—Jane came first, then George Sedley Osborne, then Maria Frances, and the days of the christening of each. Taking a pen, he carefully obliterated George's names from the page, and when the leaf was quite dry, restored the volume to the place from which he had moved it. Then he took a document out of another drawer, where his own private papers were kept, and having read it, crumpled it up and lighted it at one of the candles, and saw it burn entirely away in the grate. It was his will, which being burned, he sat down and wrote off a letter, and rang for his servants, whom he charged to deliver it in the morning. ' It was morning already as he went up to bed, the whole house was alight with the sunshine, and the birds were singing among the fresh green leaves of Russell Square.'—(page 207.)

It would extend this article to an unreasonable length were we to devote special notice to the rest of even the principal dramatis personæ. Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt Crawley, his eldest son the sc-

cond Sir Pitt, Miss Briggs, Col. O'Dowd, his delightful Lady (one of the Malonies of Bally-Malony,) Lord Steyne, Mr. Sedley and his wife, the Miss Osbornes—would all bear a separate analysis, besides a host of subordinates, touched off in a few strokes, with a vigour and precision that makes them perfectly distinct. The old Baronet, however, calls for one observation. There is a story current in London and very seriously believed, that on the publication of "Vanity Fair" a friend of Mr. Thackeray's, whilst complimenting him on the truthfulness of the other characters, strongly objected to the first Sir Pitt as an outrageous caricature of an English Country Gentleman of the time. To which the author is said to have replied, that, strange as it might appear, Sir Pitt was an actual portrait—drawn from the life. If this story be true, it explains what would otherwise appear to be inconsistent with that freedom from exaggeration and colored representation of things and manners which in our opinion distinguishes Mr. Thackeray's Novels from those of his contemporaries. \*

It will be observed that this sun-picture of the world is not a very bright one; wickedness, weakness, vice, folly, selfishness, hypocrisy, pride and servility or absurdity, may be noted in pretty nearly all the characters, and cast a certain gloomy tint over the scene. And many have been the complaints, especially from ladies and lady-like critics, of the dark view of human nature which it exhibits. "It may be true," they say, "there may be originals to these portraits, but it is a defect in Art to reproduce so much evil without a corresponding amount of good. In church, we indeed over and over again call ourselves miserable sinners; we are only indulging in a graceful act of self-depreciation, and using a formula that means nothing. Miserable sinners indeed! What duty of life do we neglect? Which of the commandments do we violate? Shall we not die surrounded by sorrowing families, and be recorded in genteel epitaphs: He was a tender husband, a good son, and an affectionate father, \* &c.?" Well, perhaps so; but it must be recollected that if "Vanity Fair" is a legitimate subject of description, the appearance of your perfectly virtuous people therein is quite out of nature. John Bunyan, we believe, was the first satirist who hit upon the topic. How does he people his Fair? There is Madam Bubble, my Lord Hategood, Mr. Smoothman, and the Rev. Mr. Two-tongues, Sir Having Greedy, Lady Feigging, and Mr. Fairing-both-ways, "and moreover at this fair, there is at all times to be seen jugglings,

\* The Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr. Thackeray, defending him from the charge of exaggerating the vices and weaknesses of men with a wonderful naïveté points to the fact that there are no politicians or literary men in "Vanity Fair"—none of "us" in short. Let all reviewers, therefore, thank their own virtue and wisdom, that they are not as other men are. We wonder what Mr. Thackeray thought of this apology for his satire?

"cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind."

Mr. Thackeray seems to fancy that "Britain Row" in the 19th century is pretty much the same as when the great tinker wrote his famous allegory. On his title-page he warns us against expecting a cheerful narration; he, and we, see poor Jack Pudding stretched on the ground, gazing at his own sad face in a mirror, the Town of Westminster in the back ground.

But when our author is accused of taking a bitter and cynical view of the world, it should be remembered that he is just as ready to discover good as evil. If he never bids us bow the knee to perfect virtue, at all events he never invites us to stone a monster of vice. If he does not paint a Faithful or a Christian, he does not horrify us with a giant Grim. He has a compassion for even his worst personages. The last words of young Osborne, as he stands facing the French on the ridge of Waterloo, are words of repentance, and determination to amend. He dies like a man—doing his duty. Rawdon Crawley's redeeming points have been mentioned. If Lord Steyne is profligate and violent, he has courage, shrewdness, and not an unkindly nature. Even the coarse and vindictive old Osborne is softened before his death. He is ashamed to find out that Dobbin ~~has been~~ secretly contributing to the support of his daughter-in-law and grandson—ashamed and thankful. "What was it that old man had tried once or twice in vain to say? I hope it was," says the author, "that he wanted to see Amelia, and be reconciled, before he left the world, to the dear and faithful wife of his son; it was most likely that, for his will showed that the hatred which he had so long cherished had gone out of his heart." Your Becky, with her forehead of brass and heart of stone, is touched with shame, compunction, kindness, and admiration when she is in the pure company of Amelia and the honest Major. Throughout Mr. Thackeray's works we should look in vain for so bitter and unrelenting a satire as the characters of Pecksniff and Ralph Nickleby. The following critical observations of Charles Lamb (quoted in the English Humourists) may be applied as we think even more justly to the author of "Vanity Fair" than to Hogarth.

"I say, not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their nature repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth of the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them besides, that they make us acquainted with the every-day human face—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue which escape the careless or fastidious

observer in the circumstances of the world about us, and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tedium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best Novels of Smollett and Fielding."

We are inclined to believe that the genuine terrors of Mr. Thackeray's satire do not lie in its severity, but in its moderation. As we read it, we have a disagreeable consciousness that it is a portrait of ourselves, and uncommonly like. Any one can smother complacently, as the lash is administered with dreadful force to Squeers or Mr. Pecksniff. It is rather pleasant to witness the whipped boy's various agonies. We wrap ourselves up in our virtue, and thank our stars that we are not as other men are. There are no galled jades in *our* stud. But unless we harden ourselves very much indeed, the case is different, when we come under the observant eye of our calmer teacher of morals. We are like naughty school-boys, ~~hating him~~. As he takes the birch in hand we are ourselves compelled to drop on our knees, and, so to speak, unbutton our virtue. It is of small use to protest innocence or to beg for mercy. As our flesh smarts under each neatly delivered stroke, the moralist tells us humorous parables of daws in peacock's feathers, and foxes who have lost their tails, explaining with great clearness and force of illustration that the fable, names being changed, is narrated of ourselves. From the Preface to "Pendennis" it appears that his frankness has given offence. Indeed, we fear that Mr. Carlyle is right in branding this age as an age of "shams." We acquiesce with perfect tolerance in the peccadilloes of our friends, and very likely, are no better ourselves; we talk about them with considerable gusto over our claret after the ladies have withdrawn, and they, as we are given to understand, indulge in similar freedom over their tea; but if a moralist dares to draw his characters with equal plainness, straightway a storm arises against the calumniator of his kind. "Miserable sinners indeed!" Meanwhile the humble photographer, we hope, will pursue his avocations, and hang his homely portraits on our walls, though they have not the stateliness of Vandyke, the prettiness of Lely, the courtly grace of Reynolds, the daring brilliancy of Lawrence, or the smooth, inane, gentility of Winterhalter.

"Vanity Fair" is the picture of the manners of the last generation, "Pendennis" of the present. Major Pendennis, the uncle of the young gentleman who is the hero of the story, remains a specimen of the Georgian school of morals, habits, and tastes, and points the contrast with his nephew and Warrington. His complaints of the deeds of patrician magnificence and the disappearance of the "great manner" which, as he says, "only remains with us and a

few families of France" are immensely entertaining. He is something like the "great" Lord Chesterfield, and something like Sir Roger de Coverley. He is a gentleman. He is perfectly brave and honorable, and though selfish on principle, generous by impulse. There is a great deal of uncommonly good advice and shrewd philosophy delivered by the old gentleman, illustrated with a terse wit and a copiousness of example that is irresistible. Let any one who meditates a *mésalliance* hear the words of wisdom :—

"I don't know anything more painful than for a man to marry his superior in age or his inferior in station. Fancy marrying a woman in a low rank of life, and having your house filled with her confounded tagrag and bobtail of relations ! Fancy your wife attached to a mother who dropped her h's ; or called Maria Maria ! How are you to introduce her into society ? My dear Mrs. Pendennis, I will name no names ; but in the very best circles of London society, I have seen men suffering the most excruciating agony. I have known them to be cut, to be lost utterly from the vulgarity of their wives' connections. What did Lady Snapperton do last year at her *déjeuné d'ansant* after the Bohemian Ball ? She told Lord Browncker that he might bring his daughters or send them with a proper chaperon, but that she would not receive Lady Browncker, who was a druggist's daughter or some such thing, and as Tom Wag remarked of her, never wanted medicine certainly, for she never had an *h* in her life. Good God, what would have been the trifling pang of a separation in the first instance to the enduring infliction of a constant *mésalliance* and intercourse with low people ?

"What indeed," said Helen, dimly disposed towards laughter, but yet checking the inclination, because she remembered in what prodigious respect her deceased husband held Major Pendennis, and his stories of the great world.

"Then this fatal woman is ten years older than that silly young scapegrace of an Arthur. What happens in such cases, my dear creature ? I don't mind telling you now that we are alone : *that in the highest state of society, misery, underlying misery, is the result.* Look at Lord Clodworthy come into a room with his wife why, good God, she looks like Clodworthy's mother. What's the case between Lord and Lady Willowbank, whose love match was notorious ? He's already cut her down twice when she has hanged herself out of jealousy for Mademoiselle Canegonde the dancer ; and mark my words, good God, one day he'll *not* cut the old woman down. No, my dear Madam, you are not in the world, but I am : you are a little romantic and sentimental (you know you are—women with those large beautiful eyes always are), you must leave this matter to my experience. Marry this woman ! marry at eighteen an actress of thirty ! bah bah ! I would as soon he went into the kitchen and married the cook."

The worthy Major knows the Peerage by heart, and values himself on the knowledge. "My dear boy," he would say to his nephew with mournful earnestness, "you cannot begin your genealogical studies too early. I wish to Heaven you would read in Debrett every day." It is not wonderful that with the advantages of such a guide, philosopher, and friend, Master Arthur grows up rather selfish and very dandified. His manner becomes solemn and conceited. He is always splendid in chains, rings, and studs, irreproachable in light gloves and shining boots. By the aid of his respected uncle he becomes a member of a "good" club, and his name appears (at first



to his ineffable delight) in those columns of the fashionable newspapers that record the festivities of the great world. A more dashing writer than Mr. Thackeray would have hunted this idea to death, and produced the conventional dandy of the stage, who dresses as man never dressed, talks as man never talked, and breaks into the most pathetic scenes with panegyrics on his tailor or criticisms on the heroine's coiffure. Arthur Pendennis is something more than a dandy. He has a strong taste for literature, and writes pretty verses, very pretty verses, as may be seen by the little poem of the "Church Porch" which he contributed to *Lady Violet Lebas' spring Annual*. He has a warm affection for his mother, a pure beautiful tender lady such as Mr. Thackeray loves to paint; and he has generous admiration of his friend Warrington, whose chambers in the Temple he shares and who is his good genius.

If Arthur is technically the hero, Warrington is the real heroic character of the story. He is sacrificed, however, as Rebecca is sacrificed in "Ivanhoe," and Laura is not allowed to marry him. He is a noble fellow, of a temperament evidently congenial to that of the author. He has precisely those moral qualities which Arthur wants. He is strong, hearty, and genuine. Though well born, he laughs at social prejudices; though generous, he despises sentimentality. He stands six feet high, with great black whiskers and a blue chin. At college he used to carry off prizes and thrash bargemen. In the simple academic vocabulary he was "stunning." Warrington, worshipped there for his exploits of all kinds, a great jovial, honest, manly, hard-headed fellow. Not a ladies' man, but with the capacity too of being a lover and a husband, if the object should fall in his way. Whenever Arthur is minded to announce the selfish maxims of Pall Mall philosophy or to be conceited, or to be sentimental, Warrington opens fire from his heavy battery of sarcasm, and a grand engagement takes place. To our apprehension these animated conversations form some of the most interesting portions of the book. Warrington, on the whole, is more in the right than Pen, but it is not the superiority that, in religious novels, the Rev. Clapham Smith has over his Eminence Cardinal Tridentino (or the reverse). Master Arthur generally carries off his guns and buries his dead. We feel that the author has considerable sympathy with the ardent young man's irregular impulses. In fact, he ranges himself alternately with either combatant, and like Dugald Dalgetty strikes with impartial vigour and address whichever standard he is fighting under.

Blanche Amory is Becky Sharpe, without that lady's strength of character. She is lively, good-looking, and accomplished; an audacious flirt; and very fond of the good things of this life. So far she resembles Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, but she is the slave of her temper,—her caprices are boundless, her sentimentality ridiculous. To

## *Pendennis."*

use a word which, if not English, must soon be so—she is an ar-rant "humbug." Hence, she is by no means so agreeable a companion as the witty good-natured Becky, who never injured or annoyed a living soul, unless she was tempted by her interest or her ungovernable wit. Blanche makes herself odious by a series of petty unprovoked sarcasms and gratuitous acts of malice. She hovers about her family, humming and stinging like a mosquito. Laura, an innocent generous girl, of good sense, sweet temper, and high spirit, is the foil to Blanche, as the little tender weak Amelia is to Becky. She is much too good for Pen, as Amelia is not good enough for Dobbin. The reader is almost inclined to agree with Lady Rockminster, who regretted that Laura had not taken Warrington. "Hem!" her ladyship was pleased to observe: "I should have preferred Blue-beard."

One of the most amusing personages in this or any other novel, is Captain Costigan, the father of Miss Fotheringay, the actress. His valour, boastfulness, good nature, conviviality, and utterly contemptible weakness of character, are delightfully funny. His brogue is given with a wonderful phonetic truthfulness. Mr. Thackeray has published an Irish tour, and evidently has studied the honest inhabitants of that Island with great relish. In "Vanity Fair," he introduces Peggy O'Dowd with her turban and repaythier. In "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" the Mulligan is a prominent figure. In "*Pendennis*," besides Costigan, we have poor Shandon, a more refined type of the same improvident, kindly, jovial Irish temperament. His trusty Achates is a countryman, Jack Finucane, himself warm-hearted and careless. All these figures are like each other, yet perfectly distinct. *Eucles non omnibus una, nec diversa lumen.* Costigan is magnificent, at the table of Sir Charles Mirabel, after that patron of the Drama has espoused the lovely Miss Fotheringay.

"At first poor Cos's behaviour 'in the height of poloit societee,' as he denominated Lady Mirabel's drawing room table, was harmless if it was absurd. As he clothed his person in his best attire, so he selected the longest and richest words in his vocabulary to deck his conversation, and adopted a solemnity of demeanour which struck with astonishment all those persons in whose company he happened to be. 'Was your Leedyship in the Park to dee?' he would demand of his daughter. 'I looked for your equipage in vain—the poor old man was not gratified by the sight of his daughter's chariot. Sir Charles, I saw your neem at the Levee; many's the Levee at the Castle at Dublin that poor old Jack Costigan has attended in his time. Did the Juke look pretty well? Bedad, I'll call at Apsley House and lave me eyand upon 'um. I thank ye, James, a little dthroppore chaepane.' Indeed he was magnificent in his courtesy to all, and addressed his observations not only to master and guests, but to the domestics who waited at the table, and who had some difficulty in maintaining their professional gravity while they waited on Captain Costigan.

"On the first two or three visits to his son-in-law, Costigan maintained a strict sobriety; content to make up for his lost time when he got to the back.

kitchen, where he bragged about his son-in-law's Clart and Burgundee, until his own utterances began to fail him over his sixth tumbler of whiskey-punch. But with familiarity his caution vanished, and poor Cos lamentably disgraced himself at Sir Charles Mirabel's table, by premature inebriation. A carriage was called for him; the hospitable door was shut upon him. Often and sadly did he speak to his friends at the kitchen of his resemblance to King Lear, on the plea of his having a thankless chold, Cedad—of his being a pore, worn out, lonely old man, dthriven to dthrinking by ingratitude, and seeking to dthrow his sorrows in punch."—(vol. ii. p. 36.)

Nor ought we to omit mention of Harry Foker, whose good nature, love of pleasure, and shrewd simplicity, make him a great favourite everywhere. He is a capital specimen of the better class of young fellows of fortune, who are at this time engaged in the process of sowing their wild oats. Every satirist makes a point of enjoying an easy triumph over these jovial, silly youngsters, whose defects, indeed, lie on the surface, "flushed as they are with folly, youth, and wine." It is natural, no doubt, for a poor starved man of letters to resent with a little asperity the insolent gaiety of fortune's favourites, and point somewhat extravagant periods at their expense. But the world looks kindly on the boys and makes allowance for them, with perhaps something of melancholy retrospect at its own youth. Many a hard fought field has found the lads as gay and gallant as though they were in a ball-room. Many a *Gazette*, hardly to be read without tears, records how the Nireus of his house, fresh from the kisses of his mother,\* has carried himself in battle with the same pluck that he showed in the hunting field, and marched up to meet his death, serene and smiling.

There is but one hateful personage in "Pendennis"—Sir Francis Clavering, and he is almost too contemptible for hatred. Blanche is disagreeable, and puts us rather out of patience. Mr. Morgan is a bad man, though a good servant. We can like the rest of the characters. Lady Rockminster is shrewd and kind. That notorious old worldling the Major, that young rogue Harry Foker, poor Costigan, Bowes, the fiddler, Captain Strong, the Irish literary gentleman, Bungles the publisher and his wife, all inspire us with more or less good will. Even Amory, the returned convict, a gamester and drunkard, that Hogarth would have hung without remorse, has some good points about him that quite engage our admiration when he stands by Sir Francis Clavering. Thus the story is predominantly comic. Did the success of "Vanity Fair" make its author think better of the world? Does the following

\* Νιρέης δ' αὖ Σύμηθεν ἄγεν τρεῖς νῆας ἱσας,  
Νιρέης Ἀγλαΐης θ' υἱός Χαρόποιό τ' ἀνακτος·  
Νιρέης, ὅς κ' ἀλλιστος ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε  
Ἰών ἁλλῶν Δαναῶν, μετ' ἀμέμονα Πηλεΐωνα·

(Homer, II. B. I. 671.)

passage give a clue to the maze of a satirist's thoughts on the world? He speaks of the brave George Warrington.

"The labour was done, and the night was worn away some how, and the November dawn came and looked in on the young man as he sat over his desk. In the next day's paper or quarter's review, many of us very likely admired the work of his genius, the variety of his illustration, the fierce vigour of his satire, the depth of his reason. There was no hint in his writing of the other thoughts which occupied him, and always accompanied him in his work, a tone more melancholy than was customary, a satire more bitter and impatient than that which he afterwards showed, may have marked the writings of this period of his life to the very few persons who knew his style or his name. We have said before, could we know the man's feelings as well as the author's thoughts how interesting most books would be, more interesting than merry. I suppose harlequin's face behind his mask is always grave, if not melancholy; certainly each man who lives by the pen and happens to read this must remember, if he will, his own experiences, and recal many solemn hours of solitude and labour. What a constant care sat at the side of the desk and accompanied him. Fever and sickness were laying possibly in the next room, a sick child might be there with a wife watching over it, terrified and in prayer; or grief might be bearing him down, and the constant before the eyes rendering the paper scarce visible as he wrote on it, and the inexorable necessity drove on the pen. What man among us has not had nights and hours like these? But, manly heart, severe as these pangs are, they are endurable; long as the night seems, the dawn comes at last, and the wounds heal and the fever abates, and rest comes, as you can afford to look back on the past misery with feelings that are any thing but bitter."—(vol. ii. p. 321.)

There is no "story" in "Pendennis"; it is a prosaic English career from the cradle to marriage, unmarked by any incident more striking than an abortive amour with an actress, a "pluck" at the University, and the success of a novel. The narrative is subordinate to the descriptions, which, as usual, are admirably true and thoughtful. Life at College, in Chambers, in the Temple, in a fine house during the London season, has never been more accurately painted. There is the same watchful eye and sly allusive selection of detail which we admire in "Vanity Fair." Some of our readers will recognise the humorous carefulness of the following picture. A rich parvenu family are setting up a great mansion in Grosvenor Place, (does not the mention of that respectable locality carry the fancy back across ocean and desert to the land of Court Guides, Burke's Peerages, and footmen?)

"The dining-room shutters of this handsome mansion were freshly gilded, the knockers shone gorgeous upon the newly painted door, the balcony before the drawing room bloomed with a portable garden of the most beautiful plants, and with flowers, white, and pink, and scarlet; the windows of the upper room (the sacred chamber and dressing room of my lady doubtless) and even a pretty little casement of the third story, which keen-sighted Mr. Pen presumed to belong to the virgin bedroom of Miss Blanche Amory, were similarly adorned with floral ornaments, and the whole exterior face of the house presented the most brilliant aspect which fresh new paint, shining plate glass newly cleaned, bricks and speckless mortar, could offer to the beholder.

" 'How Strong must have rejoiced in organising all this splendour,' thought Pen. He recognized the chevalier's genius in the magnificence before him.

" 'Lady Clavering is going out for her drive,' the Major said; 'we shall only have to leave our pasteboards, Arthur.' He used the word 'pasteboard' having heard it from some of the ingenuous youth of the nobility about town, and as a modern phrase suited to Pen's tender years. Indeed, as the two gentlemen reached the door, a landau, drove up, a magnificent yellow carriage, lined with brocade or satin of a faint cream colour, drawn by wonderful grey horses with flaming ribbons and harness blazing all over with crests; no less than three of these heraldic emblems surmounted the coats of arms on the panels, and these shields contained a prodigious number of quarterings, betokening the antiquity and splendour of the houses of Clavering and Snell. A coachman in a tight silver wig surmounted the magnificent hammer cloth (whereon the same arms were worked in bullion), and controlled the prancing greys—a young man still, but of a solemn countenance, with a laced waistcoat and buckles in his shoes—little buckles, unlike those which John and Jeames the footmen wear, and which we know are large, and spread elegantly over the foot.

"One of the leaves of the hall door was opened, and John, one of the largest of his race, was leaning against the door pillar, with his ambrosial hair powdered, his legs crossed, beautiful, silk stockings, in his hand his cane gold-headed; ~~and his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~uncle~~ <sup>Jeames</sup> was invisible but near at hand, waiting in the hall, with the gentleman who does not wear livery, and ready to fling down the roll of hair cloth over which her ladyship was to step to her carriage. These things and men, the which to tell of demands time, are seen in the glance of a practised eye, and in fact the Major and Pen had scarcely crossed the street when the second *balloon* of the door flew open, the horse-hair carpet tumbled down the door steps to those of the carriage: John was opening it on one side of the emblazoned door, and Jeames on the other, and two ladies, attired in the highest style of fashion, and accompanied by a third who carried a Blenheim spaniel, yelping, in a light blue ribbon, came forth to ascend the carriage.

"Miss Amory was the first to enter, which she did with aerial lightness, and took the place which she liked best. Lady Clavering next followed, but her ladyship was more mature of age and heavy of foot, and one of those feet, attired in a green satin boot, with some part of a stocking which was very fine, whatever the ankle might be which it encircled, might be seen swaying on the carriage step, as her ladyship leaned for support on the arm of the unbending Jeames, by the enraptured observer of female beauty who happened to be passing at the time of this imposing ceremonial." (vol. i. p. 365.)

Again the same mansion at sunset :—

"As the dinner at which Pen and his uncle took their places was not one of our grand parties, it had been served at a considerably earlier hour than those ceremonial banquets of the London season, which custom has ordained shall scarcely take place before nine o'clock, and the company being small, and Miss Blanche anxious to betake herself to her piano in the drawing room, giving constant hints to her mother to retreat, Lady Clavering made that signal very speedily, so that it was quite daylight yet when the ladies reached the upper apartments from the flower-embroidered balconies of which they could command a view of the two Parks; of the poor couples and children still sauntering in the one, and of the equipages of ladies and the horses of dandies passing through the arch of the other. The sun, in a word, had not set behind the elms of Kensington Gardens, and was still gilding the statue erected by the ladies of England in honor of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, when Lady Clavering and her female friends left the gentlemen drinking wine.

"The windows of the dining room were opened to let in the fresh air, and

afforded to the passers by in the street a pleasant or perhaps tantalising view of six gentlemen in white waistcoats, with a quantity of decanters and a variety of fruits before them: little boys as they passed and jumped up at the iron railings and took a peep, said to one another, 'Mi hi Jim, shouldn't you like to be there, and have a cut of that there pine apple?'; the horses and carriages of the nobility and gentry passed by, conveying them to Belgavian toilets; the policeman, with clamping feet, patrolled up and down before the mansion, the shades of evening began to fall, the gasman came and lighted the lamps before Sir Francis's door, the butler entered the dining room, and illuminated the antique gothic chandelier over the antique curved oak dining table, so that from outside the house you looked inwards upon a night scene of feasting and wax candles, and from within you beheld a vision of a calm summer evening and the wall of Saint James's Park, and the sky above, in which a star or two was just beginning to twinkle." (vol. i. p. 378.)

Thackeray's large sympathy for all classes of men preserves him uncontaminated from the vulgar "gentility" of one class of writers and the vulgar rudeness of another. He is as free from the snobbish twaddle of a fashionable novelist as from the bitter envious journalism of a professed "man of the people." He does not sketch the poor from a club window nor the rich from the top of an omnibus, but gives each a fair sitting in turn without fear or favour. He has travelled, as every one now-a-day has travelled, and enriched his experience by notes taken among the ruins and by-places of Rome, in the pleasant Rhine-land, in the Champs Elysees, in Dublin, and in Broadway. It is easy to gather from his books that he has a tincture of German and Italian letters, and is a fine French scholar. But the chief use to him of his meditations in foreign cities and amongst foreign people has been to render more vivid, and define more sharply, his notions of his own countrymen and women. With the consciousness of power he delights in elaborating the complex character of an English gentleman, which has so often been attempted by different hands, and seems to puzzle compatriots almost as much as foreigners. He dwells with a mixture of satiric humour and fondness on the accidents which produce that bundle of paradoxes, weaknesses, prejudices, and virtues. The tender, motherly care, the childhood spent among flowers and green woods, the public school, where each beam and wainscot bears historic names carved by lads since famous as statesmen and warriors. The inevitable Latin verses, the Horace and Homer, the rough school life, the flogging, bullying and fighting, the wholesome country sports, the cricket, boating and football, the poney, the first meet of the hounds,—O that rapturous and never to be forgotten event!—the University with its medieval traditions, quaint antiquities, and jolly academic youth, the Aristotle, Thucydides, Plato, and Aristophanes, the fiery debate at the "Union," when the son of a cotton-spinner overwhelms a peer and is crushed in turn by the youngest boy of a parson who has £400 per annum to his income, the great

breakfasts, the escapades, plucks or honors as the case may be (both natural and deserving our sympathy), then the campaign in town, the introduction to the great world, the solemn banquets, the balls, the flirtations, the little dinners at Greenwich and Richmond, the rides in Rotten Row, the mornings at the club, the enchanting Opera or French play in the evening, the less refined pleasures of the "Cave of Harmony," and the literary coterie at night. Then the tour among the great old merchant cities of Holland and Belgium, with their cathedrals, hôtels de ville, rare pictures and painted gables, the "free and German Rhine" with its pleasant hills, castle crested, and its wicked, gay watering places, the majestic Alps, the broad and rich Lombard plains, watered by so much blood, the melancholy classic and priestly grandeur of eternal Rome, the blue Mediterranean, rippling past noble coasts fringed with orange trees, crowned with beech and oak, the land of art and song, and imperishable story; thence by Phocæan Marseille to the swift Rhone, till we turn away from the blue distant Alps and speed to Paris, the festive, the imperial, the witty, the city of the present, and so by the mail-train to homely London Bridge, where stern hard work begins under the cheering influence of November 1<sup>st</sup>. All this and much more has Mr. Thackeray himself passed through and noted well; and traced the effect of each and every incident in the large educational course upon the pupil's mind. It produces not a man of science or learning, nor an artist, nor a particularly accomplished man, nor a man specially adapted to excel in any calling, but a *gentleman*, whatever that word may mean, he less alive to the peculiarities of the personages who surround or who surround and are colored by this central figure. Admiring, imitating, envying, detracting, calumniating, condemning, as may be determined by the several antecedent and natural bent of each, the sycophants and toadies, the tutors and governesses, the valets, butlers, and footmen, the sturdy jealous democrat. Surely the future historian will turn to these thoughtful and genial pictures of English life, and study them with the same gusto and confidence as we do the painted and written comedies of Hogarth and Fielding.

It is an obvious rather than an accurate piece of criticism on Mr. Thackeray, to say that he is deficient in imagination. In one sense of that word we believe it to be quite true. We do not gather from any part of his writings that he has a strong creative power. His eye never seems to roll in a fine frenzy under the poetical afflatus. We fancy he writes with labour, drawing on his memory rather than his invention, criticising coldly and polishing with toil. He has a natural vein of rhetoric indeed and a love of illustration which he keeps under severe control; but we believe his originality springs more from a knowledge of books and men than from that

native fervour of temperament which is so remarkable in Charles Dickens. He never seems to be haunted by the shapes that throng upon the daydream of the poet, though he is not displeased to show his power of couching graceful thoughts in pretty verse.

But in another and equally proper use of the word he has incomparable imaginative power. He *frames images* so complete and distinct that we fancy we are intimate with all his characters. We love some of them, like some of them, hate others, feel pity, contempt, admiration for this or that personage as if they were our acquaintances. We argue about their motives and actions, as we do about the motives and actions of people we meet every day. We believe in them as implicitly as we do in the Blue Book and the Post Office Directory. He masters our credulity at pleasure. We have more than once compared his thoughtful portraiture to that of Hogarth. The devices employed by him in order to increase the illusion of the scene strongly remind us of that great English painter. He is remarkably precise in details of locality, pedigree, costume, and dialect. Every one must remember Hogarth's dreadful picture of "Gin," and the horrid truthfulness given to it by the spire of St. George's Bloomsbury which towers above the squalid houses. So Mr. Thackeray is careful to inform us of the exact addresses of all his dramatis persone. Mrs. Rawdon Crawley lives in Curzon Street, May Fair, Mr. Osborne lives in Russell Square, old Sedley after his bankruptcy removes to Brompton. Major Pendennis lodges in Bury Street St. James's, Arthur Pendennis and Warrington have chambers in Lamb Court, Temple, Captain Strong in Shepherd's Inn, (of course only Londoners can fully appreciate the value of this circumstantiality.) He delights also—and here we are reminded of Sir Walter Scott—in elaborating the pedigree and family connections of his characters. The genealogy of the Crawleys we think is a most happy blending of allusive humour and dramatic propriety. The pedigree of the great house of Gaunt is written with a larger hand but the same curious finish. He has in this way created by his several works quite an aristocracy of noble families, completely furnished with their escutcheons, mottoes, country seats and consanguinities, and we do not marvel in each succeeding novel at catching glimpses of the same great people any more than we do at meeting Lord John Russell at 9 o'clock in the morning in Richmond Park, and in Parliament Street at 5 in the afternoon. We should rather be surprised if we did *not* hear something of folk so distinguished, and we look for the familiar names in "the Newcomes" as we do for a mention of Lord Raglan and the Duke of Newcastle in a fresh fortnightly batch of the London *Times*. It is quite singular that a critic of note should have taken objection to this artifice as if it showed a want of



invention. Its purpose is obvious, and Mr. Thackeray, as we think, employs it with consummate ingenuity and effect.

Equally laborious in other matters of detail, he turns to account his fastidious taste for pure English, giving vivacity and truth as well as comic humour to his dialogue by phonetic renderings of our tongue as it is spoken or mis-spoken by persons of various education and birth-place. This perhaps is a description of fun that is not relished by every one. It is indeed a little malicious. We have often thought how ridiculous the "heroine of domestic drama" would be made if she were introduced (as in strictness she ought to be) "hinvokin Evn's blessings on the ed of her Ma." and telling the wicked lord that he is an "ojus orrid beast." Mr. Thackeray is, however, impartial as usual, and notes pretty nearly as many oddities of dialect and accent in the Army and Navy Club as he does in the servants' hall. Again, he does not disdain to draw our attention to the costume of his ladies and gentlemen, or to describe ball dresses and shirt fronts of the mode, as pleasantly as Sir Walter does the plate-jack and vaunt-brace, the buff coat and morion of his men at arms, or the kirtles and farthingales, brocade and miniver of his dainty Medieval ladies. Nor ought we to omit notice of another matter of detail on which he must have spent infinite labor and ingenuity,—the nomenclature of his characters. We think critics have not paid to this topic the attention it deserves. There are four distinct systems of selecting or inventing names which may be discovered in works of fiction. They may be called the sentimental, the common-place, the allusive, and the odd. The first died happily with the Minerva Press, and may be allowed to remain in its grave undisturbed. The three remaining methods are still in full vigour. The common-place requires no great invention or skill; but on the other hand it does not offend our taste, and there is an air of reality produced by giving fictitious people the names that are familiar to us in every day life. The allusive is an effective but dangerous edged tool, which is apt to cut the fingers of an unskilful or careless workman. We admire the masqed fun of Jarndyce versus Jarndyce, (the title of a bitter family suit in "Bleak House,") but we are disgusted with the extravagance of Warren's "Tittlebat Titmouse," "Oily Gammon," and the "Reverend Disnaal Horror." It is only a very poor fancy that can be tickled with such small jokes as these. The odd method of nomenclature has existed on the stage from respectable antiquity. It is used sparingly by Shakespeare, more freely by the dramatists of Charles the Second's era, and is resorted to without scruple by our modern farce writers. Mr. Dickens, whose theatrical taste exhibits itself clearly in all his works, is very fond of raising a smile by this kind of eccentricity. Samuel Pickwick, Nicholas Nickleby, Dick Swiveller, Chevy Chylyme,

Charity Pecksniffe, Mr. Toots, Mr. Smallweed, occur as examples. We must confess that humour of this kind soon palls on us, and it cannot we think without bad taste be applied to characters that are brought much before the reader's eye. Mr. Thackeray chiefly uses what we have called the allusive method; but with this peculiarity, that he is careful so to disguise each name that to a hasty reader it appears totally devoid of significance. The veil is sometimes thin and transparent, as when a raffish man about town is named Captain Blackball, and a determined hazard player the Honble Mr. Deuceace; but more commonly the disguise is so complete as to baffle the penetration of any but a determined investigator. Perhaps it is not every one who has detected the poisonous influence of Mr. Wenham, the great critic and jackal of Lord Steyne, the frailty of Madame de la Cruche Cassai, the serpent sting of the Baroness von Schlangenbad, the blackleg propensities of a gentleman with so common a name as Loder, or the Arabian tourist in Mr. Bedwin Sands. As far as we know, Mr. Thackeray is entitled, if not by right of invention at all events by right of improvement, to the patent right of this artifice for concealing art. It is easy to underrate the ingenuity and knowledge necessary in order to practise it with success. It is not every one that could like him invent a humorous Court Guide, Peerage, and Baronetage, that to all appearance are as solemn and authentic as those interesting publications themselves.

Mr. Thackeray's style is such as might be expected from a man of the world. It is not what is called a fine style, but it is true, clear, and emphatic. It contains a great deal which would have shocked the late Doctor Blair, and very little that would have commanded the praise of that exploded old pedant. It frequently violates the canons of elegant composition laid down for the instruction of British youth, and would even, we think, supply examples of "incorrect" writing for a new edition (should it ever be called for) of the "*Belles Lettres*." In fact it is never prim, formal or stilted. So keen a satirist as Mr. Thackeray is not likely to commit the ludicrous inconsistency of treating familiar topics in any other than a familiar manner. He uses accordingly the hearty colloquial English in which educated men speak and think, and he finds it rich enough and plastic enough to clothe all his thoughts with ease and propriety.

But though his English is colloquial, it is never slipshod. It is wonderfully condensed. It is wholly free from conventional flourishes and newspaper slang. The coldest logician will search it in vain for a false image, a confused metaphor, an inconsequence or a pointless quotation. The keenest pursuit will never detect in it a trace of corrupt taste or slovenly execution. It is free from the

pompous Latinisms of the Johnsonian School, which allured so many of our ancestors, and the crude Germanism of Carlyle and Emerson, which seduce so many of our contemporaries. It is emphatically *English*—a poor compliment, some may think, but a compliment that critics can seldom honestly pay.

He has enough of classical learning to salt his diction with that fine savour of scholarship which only scholar's taste; but he has also a qualification still more important for an English writer, that is not so common among our authors as we would have it. He has studied with devotion the great works of our elder literature, and learned to love their manly truthful spirit. He has communed with Massinger, Dryden and Pope, Steele, Addison and Fielding, Smollett and Goldsmith, and returned, as every one must, from such company with a large heart and wider sympathies, a generous admiration for excellence of all kinds, a hatred of falsehood, a tender compassion for frailty, a brave, genial, contented spirit, an honest pride in his country, and a love of the noble English tongue. It was a profound acquaintance with our English classics, Lord Brougham tells us, that more than compensated the great Lord Erskine for his ignorance of Demosthenes and Cicero, and gave him that wonderful command of pure language which distinguished him in the Senate and in Westminster Hall, in the days of Fox and Sheridan, Burke and Pitt. Whoever aspires to that kind of praise must draw from the same well of unpolluted water.

### ART. III.—THE EMPEROR BABER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

1. *A History of India under the two first Sovereigns of the house of Taimur, Báber, and Humáyun.* By WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq. 1854.
2. *Memoirs of Zehir-ed-din Muhammed Báber*, written by himself, and translated partly by the late JOHN LEYDEN, Esq. M. D., partly by WILLIAM ERSKINE, Esq. 1826.

WHEN Virgil re-appeared before the Roman world of literature in that tetra-stich which begins with the words *Ille ego qui quondam*, he had only allowed seven or at most eight years to elapse from the publication of his former poems. In the meanwhile he had made an entire change of style and subject, having relinquished rural scenes and love-sick swains to sing of arms and a hero. But thirty seven years have passed since Mr. Erskine sent his memoirs of Báber for publication, and more than twenty-eight since they actually

issued from the press. During those years, instead of selecting a new subject, he has been employed with a tenacity of purpose which does him honour in collecting, arranging, and translating materials for a work which illustrates the same period, and the same countries, as had engaged his previous studies. His design extended much further than he was permitted to proceed, and we have to lament on his account, on his friends' account, and on the public's account, that his progress was arrested when it was. If his history had been continued, so as to include the reign of the great Akber, it would not only have been more entertaining, but greater justice would also have been done by the author to his own distinguished abilities, since it would have afforded ample scope for the enunciation of political and economical principles.

As it is, Mr. Erskine's two volumes are but an instalment of what was intended to be a ponderous work, and their fault is, that they are too ponderous, in fact a little leaden. Their tinge of dullness we attribute to causes which were in some degree unavoidable, but yet we conceive that the general plan of his compilation is a mistake. He has adopted what we may call the *old style of modern history*, that is, a style which, previous to the appearance of Gibbon's extraordinary work, was usually adopted in England. He has not paid attention to classification, which is most important for the successful discharge of an historian's office, and may be reduced to a science, that can only be attained with labour and difficulty. To classify and exhibit the peculiarities of several periods in separate views is by no means an easy task; for a writer is apt to find that his arrangement has been injudicious, and instead of lucidity leads to incongruity. Mr. Erskine appears to have left this task unattempted. He has been contented with simply following the course of his narrative, without directing any special efforts to an illustration of men, manners, and ideas. The ancient writers of Greece and Rome were wiser in their generation; nor would they have obtained and preserved their reputation, if they had not offered to their readers more than a chronicle of events. Herodotus and Livy appeal to a love of the marvellous; Thucydides is celebrated for his masterly episodes; Tacitus for his sententious sayings, and sound philosophy. Mr. Erskine, on the contrary, tries our patience with an unbroken chain of narrative. It is true that he has added in an Appendix a little information on subjects of which we long to know more; but this might have been worked up, and introduced with better effect into the body of his work. A conscientious anxiety to be accurate, indeed, leads him into the minutest details; but interesting as trifles sometimes are, they are not particularly so in his pages; and many charming passages of original works, which were under his eye and with which he was thoroughly acquainted,

have been (we think injudiciously) omitted by him. Moreover, when striving to be exact he wearies us with repetitions, and burdens his own style with forms of expression, which were aptly employed by his Persian and Hindustání authorities, but do not fit well into the compilation of an Englishman. They cause us to miss sometimes the influence of one master mind, which ought always to be felt by the readers of an historical work.

But we must not forget that the commencement of a history is necessarily its least interesting portion. Who would delight in the annals of Ancient Greece, if we had only accounts of the Cadmean period, and not of Athens in her glory? And how dull would the pages of English history appear to ordinary readers, if they could not get beyond the chapters on ancient Britons, and that puzzling Heph-tarchy! Our author then has been unfortunate in lighting amongst the feuds and border raids of Uzbek, Túrki and Moghul hordes, occupying himself only with the first sovereigns of a famous dynasty, and stopping short before he has reached the Augustan age of Indian history. His book has in consequence the appearance of raw material rather than a manufactured fabric, and it will be less acceptable to those "who read for the sake of reading," than to those who like ourselves read in order to write.

Yet Mr. Erskine's work—although not calculated to create a keen appetite in superficial readers—is beyond all question valuable and most important. Ornaments are lacking, but the structure itself is solid, and bids fair to be enduring. From a confused mass of materials the author has drawn a regular and authentic narrative. With a patience and industry such as are rarely discovered in books of the present day, he has translated and collated ancient Túrki, Persian and Hindustání manuscripts, and after weighing them in the scales of an unbiassed judgment, has handed to us their facts and sentiments, not with those blunders which may be detected in most Indian histories of European writers, but with precision and acuteness derived from Oriental experience.

The Emperor Báber must be regarded as the hero of these two volumes, and he is without exception the most interesting person that figures in the neglected annals of India. We do not think him conspicuous for the ordinary talents of a conqueror. Chengíz Khan, Taimur, and many others were abler and more successful generals. Indeed a considerable period of Báber's life was a tissue of military errors, and when he succeeded in founding an Empire, it was not because he had strategic talents in an extraordinary degree, but because he was opposed by degenerate and divided enemies. He is not entitled to his apotheosis as having been the greatest of warriors, or even the wisest of statesmen; but applying the words with which Dr. Parr tersely stated the comparative merits of Hooker, Barrow,

and Taylor, to the three greatest Emperors of India, we may say, that whilst we marvel at Aurangzib and respect Akber, we love Báber.\* And let that numerous class of readers, who turn with disgust from Indian history, know that it would present to them at least one Asiarch, whose memory deserves their admiration and affectionate reverence. But we will not, by saying more in his praise, anticipate our narrative.

Zehír-ed-dín Muhammed Báber was of Tartar origin—as we have been accustomed to call it—but it appears that in Europe this designation is used without proper discrimination. The Tartars were in reality but a small division of a tribe, and their name is incorrectly applied to the vast and migratory hordes with whom the memories of Chengíz Khan and Tamerlane have been associated, terrible fellows including the Oighurs or genuine Ogres, who still spread terror in English nurseries. There were three grand divisions of those hordes, differing from each other in manners, institutions, and languages. In the first division we place the Türks, of whom the modern Türks are one branch; in the second the Tunguses and Manchús; in the third the Mongols or Moghuls. The Türks were the most numerous. Of their tribe was Mahmúd of Ghazni, who in the eleventh century carried his victorious arms to the centre of India, the Seljuki dynasties, which were established in Persia, Damascus, and Aleppo, and the Mameluke sovereigns of Egypt. Othman also, who laid the foundations of the Ottoman Empire, was a Türki Emir, and so was the great Taimur, whose conquests at the end of the fourteenth century extended from the Caspian sea to Delhi. The Manchús about two hundred years ago conquered China, and are now struggling there for existence against the revivers of a native dynasty. The Mongols were raised to importance by their clansman, the mighty savage Chengíz, whose successors inheriting his ambition extended their empire over that immense region which lies between the Sea of Korea and the Adriatic. Two of these hordes have established themselves in India, and there become amalgamated. The larger number of Indian Mussulmans are of Türki origin, although English history, adopting Native nomenclature, writes of all as “Moguls,” and, echoing the language of our countrymen who first visited these parts, styles the Emperors “Great Moguls.” From early times adventurers of Türki race resorted in quest of fortune to India, where having risen to eminence they obtained in the end possession of crowns and founded royal dynasties. Báber was of pure Moghul origin, although his paternal ancestors had so long resided in Türki countries, that they

\* Ὁ κρησὸν μὲν σίβω, θαυμάζω δὲ Βάρβρον, καὶ φιλῶ Ταίλωρον. Parr's Note to his Spital Sermon.

had adopted their maners and language. His father was Umersheikh Mírza, son of Mírza Sultan Mahmúd, who was a grandson of Tamerlane. His mother was daughter of Yúnis, Grand Khan of the Moghuls, a descendant of the ferocious Chengíz, but himself an amiable man, who delighted in such literature as was accessible to him, and whose predilection for a settled abode, peaceful life, and civilized habits, so disgusted his rude followers, that they more than once disowned his authority and deserted his standard. It thus appears that in the young chief's veins flowed the blood of two barbarians whom history has ranked amongst the greatest conquerors of the world.

Báber was born on the fourteenth of February 1483 A. D., and had only reached his eleventh year, when deprived of a father's care. It is a singular fact, that the accident which led to this bereavement was similar to that which terminated the existence of Humáyun, his eldest son, who fell from the roof of his palace at Delhi, and died four days afterwards. Umersheikh, Báber's father, being a pigeon fancier, and following his favourite amusement on the summit of the steep which his palace of Akhsi crowned, was—as his son tells us in an offhand manner—"precipitated with his pigeons and pigeon house, and took his flight into another world." Whether Báber's account of his father is too partial we know not ; but certainly he represents him as a favourable specimen of the Tartar chief, although his habits of drinking and dicing were gross violations of the religion he professed. He was moreover a species of "double dandy." After telling us that the deceased, being extremely corpulent, and yet anxious to preserve the symmetry of his form, used to tie his vest so tightly that his refractory protuberance would occasionally burst the strings and utterly defy restraint, the son proceeds thus :—

"As for his opinions and habits, he was of the sect of Hanifah, and strict in his belief.

"He never neglected the five regular and stated prayers, and during his whole life he rigidly performed the Kaza, (or retributory prayers and fasts.) He devoted much of his time to reading the Koran. He was extremely attached to Khwájeh Obaidulláh, whose disciple he was, and whose society he greatly affected. The reverend Khwájeh, on his part, used to call him his son. He read elegantly ; his general reading was the Khamisahs, the Mesnevis, and books of History, and he was in particular fond of reading the Shahnámeh. Though he had a turn for poetry, he did not cultivate it. He was so strictly just, that when the caravan from Khitr had once reached the hill-country to the east of Audeján, and the snow fell so deep as to bury it, so that of the whole only two persons escaped, he no sooner received information of the occurrence, than he despatched overseers to collect and take charge of all the property and effects of the people of the caravan ; and, wherever the heirs were not at hand, though himself in great want, his resources being exhausted, he placed the property under sequestration, and preserved it untouched ; till, in the course of one or two years, the heirs, coming from Khorasán and Samar-

kand, in consequence of the intimation which they received, he delivered back the goods, safe and uninjured, into their hands. His generosity was large, and so was his whole soul; he was of an excellent temper, affable, eloquent, and sweet in his conversation, yet brave withal, and manly. On two occasions he advanced in front of the troops, and exhibited distinguished prowess; once, at the gates of Akhsi, and once at the gates of Shahrokhta. He was a middling shot with the bow; he had uncommon force in his fist, and never hit a man whom he did not knock down. From his excessive ambition for conquest, he often exchanged peace for war, and friendship for hostility. In the earlier part of his life he was greatly addicted to drinking *bitzeh* and *talar*. Latterly, once or twice in the week, he indulged in a drinking party. He was a pleasant companion, and in the course of conversation used often to cite with great felicity, appropriate verses from the poets. In his latter days he was much addicted to the use of *maajun*, while under the influence of which, he was subject to a feverish irritability. He was a humane man. He played a great deal at backgammon, and sometimes at games of chance with the dice." (*Memoirs*, pp. 8, 9)

At his father's death Báber was left with two brothers, *Jehángír* *Mírza* and *Násir Mírza*, and five sisters. Amidst turbulent clansmen and external foes the poor lad had to maintain his rights as he best could. His hereditary possession was the country now called *Kokán*, but then *Ferghána*—a region which in his *Memoirs* he styles "the farthest limits of the habitable world." Proud of their descent from *Taimur*, the chiefs of this petty kingdom had displayed a considerable degree of pomp, and in their miniature court were all such officers of state and the household as were usually maintained by powerful monarchs; yet the revenues were so insignificant that no more than three or four thousand troops could at any time be kept in pay. The Government was a pure despotism, with no restraint save the influence exercised by certain families, who having hereditary claims to piety, were, so long as they observed the forms of religion, officially recognized as saints and licensed meddlers in politics. The only other check was the fear of revolt, which was usually the consequence of a monarch's incapacity or unbridled tyranny.

So Báber now had a crown, and small as it was, it was no play thing but indeed "a polish'd perturbation; golden care." For Tartar chiefs were rarely or never permitted to enjoy undisputed possession of power. They were divided into two classes; one having the natural habits of the cuckoo; the other being the cuckoo's victims. None ever thought of remaining where he was; if a chief could not eject a neighbour from his territory, then he must expect to be ejected himself. Like a pack of cards, the little principalities were constantly being dealt out and shuffled again. *Ferghána*, *Samarkand*, *Hissár*, *Kábul*, *Kandahár*, *Khorásán*, were no sooner secured and partitioned amongst themselves by successful invaders, than they were again thrown into inextricable confusion. They were attacked from within and without. In spite of the peoples' migratory habits, the various districts would not have been so in-



cessantly changing hands, if it had not been for that love of intrigue and abominable treachery which disgraced these Northern Mussulmans, and remained with their successors when they had obtained new settlements in India.

As might have been expected then, the little Báber had no sooner put his hand upon his crown, than it was nearly wrested from his grasp. The circumstances which thus placed him in jeopardy were as follows :—His father, who must be classed amongst the cuckoos, had made repeated attempts to dislodge Sultan Ahmed Mírza, his eldest brother, from his Kingdom of Samarkand. He had also become involved in a quarrel with Sultan Mahmúd, Khan of the Moghuls, and Ababeker Mírza Doghlat, ruler of Káshghar. Three feuds therefore were left as legacies to his family, and at the moment of his death the Sultans Ahmed and Mahmúd having formed an alliance had actually commenced an invasion of his dominions. With characteristic baseness the begs of Andeján, Báber's capital, hoped to avert the danger from themselves, and to pacify the invaders by treacherously seizing their boyish sovereign and delivering him into the hands of his enemies. But the storm did not then break. Sultan Ahmed, finding his troops dispirited, and his own health declining, agreed to terms of peace : Sultan Mahmúd laid siege to Akhsi, but failed, fell sick, and retired in disgust ; and Ababeker Mírza, whose sole object was plunder, withdrew when he found that an adequate force was prepared to give him battle. Yet Báber's enemies contrived to rob him of two districts, Uratippa and Khojend. The former never again acknowledged his rule ; the latter he subsequently recovered.

Losses and sufferings teach saints, not princes, patience and forbearance. The young chieftain had already acquired a taste for aggression, and not contented with asserting his rights, began to cast his wolfish eye upon a prey which he coveted during all his future career, but which was destined to be always snatched from him, when he had pounced upon and apparently secured it. Samarkand, the chief city of Máwerannaher or Transoxiana, had been the Great Taimur's capital, and was by him bequeathed to his posterity, who were to hold it according to their right of primogeniture. Together with other provinces, the city and circumjacent territory became the portion of Sháhrúkh Mírza, the conqueror's eldest son, and in due course, of Sháhrúkh's eldest son, Ulugh Beg Mírza. The Government was then usurped by Abusáid, Ulugh Beg's second cousin, and Báber's grandfather. Abusaid's eldest son, Sultan Ahmed Mírza, succeeded, and in spite of the efforts which his younger brother, Báber's father, made to deprive him of it, retained it until his death, when it was inherited by his next brother Sultan Mahmúd Mírza, at whose death the great men of the place chose his younger son,

Bayesanghar Mírza, to be their sovereign. Hence at this time Bayesanghar was the *de facto* ruler of Samarkand.

Great was the reputation in which Túrks, Uzbeks and Moghuls held this city, as one of the richest and most populous in the world. Alexander the Great was supposed to have founded it, and Taimur Beg had adorned it with a stately palace of four stories in height, which had become famous under the name of Gok-serái. Its markets were amply stored with the delicious fruits and abundant harvests of the surrounding country, and gardens within the walls invited its citizens to pleasure and repose. The shops and manufactures were the best of the age; and its merchandize was exported to all quarters of the globe; its colleges were celebrated for the sort of learning then in vogue; and an observatory with astronomical apparatus was regarded as an object of wonder by all visitors. Mosques were numerous; but above all one stood conspicuous, with four hundred and eighty pillars of hewn stone supporting its huge dome, and having inscribed on its pediment in letters so large that they might be read at a distance of two miles, the following passage of the Koran:

“AND IBRAHIM AND ISMAEL RAISED THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE HOUSE, SAYING, LORD! ACCEPT IT FROM US, FOR THOU ART HE WHO HEARETH AND KNOWETH: LORD! MAKE US ALSO RESIGNED UNTO THEE. AND SHREW US THY HOLY CEREMONIES, AND BE TURNED UNTO US, FOR THOU ART PLACABLE AND MERCIFUL.”

The Prince Bayesanghar Mírza was threatened at this time by two hostile armies, when Báber hearing of the confusion into which the country was in consequence thrown, but having, as far as we can discover, no wrongs to be redressed, no cause of quarrel except an unscrupulous ambition, resolved to lead against him a third army of invasion. He himself thinks it quite unnecessary to assign any reason for this aggression, and merely tells us, that after having received intelligence of the disturbances in Samarkand he too mounted his horse and set off with an army to attempt its conquest.

On this occasion he came for the first time in contact with Sheibáni Khan, a man of note, who frequently crossed his path afterwards, and must therefore be presented to the reader. Sheibáni's grandfather was Abulkhair Khan, chief of the confederate Uzbeks, who formerly roamed in independence over the deserts which lie between the rivers Yaik and Sirr, but had been expelled from thence by stronger tribes and driven into Máwerannaher. The young Sheibáni afterwards repaired to Bokhára, where he was well received and hospitably maintained. Then establishing himself on the border of his old familiar deserts, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing his late grandfather's followers flocking to his standard. Treachery, backed by considerable courage, placed him in a short time on the

high road to power, and eventually he obtained prossession of Bokhlára by attacking and defeating the son of his patron, the former ruler. He now cast his eyes upon Samarkand, and at the invitation of the beleaguered Bayesanghar approached the spot where Báber had taken up his winter quarters. Too cautious, however, to risk an action he passed aside and entered the city. Bayesanghur, disappointed at his refusal to engage the enemy, received him with such undisguised reluctance, that he soon took his departure. Bayesanghur himself then abandoned his capital, and Báber, as he tells us, gained "complete possession of the city and country of Samarkand."

But in this instance success was Báber's ruin; for he had left his brother Jehángír Mírza at Andeján, and amongst Oriental races royal brothers are much more dangerous people than national foes. Jehángír had no patrimony; so he proposed to make himself comfortable in the nest which Báber had vacated. His design was soon executed with the aid of numerous partizans, and he became master of Andeján. The conqueror of Samarkand was unfortunately for himself confined at the time to his couch by severe illness, and as a false report of his death was spread abroad, his friends did not venture to come forward in his cause. On his recovery he made the best of his way to his own country, but the very day on which he started, his castle of Andeján was surrendered to his enemies. Sheibáni Khan and his Uzbeks hearing of his departure proceeded at once to occupy Samarkand. So there was Báber like a gambler who has made a desperate throw and lost all. With the instinct of rats the faithless Moghuls left a falling house, and no more than two or three hundred adherents were left to him. The mortified youth found himself a wanderer on earth, and having nothing to do but to sit down and nurse his grief, he did so and wept bitterly.

Fortunately at this juncture the capricious governor of Andeján turned round again, and declared in his young master's favour. So after an absence of two years Báber re-entered his capital, where he enjoyed for some time prosperity, until a false step placed him once more in great danger. This error may be attributed, perhaps, to the influence naturally exercised by older and designing persons over a lad of seventeen years. Mír Ali Dost, the Governor and Báber's relation, a man of bad disposition, had continued to hold the reins of power whilst pretending only to act as Minister. Under his influence Báber listened to the complaints of some old adherents, representing that they had suffered from the rapacity of certain Moghul irregulars, who had formerly committed ravages whilst serving under the standard of his enemies. Although these marauders were now in his service, yet the young Prince permitted the petitioners to take the law into their own hands and recover the property of which they affirmed that they had been unjustly deprived.

The consequence was, that some most important auxiliaries were disgusted, and joined to Báber's enemies, with whose aid they routed his troops, and threatened to make an assault upon Andeján.

Jehángír having been joined by Sultan Ahmed Támbol, a Moghul of the highest rank and influence, then tried a stratagem which, as we read in the Bible, more than once succeeded in the wars of the Jews. Being followed in a retreat to Ush by Báber and his army, the confederates drew him onward, and by a circuitous and secret march endeavoured to possess themselves of the city which he had left. But foiled by his activity, and hearing that he had been reinforced, they retired in disorder, were followed by him, and utterly routed. Báber's uncle then came to their assistance, and enabled them to resume the offensive. The result was a winter campaign, in which they were again defeated; and their troops would have been dispersed if the gallant Báber had not been restrained by the excessive caution of his officers. At last, as must always be the case with irregulars, his soldiers grew weary of prolonged warfare, and looked backward to their homes. Their chiefs shewed their independence by making a treaty with the enemy, in which Báber was compelled to acquiesce, although very disadvantageous to him. He resigned a portion of his dominions to his rebellious brother, and agreed that with their combined forces they should attack Samarkand, which on being taken was to be ceded to Báber, whilst Andeján was to be made over to Jehángír. Thus after victories gained by his own courage and activity, the young Sultan, like Pyrrhus of old, found his power only diminished. Success was neutralized by the interference of his unruly chiefs, and in his hour of triumph he lost a portion of his hereditary dominions.

But a man who is eagerly pushing towards a highly prized object, cares little for obstacles and rebuffs. Báber felt that if he could only establish himself in security at Samarkand, he would be amply compensated for past mortifications. Since he had relinquished that city, it had fallen into the hands of his cousin Sultan Ali Mírza, the brother and, according to established custom, enemy of Bayesanghar. This Ali was engaged also in another fraternal quarrel with his youngest brother Weis Mírza, who made a futile attempt to obtain Samarkand for himself. Besides these, there were a pair of "saints," Khwája Yahía and Khwájika Khwája, also brothers, who were ghostly advisers of separate factions, and the former of whom was secretly courted and gained over by Báber.

The young hero advanced towards Samarkand in June 1500, and had only made two marches when informed that his fortress of Ush had been treacherously attacked by Kháfil, brother of his new ally Támbol. Still worse, his intrigue with Khwája Yahía had been detected, and the cunning Sheibáni Khan was coming in all haste to seize the

prize before him. In short, he was too late. The gates of Samarkand being closed against him by a powerful enemy, all that he could for a while do was to hover about the place and wheel round it, like a falcon scared by a wolf from its prey. Once more, however, fortune turned in his favour. He became uppermost; Shieibáni and his Uzbeks went down. After one failure, he succeeded in surprising the garrison. Seventy or eighty of his men scaled the walls without being perceived, attacked the guard at the gates, flung them open, and admitted him and his followers. The rest may be given in Mr. Erskine's words, as it is a favourable specimen of his style:—

“ When he entered the town, the citizens were fast asleep. On hearing the uproar, the shopkeepers, he tells us, began to peep out fearfully from behind the doors, but were delighted when they found what had happened. The citizens, as soon as they were informed of Báber's entrance, being heartily tired of their barbarous masters, hailed him and his followers with acclamations of joy. They instantly rose and attacked the Uzbeks, who were scattered over the town, hunting them down with sticks and stones wherever they could be found, and put to death between four and five hundred of them. The chief men of Samarkand, as well as the merchants and shopkeepers, now hastened to congratulate the young Sultan at his quarters, bringing him offerings and presents, with food ready dressed for him and his followers, at the same time pouring out prayers for their success. Báber, therefore, repaired to the college of Ulugh Beg, and took his seat under the great dome to receive the congratulations of all who came to salute him. Here, about day break, news was brought that the Uzbeks, though driven from every other part of the city, were still in possession of the Iron Gate. Without delay he leaped upon his horse, and accompanied by fifteen or twenty of his men who happened to be near him, galloped to the spot; but, on arriving, found that the mob had already assailed and driven them out of the town. Just as the sun was rising, Sheibáni Khan, with about a hundred and fifty horse, was seen spurring on for the Iron Gate, but found as he came near that it was no longer in the hands of his troops. In the rapidity of his approach, he had left the rest of his army behind. ‘It was a glorious opportunity,’ says Báber, ‘but I had with me only a mere handful of men.’ Sheibáni, finding that he was too late, rode back to meet his main body.” (History of India, vol. i. pp. 147, 148.)

Thus at the close of the year 1500 A. D. Báber was found nestling in winter quarters at Samarkand. His ancestors had reigned there for a hundred and forty years in barbaric splendour, and in maintaining it as his possession he believed that he was doing justice to their memory, as well as laying the foundation of his own glory. But Pacuvius tells us that in his time philosophers represented fortune as frantic, blind and rocking about on a round stone, and amongst the Moghuls she was certainly either mad or drunk. Múlla Muhammed Badakshi said she was like a sand glass, “one hour up, the other down.” As soon as she had permitted Báber, during the early part of his life, to reach the pinnacle of his ambition, she invariably toppled him over again. He had now gained a fine city by a dashing enterprize, but his force was insufficient to maintain it, and he was obliged to weaken that by marching against Sheibáni, who had re-

appeared in his territory. After a hard-fought battle, Báber's army was totally defeated and driven into the river Kohik. He himself escaped with difficulty from a watery grave, and the same evening, covered with shame and discomfiture, regained Samarkand, where his enemies in two or three days followed him. The citizens, with whom he was always a favourite, armed themselves in his defence, and made several sallies; but what could a rabble effect against such discipline as even an Uzbek army maintained? As Báber had anticipated, their rashness was severely chastised by Sheibáni. An escalade was then attempted in vain by the besiegers, and at last the siege was turned into a blockade, which, as there was no store of provisions in the place, soon induced symptoms of famine. The constancy of Báber's troops began to give way, and many deserted; so that after a resistance of five months, he was forced to capitulate in September 1501, and was suffered to evacuate the place on surrendering his eldest sister, Khanzada Begum, to be the wife of the hated Sheibáni, a concession of which he seems to have been heartily ashamed. Alas! from what high expectations had he fallen. Once more he became a fugitive. Dependent for subsistence upon the bounty of strangers, and compelled by want to indulge the old Tartar appetite for horseflesh, he roamed in search of a patron or a friend.

Even at such a period of gloom visions of future greatness floated before his eyes. Driven to exchange the ancestral palace in which he had passed the previous winter for a hut in Dehkat, a small village of Uratippa, where a relation permitted him to dwell, he beguiled the weary hours of this winter by building castles of air on the suitable foundation of an old wife's tales. He became a constant attendant upon an old, old lady—so old that she had around her great-great-grand-children. After rambling barefooted over the mountains, he would stand and listen to her garrulity. She mouthed and mumbled, but never wearied him; for she remembered well a kinsman who had followed Tamerlane to India, and from that revered soldier she had gained a lore which she now transferred to Báber—a traditionary lore which thenceforth was the Oulos Onciros, the Dream-god of his life, haunting his sleep and waking thoughts. Thus was his young mind stored with the imaginary glories of Hindustán.

The exile next visited at Tashkend his uncle Sultan Mahmúd, called the elder Khan, who permitted him to live as one of his retainers—a position which to an ambitious youth appeared of course degrading and wretched in the extreme. But after a while this uncle and another uncle, Sultan Mahmúd the younger Khan, found him an employment congenial to his taste by sending him to invade his own Kingdom of Ferghána, with the hope apparently,

that if he should be successful, they would have no difficulty in making it theirs. So Báber marched and sat down before Andeján; but just as he was on the point of reducing it, he lost all through want of vigilance. The account which he has left us of this affair is told with such spirit and also pleasing simplicity, throws so much light upon the arms, accoutrements, and method of fighting at that time, is such a curious picture of Moghul apathy and recklessness which could suffer an army to sleep securely in the immediate presence of an enemy, and their commander to wear a sword so rusty as to be unfit for use, that we copy it *verbatim* :—

"Just before the dawn, while our men were still enjoying themselves in sleep, Kamber Ali Beg galloped up, exclaiming, 'The enemy are upon us—rouse up!' Having spoken these words, without halting a moment, he passed on. I had gone to sleep, as was my custom even in times of security, without taking off my *jámá*, or frock, and instantly arose, girt on my sabre, and quiver, and mounted my horse. My standard bearer seized the standard, but without having time to tie on the horse-tail and colours; but taking the banner-staff in his hand just as it was, leaped on horseback, and we proceeded towards the quarter in which the enemy were advancing. When I first mounted, there were ten or fifteen men with me. By the time I had advanced a bowshot, we fell in with the enemy's skirmishers. At this moment there might be about ten men with me. Riding quick up to them, and giving a discharge of our arrows, we came upon the most advanced of them, attacked and drove them back, and continued to advance, pursuing them for the distance of another bowshot, when we fell in with the main body of the enemy. Sultan Ahmed Tambol was standing with about a hundred men. Tambol was speaking with another person in front of the line, and in the act of saying, 'Smite them! Smite them!' but his men were sideling in a hesitating way, as if saying 'shall we flee? Let us flee!' but yet standing still. At this instant there were left with me only three persons; one of these was Dost-Násir, another Mirza Kuli Gokultásh, and Kerimdad Khodáidád, the Turkoman, the third. One arrow, which was then on the notch, I discharged on the helmet of Tambol, and again applied my hand to my quiver, and brought out a green tipped barbed arrow, which my uncle, the Khan, had given me. Unwilling to throw it away, I returned it to the quiver, and thus lost as much time as would have allowed of shooting two arrows. I then placed another arrow on the string, and advanced, while the other three lagged a little behind me. Two persons came on right to meet me; one of them was Tambol, who preceded the other. There was a highway between us. He mounting on one side of it as I mounted on the other, we encountered on it in such a manner, that my right hand was towards my enemy, and Tambol's right hand towards me. Except the mail for his horse, Tambol had all his armour and accoutrements complete. I had only my sabre and bow and arrows. I drew up to my ear, and sent right for him the arrow which I had in my hand. At that very moment, an arrow of the kind called sheibah struck me on the right thigh, and pierced through and through. I had a steel cap on my head. Tambol, rushing on, smote me such a blow on it with his sword as to stun me; though not a third of the cap was penetrated, yet my head was severely wounded. I had neglected to clean my sword, so that it was rusty, and I lost time in drawing it. I was alone and single in the midst of a multitude of enemies. It was no season for standing still; so I turned my bridle round receiving another sabre stroke on the arrows in my quiver. I had gone back seven or eight paces, when three foot soldiers

came up and joined us. Tambol now attacked Dost-Násir sword in hand. They followed us about a bowshot. Arigh-Jakán-shah is a large and deep stream, which is not fordable everywhere ; but God directed us aright, so that we came exactly upon one of the fords of the river. Immediately on crossing the river, the horse of Dost Násir fell from weakness. We halted to remount him, and, passing among the hillocks that are between Khirabák and Feraghineh, and going from one hillock to another, we proceeded by bye roads towards Ush. When we were leaving these hillocks, Mazid Taghái met and joined us. He had been wounded by an arrow in the right leg, below the knee ; though it had not pierced through and through, yet he reached us with much difficulty. The enemy slew many of my best men. Násir Beg, Mahomed Ali Mobasher, Khwájeh Muhammed Ali, Khosrú Gokaltash, and Mámán Chilreh, fell on that day. A great many cavaliers and soldiers also fell at the same time." (*Memoirs* pp. 110, 111.)

This defeat was followed by the oft repeated game of treachery, in which we regret to say Báber was induced to take a hand. At first he withdrew to his uncles, the two Khans, whose strength so increased in spite of this reverse, that Tambol, through his brother, Sheikh Bayezíd, made secret proposals to Báber with the object of seducing him from their service ; but in vain, for the young prince behaving at first with rigid honesty divulged the whole. The Khans, not satisfied with thus discovering and defeating an intrigue, resolved to meet it by running a countermine, and urged their nephew to feign acquiescence in the proposals, that so he might gain admittance to Akhsi and seize the person of Bayezíd the governor. "Such artifice and underhand dealing were totally abhorrent from my habits ;" writes the virtuous autobiographer, "especially as there must have been a treaty, and I never could bring myself to violate my faith." However, the whole account of this affair leads us to suppose that his scruples were not invincible, and that his honesty soon began to waver. He hoped indeed to gain Bayezíd without resorting to crooked or violent measures, and for that purpose repaired to Akhsi ; but he was accompanied by friends, who were fully prepared to carry out the original plot. To their mortification they found that Támbol had stolen a march of them, and secured the citadel whilst they were napping. Still they invited Bayezíd to a conference in the town, and seized him. Their treachery was soon known in the citadel, and their little party being assailed were speedily put to flight. Many were overtaken and unhorsed. Báber with only eight followers fled by untrodden paths. They were pursued until but one companion, whose horse moved slower and slower at every step, remained with him. A little further, and the faithful friend falling behind, Báber was left alone. Still were his enemies on his track. Before him, at a distance of two miles, was a rocky hill. If he could gain that he would leave his weary steed, and trust to his own activity for safety. His pursuers followed, taking care not to gain too much upon him, as they wished not to slay him, but to



capture him when unable to proceed further. Then they call out to him, assuring him that he has mistaken them, that it is not their wish to do him any harm, and swearing by the Koran that they are ready to serve him. Eventually their protestations succeeded, and he delivered himself up, letting them conduct him to a house in a neighbouring village. But before long his suspicions were aroused, and he believed that there was a design to assassinate him. Contemplating the immediate prospect of death, he asked and obtained permission to retire for devotional purposes into a garden from whence there were no means of escape—and there the curtain falls.

How Báber escaped, and what happened immediately after this stirring adventure, we are not told in his Memoirs or any other history; but when the curtain rises, we find him in the enjoyment of liberty, and marching with the two Khans against Ferghána. Yet his schooling in adversity was not completed. His old enemy Sheibáni re-appears at this moment, attacks the Khans when their forces are divided, makes them his prisoners, and, after laying siege to Andeján for forty days, obtains it for himself. Báber, used as he had become to running away, still escaped with difficulty, and was compelled to give up all hopes of establishing any claims to dominion in his own country.

At this period of his history we are led to admire the force of the young Türk's character. When very young he had shed a few tears over his misfortunes; but now he rose above them with manly vigour. An exile from his kingdom and an out-caste from his family, he set off, like another Æneas, on adventures which opened the road to an imperial throne. He had heard of the magnificence with which Sultan Husein Mírza, also a descendant of Taimur, reigned at Herát, the capital of Khorásán. His court enjoyed the reputation of being the most elegant in the world, abounding as it did with poets, theologians, philosophers, historians, architects, musical composers, singers, musicians, painters and accomplished penmen. To the refined Báber, therefore, it offered peculiar attractions, and turning thitherwards as a knight errant, with a few trusty adherents he crossed the snowy mountains. But as he journeyed he was drawn aside to seize a prize both rich and accessible.

Khosrú Shah having been appointed Governor of Kunduz by Mahmúd Mírza, Báber's paternal uncle, had contrived to render himself independent, and also to surprise the strong fort of Hissár; but being a licentious tyrant had soon become extremely unpopular, so that his power was easily broken by Sheibáni Khan, who gained possession of both the capitals which the other had grasped for himself. When Báber approached these places on his journey to Herát, he was joined by several Chiefs, who had till then acknowledged Khosrú's rule, by Báki Cheghániáni, Khosrú's brother, and finally by

the Shah himself. In this way his motley band of three hundred followers, miserably equipped and armed, was rapidly increased. Eventually Khosrú's armoury, including eight hundred coats of mail and suits of horse furniture, fell into his hands, and his army amounted to twenty thousand fighting men.

Thus transformed by a sudden freak of fortune from a homeless fugitive into a powerful general, Báber next thought of acquiring some city and province which should compensate him for the loss of Samarkand and Ferghána. Kábul offered just what he required, and thither he marched. As it became for many years his favourite residence, was the keystone to his future conquests, and afterwards annexed for two centuries to the empire of India, it is deserving of a brief description.

The kingdom of Kábul, including the provinces of Kábul and Ghazni, lay between the thirty-second and thirty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and was not so extensive as it is at present. The whole of it was a table land, elevated at an average height of six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Hills surrounding it were inhabited by predatory tribes, who claimed to be independent, but were occasionally compelled to pay tribute, when an able Prince happened to be seated on the throne. They had never, like the inhabitants of the low grounds, been reduced to complete subjection. They comprised Afgháns, Hazáras, Aimáks, and others, some of whom also were engaged in cultivating the plains and valleys; but the cities and villages were chiefly populated by Tajíks, who spoke the Persian language, and had been for centuries under the Persian monarchy. The climate is one of the most delightful in the world, as the whole region is raised above the level of intense heat; and although the winter is severe, it is soon succeeded by a charming spring. The Government had been in the hands of Ulugh Beg Mírza, Báber's uncle, and Abdal-Rízak Mírza his son had succeeded him, but had been ejected by Muhammed Mokím, a son of Zulfún Arghún, the ruler of Kandahár.

Finding himself then at the head of an army, Báber resolved to punish the usurper by usurping the crown himself. So crossing the Hindú Kush mountains, he began to descend their southern declivity, and for the first time this lover of nature looked upon the star Soheil or Canopus. To his ambition it seemed as his good genius, beckoning him on to another hemisphere and a new world of glory. As he pointed it out, his new friend the wily Báki understood his thoughts, and with readiness repeated the couplet of a Persian poet,

"O Soheil! how far dost thou shine, and where dost thou rise?"

"Thine eye is an omen of good fortune to him on whom it falls."

The young adventurer accepted the omen, marched into the plains,

surprised a body of Mokím's troops, took that chief's brother prisoner, and was soon encamped on a meadow close to Kábul. As his advance was wholly unexpected, the city had not been placed in a posture of defence, and Mokím agreed to a capitulation on fair conditions. Báber, with a generosity for which he was always distinguished, handsomely rewarded his followers, giving to his ungrateful brother Jehángír, who had accompanied him, Ghazni, to Názir, his other brother, Langhán and Nijrow, to other chiefs various provinces, and to his inferior officers assignments of lands or gratuities. To all the families of such tribes as adhered to him he made presents by levying on the people thirty thousand loads of grain, a tribute which, as mature experience led him to confess, exhausted the resources of the country, and was a serious check to its prosperity. Such is the third scene in the drama of our hero's life. We have seen him a Tartar Chief, and a homeless exile ; we now find him seated on a mountain throne.

But, as Mann says, indulgence does not quench, it rather quickens desire, as flame is increased by oil. The throne of Kábul was but a halting place for Báber, and the stories of the old lady of Dekhat still living in his memory, urged him on to those romantic lands where his ancestors had gained so much renown. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*, or "there rest, where you fare best," was his motto. After a short residence in Kábul, being called to support a Mussulman chief beyond the Indus, he undertook what has been called his first invasion of India, although in reality he never penetrated into it. But he marched to Jelálábád, where he delighted in the transition from the mountains to rich plains and gazed for the first time with admiration upon the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. He defeated several bodies of Afghans, and in search of plunder had reached the banks of the Indus, when, the country being impoverished and his supplies failing, he had no choice but to retrace his steps to Kábul, where he arrived just in time to repress a conspiracy raised by his dangerous ally Báki. In 1505 he made an inroad into Kandahár; his only conquest, however, was Kilát-e-Ghilzi, which he stormed with great loss of men and afterwards abandoned.

An invitation to assist in thwarting the rapacity of an old enemy now met with a hearty welcome from him. We left Sheibáni Khan in possession of Samarkand, where he felt himself secure, and began to plan extensive conquests in Khorásán. The ruler of that country had lately died, and having left two sons, who as usual disputed the succession, a favourable opportunity was offered to an invader. Sheibáni advanced, conquered Khorásán and laid siege to Balkh, when their common danger induced the brothers to make a compromise, and reign as joint kings. Báber having been requested by the old king before his death hastened to defend their country, and

remained there until the winter of 1506 commenced, when the fear of invasion having passed away, he set off on his return to Kábul. It was near the end of December before he crossed the mountains. Snow had then fallen, so that the roads were blocked up, and the guides lost their way. His army was in imminent danger and all expected to perish from cold, but after suffering incredible hardships, they reached the valleys and approached Kábul. As usual Báber's faithless Chiefs had taken advantage of his absence to conspire against his authority. The citadel was in the hands of his friends, but kept in a state of siege by the conspirators. Acting with his ordinary promptitude, he despatched a trusty messenger, who, contriving to enter the citadel, arranged that Báber should, at a concerted signal, advance secretly and attack the enemy in rear, whilst the besieged made a sally. In spite of a partial failure, this plan was in the end successful. The rebel army was defeated and their leaders taken prisoners, but all were with signal clemency pardoned and even restored to Báber's favour.

At this time Jehángír Mírza, Báber's brother, died from the effects of habitual intemperance. In the spring of 1505 he had taken offence and fled from Kábul, but afterwards rejoined his brother and the army on their march to Khorásán. At that luxurious court he indulged so freely in wine, as to bring on fever and dysentery, and on the return to Kábul was so feeble, that it became necessary to bear him in a litter. Unable to throw off the bondage of his favourite vice he soon sunk under it. After his death his government of Ghazni was bestowed on his younger brother Násir Mírza.

Báber's departure from Herát, had left that place exposed to the ambition of Sheibáni Khan, who having reduced Balkh and wintered at Samarkand, marched during the spring of 1507 to Khorásán, overcame the feeble resistance of the joint kings, rapidly subdued the whole country, and for four years governed it without interruption. During this period he also attempted to gain possession of Kandahár. The princes of that country in their distress sought for aid from Báber, who marched to their relief with the utmost expedition, but had the mortification to find on his arrival that they had already acknowledged Sheibáni as their lord paramount. Báber, however, resolved not to be thwarted, attacked and routed their army, then taking Kandahár by assault obtained an immense booty, which he distributed freely amongst his troops.

Sheibáni Khan's and Báber's game of ambition had for many years been a see-saw ; when one was up the other was down. Sheibáni was now on the ascendant ; for although Báber's successes had been brilliant, they had not led to territorial extension and increased power. After his rival had withdrawn, Sheibáni made himself

master of Kandahár and menaced Kábul itself. So formidable was his strength considered, that Báber, anticipating the necessity of evacuating his capital, actually set out with the intention of making conquests and finding a new home in India. Following the line of march along which the British hurried in their disastrous retreat of 1841-2, he put to flight the Afgháns who opposed him in considerable force, and halted before Jelálábád ; but after plundering the country, once more allowed himself to vacillate, and returned to Kábul.

Where the real power of monarchs is insignificant, they are usually the more desirous of throwing dust into the eyes of their subjects by assuming high sounding titles. So Báber, considering that he represented the illustrious house of Taimur, chose this moment to tinsel over his weakness by styling himself Padshah, or Emperor. A formidable revolt of some Moghul mercenaries, who were offended because he had checked their marauding propensities, threatened to deprive him of his new dignity and his life ; but placing himself at the head of such troops as remained faithful to him, he attacked them boldly, slew or put to flight, after a hand-to-hand conflict, five of their champions, defeated the whole insurgent force after a most heroic struggle, and was once more undisputed lord of Kábul and Ghazni.

And now the prosperity of the powerful rival, who had so often crossed his path, was waning. Sheibáni Khan began to fall, and did not stop until he was dashed in pieces. In the years 1509 and 1510 he made two campaigns against the Kaizáks and Hazáras, and, having in both instances suffered severe reverses, learned with dismay that a new enemy had risen against him. It would appear that in the wantonness of power, his troops had plundered some districts belonging to Shah Ismael Sefvi, the haughty ruler of Persia, who was therefore marching with a well-disciplined army to avenge the insult. But before hostilities actually commenced, the two princes waged a war of words, and wounded each other with cutting satire. In reply to the Shah's demand for satisfaction, Sheibáni taunted him by questioning his title to his crown, because it was derived through a female line, and glancing at his family, who claimed to be hereditary saints, remarked that he ought to practise the duties of an ascetic, instead of presuming to govern Kingdoms. These sneers were typically illustrated by appropriate presents,—the one by a lady's veil, the other by the begging dish of a religious mendicant ; and lastly, Sheibáni assured his correspondent, that being about to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, he should soon pay his Majesty a visit. Petty as these insults were, they yet touched the proud Persian on tender points ; but at first he preserved the saintly reputation of his family by an affectation of humility, mildly remon-

strating, adding that he also had planned a pilgrimage to the tomb of a celebrated saint in Sheibáni's dominions, and replying to his types with the present of a spindle and distaff. In short, both parties understood that a deadly conflict was approaching, and the Shah hurried on his invasion. At Merv, in Khorásan, the two armies joined battle. Sheibáni's •Uzbeks were totally defeated, and he himself numbered amongst the slain. Following this tragedy were two afterpieces, which strikingly displayed the savage barbarism of the age and country. By the Shah's orders, Sheibáni's limbs were sent as trophies to various parts of his kingdom; the skin of his head, stuffed with straw, was forwarded to Bajazet, Emperor of Constantinople, and his skull, set in gold, was used for a drinking cup. No *memento mori* was that horrid chalice to the truculent monarch. At high festivals he gloated over it, intoxicating himself with the pleasures of satisfied revenge, and emulating the heroes of Odin's heaven, where, as Lodbrog the Saxon tell us, in the Edda,—

“ The richest ale incessant flows  
In the hollow skulls of foes.”

One member of the deceased prince's body was destined, with refined barbarity, to inflict a blow upon a faithful heart. Agha Rustam Roz-efzun, a distinguished chief, was known to have frequently assured Sheibáni of his loyalty and submission, by saying in idiomatic phrase, that his hand was on the skirts of the Khan's robe. A special messenger despatched by the Shah now advanced towards Rustam as he sat in state on a great festival, and standing in dramatic form cried to him with a loud voice: “ Though thy hand was never on the hem of Sheibáni Khan's robe, yet his is now on thine !” As he uttered these words he drew from beneath his own garments the dead man's hand, and flung it on Rustam's. The horror with which the assembly regarded the scene saved the messenger. They sat like voiceless ghosts, and suffered him to depart uninjured.

Sheibáni Khan being thus removed, Báber found a road to conquest made clear before him, and although doomed to suffer more losses and defeats, met for awhile with signal success. His first aim was to recover his hereditary kingdom of Ferghána, and also Máwerranaher. Thither he marched, and on the way met his sister, Khanzáda Begum, who had fallen into the hands of the Persians, and been sent to him by the Shah with a complimentary embassy. Báber despatched another embassy in return, and invited the Shah to co-operate in his present undertaking, which was readily complied with, and a body of veteran Kezelbashas ordered to assist him. These men were of the Shíá sect, and Báber's gratitude to the Persian monarch, who was also a bigoted Shíá, led him to take the

false step of wearing, and causing his troops to wear, the twelve-pointed cap which distinguished that form of Islamism, and was emblematic of its twelve Imáms. The consequence was, that although his troops actually subdued Hissár and Bokhára, whilst Ferghána acknowledged his authority, and he made a triumphal entry into Samarkand, yet the inhabitants of those countries were disgusted at his supposed defection to heterodoxy. A. D. 1511 he defeated the Uzbeks in a great battle, and for a short time was lord of Kábul and Ghazni, Khunduz and Hissár, Samarkand and Bokhára, Ferghána, Táshkend and Seirám—extensive territories stretching from the deserts of Tartary to the farthest limits of Ghazni. But the citizens of Samarkand in particular professed sanctity and orthodoxy; so, treating their conqueror's new garb with derision and contempt, they no longer regarded him as their favourite. Under these circumstances, being incapable of resisting an invasion of the recruited Uzbeks, he was once more driven from Samarkand, and, although reinforced by a body of Kazelbashs, totally defeated on the borders of the desert, before the fort of Ghazhdewán. Adding to his other misfortunes, the treacherous Moghuls took advantage of his weakness to rebel, and made a cowardly attack by night upon his tent, and he barely had time to escape in undress from their murderous assault. Behold Báber, then, once more shorn of his dominions, suffering from actual want, and returning with shame to Kábul. About the same time he lost his remaining brother Násir Mírza, who died like Jehángír from the effects of excessive indulgence in wine; and such power as he still possessed was endangered by another revolt of Moghul chiefs, which, however, he promptly quelled.

Báber's affairs were now precisely at low water, and it was the hour for his flood-tide to set in. He wisely gave up all hope of recovering either his paternal kingdom Ferghána, or Máwerannaher, and, as Abulfazl declares, was led "by divine inspiration to turn his mind to the conquest of Hindustán."

What was the condition of India at this period? No books of Hindus help us to answer this question; but Mr. Erskine, in producing the two works mentioned at the head of this article, and his other Mussulman authorities, throw a gleam of light upon the subject. So let us see what we can ascertain regarding the political, economical, and social condition of India.

In the first place, we find that the feeble and unpatriotic Hindus had been for more than five hundred years an easy prey to a succession of Mussulman invaders. At the commencement of the eleventh century, Mahmúd of Ghazni made repeated irruptions into their country, extending his ravages through the Panjáb to Delhi, the Rájput States, and as far as the southern extremity of Gujarát; but his successors did not retain possession of more than

the Panjáb. After a hundred and ninety years was established the Afghán dynasty of Ghúri, which a hundred years later was succeeded by the Khilji sovereigns, who held a considerable portion of Hindustán for thirty years and then gave way to the Toghlaq dynasty. In 1412 came the terrible Taimur, none of whose race succeeded him in governing India; but one of his officers established there the Syed dynasty. After another thirty eight years the supreme authority passed to the house of Lodi, an Afghán family; but the whole country was broken up into a variety of kingdoms and principalities which were but nominally subject to the Emperor of Delhi.

When Báber contemplated the invasion of India, Sultan Ibrá-him Lodi, grandson of Behlúl, founder of the Lodi dynasty, claimed the sovereignty of Oud, Laknau, Juánpúr and Behár, as well as of a tract of country to the west of the Jamma, extending from the Sulej to Bandelkand; in fact his kingdom stretched from the Salt range and mountains of Kashmír to Behár, and from the Himályas to Guádhár. But his chiefs were turbulent Afgháns, who obeyed him only when it suited them to do so, and his attempts to enforce a stricter submission, drove them into a rebellion, which he suppressed with such cruelty that their discontent was only waiting a favourable opportunity for a further manifestation. All the country eastward of the Ganges revolted under Mahommed Shah, and the Panjáb under Doulat Khan. Ibráhim's uncle, Aú-ud-din, had also set up a claim to the throne, and was at Kábul so citing Báber to support his pretensions; so that Ibráhim's position was one of great difficulty. Nor was it improved by his personal character, for his avarice afforded but an ill-contrast to Báber's liberality, and he was without military experience. He had no ability to form the necessary combinations for a campaign or make arrangements on a field of battle, and from the moment the war commenced, all his movements told both of negligence and incapacity.

Such was the political condition of the territories nominally subject to the throne of Delhi. There were also in Hindustán three independent kingdoms. Bengal was governed by Nasret Shah, Guzarát by Sekander Shah, and Málwa by Sultan Mahmúd. The Rájput principality of Cheitúr was also governed by Rána Sága, a brave and able chieftain, of whom we shall have more to say presently. South of the Nerbála reigned numerous princes, who were all independent of the kings of Delhi.

Long as the North of India had been under Mussulman rule, the ancient organization of the Hindu was still retained. Divisions into districts and local governments under petty chieftains, the well



known, peculiar, and skilfully contrived village system, these were still as they had been from time immemorial.

For the administration of justice there were no regular Courts of law. Disputes amongst Hindus were settled by village chiefs, district officers, or specially appointed arbiters. When Mussulmans were concerned the Kázi was referred to, but his jurisdiction was chiefly confined to questions of marriage contract, divorce, and all such as were mixed up with religion. The higher officers of government were nearly independent of law, and in the habit of inflicting pains and penalties, even to the extent of capital punishment, at their own discretion.

As has always been the case, the revenue was derived principally from a tax on land ; but duties were also levied at the frontiers of the various states on all such goods as were imported. There was also a shop and stall tax in towns, and, where Mussulmans had sufficient power to make the invidious distinction, a capitation tax was demanded from all who did not profess their faith.

With regard to the difficult question, whether the cultivator or government was proprietor of the soil, Mr. Erskine considers, that each had a legal right, the one claiming possession, the other a share of the produce. But here occurs another question which he leaves unnoticed, and we ask, whether the amount of produce which the crown could demand was according to any regulated proportion ? It is well known that Mann lays down rules in the matter ; Strabo and Diodorus declare, that a fourth of the produce was the rent. But we feel sure that the Mussulman conquerors suited their own convenience, and whenever they were so disposed could make such exorbitant demands upon the cultivator, that he would be at length driven to relinquish his farm ; so, practically, the crown was both lord paramount and absolute proprietor. Jágírdárs, or persons to whom grants of land had been made, claimed the same rights as government, and like the feudal barons of the West exercised a certain civil and criminal jurisdiction on their estates. Their own tenure might be one of two kinds, as their grants were either permanent and hereditary, or else tenable during the monarch's pleasure.

Báber considered, that the inhabitants of the countries in which he had resided had advanced far beyond the Hindus in all the arts of civilized life. Irrigation by means of artificial canals was unknown in India ; nor were aqueducts used for the supply of towns ; but water was drawn from wells or tanks either by what we call the Persian wheel, or by the ordinary contrivance of buckets, which bullocks lifted up, dragging the ropes to which they were attached over a roller. The cities were not usually graced by any imposing architecture, but in a few, Chánderí for in-

stance, there were noble houses, and Báber describes the Hindu palaces of Guáliár as "singularly beautiful" although deficient in design. What most struck him was the rapidity with which towns sprang into existence or fell into decay. When the Natives intended to settle on any spot, they had only to dig a tank or well and run up a few hovels; inhabitants then swarmed from every direction. On the other hand, large cities had been known to be completely abandoned in a day and a half, and after a short time traces of population could scarcely be discovered on their sites. There were few mechanical inventions; of domestic comforts there were none. The charms of easy conversation and convivial intercourse were unknown to the Hindus. Báber himself introduced melons and grapes; but before his time little fruit was cultivated, and there was no good butchers' meat or bread. Particularly the invaders from Kábul missed their accustomed luxury of ice. There was not in the whole country a decent candlestick, and if a great man wanted a light, he had only the clumsy contrivance of a small tripod containing oil and a wick, which an attendant held at his master's side. In addition to these little facts we have a detailed account of the Natural History of the country. We observe that of wild animals the rhinoceros was found in the jungles near the rivers Indus and Gogra, and their horns were used for drinking cups, being supposed, like the Venetian glass of the middle ages, to indicate the presence of poison. No other beasts or birds require notice here, except perhaps the parrots, which Báber had been assured could not only speak but also reflect, so that when the cage of one had been covered up, he cried, "uncover my face, I cannot breathe," and when his bearer had set his cage on the ground, observing a number of persons passing by he exclaimed, "everybody is going by, why don't you go on?" This is absurd enough, but the metaphysical student will remember, that Locke has a story in his Essay, which is quite as heavy a tax upon our credulity.\*

The wealth, the beauties and the natural curiosities of Hindustán, all had attractions for the ambitious and refined mind of Báber. Resolved to possess himself of the country, he had made Kandahár a stepping-stone, and with a view of establishing his power there had led a formidable army against it in 1514. It is a singular circumstance that Shah Beg, the ruler of Kandahár, knowing that he was

\* Prince Maurice, writes Locke's informant, was shewn a parrot in Brazil, which carried on a regular conversation with him, and being asked his employment, replied "Je garde les poulles." "The prince laughed, and said, 'Vous gardez les poulles?' The parrot answered, 'Oui, moi; et je sçai bien faire,' and made the chuck four or five times that people use to make to chickens when they call them." As the Prince's Chaplain believed all this, we are not surprised that he "would never from that time endure a parrot but said, they had a devil in them."

in the way of his restless neighbour, had for long felt a presentiment of his fate; and believing that sooner or later he must be ejected from his country, had secured for himself a retreat by invading and conquering a great portion of Sind. Although he was left in possession of his own territory after its first invasion, in consequence of a dangerous illness which prostrated his assailant and induced him to make terms of peace, yet he was not so fortunate in 1520, when Báber having feared during his absence in the Panjáb that Kábul would be invaded by an army from Kándahár, resolved to put a stop to all such incursions by completely subduing that country. Accordingly, he laid siege to the capital, drove the garrison to extremities, forced Shah Beg to promise that he would deliver up the province with its dependencies after a stipulated period, and in 1522 was formally installed in his new possession. The expelled prince seated himself on the throne which his sword had won in Sind, but for the remaining two years of his life was haunted with the dread, that even his new conquest would be wrested from him by his insatiable rival.

Having thus gained Kándahár, Báber also felt that he could not safely march into Hindustán, until he had secured his rear by subjugating the Hazáras, Aimáks, Afgháns, and other hill tribes. The Yusuf-zais he effectually conciliated by marrying a daughter of one of their chiefs. Setting out with a light force, he marched hastily against the rest, surprised various bodies of them, and after staying or dispersing the men, carried away their women, cattle, and all their property of any value. In this way he did not indeed entirely subdue them, but inspired them with such terror that for a time they suspended their plundering expeditions.

And now there seemed little to prevent him from seizing long coveted Hindustán. He therefore undertook what is called his fifth invasion of that country, but which was the first having for its object permanent conquest. All five were made between the years 1519 and 1523. In the first he crossed the Sind above Attok followed by fifteen hundred or two thousand men, apparently with a mere desire of plunder; of the second nothing is known. The third was in 1520, when he took Siálkót. The fourth was undertaken at the solicitation of Alá-ed-dín, as before mentioned. Báber then conquered the Panjáb, placed its several districts under the command of his own officers, and arranged by treaty that Lahur, with all the countries west of it, should be ceded to him in full sovereignty so soon as he should succeed in seating Alá-ed-dín upon the throne of Delhi. Anxious to obtain his promised crown, the Afghán usurper hastened by forced marches to the capital with troops which Báber had placed at his disposal, but was defeated by his nephew Ibráhím, and driven back towards the Panjáb. He was saved from destruction by the

advance of Báber, who, accompanied by Humáyun, his eldest son, and twelve thousand men, passed the Sind on the 16th December 1525, and entered Siálkót without opposition. The remainder of Alá-ed-dín's history may be told in a few words. So long as his presence was useful in Báber's camp he was treated with respect, but afterwards was slighted and imprisoned. Contriving to escape he found refuge with Beháder Shah, King of Gujarát, and was afterwards amongst the active opponents of Báber's successor, the Emperor Humáyun.

Marching onward from Siálkót, Báber found with delight that the enemy to the number of forty thousand had been seized by one of those panics to which Indian armies are always subject, when *quisque pavendo dat vices sumæ* and a host of armed warriors are changed, as by magic, into a flock of scared sheep.

On the 4th January the fort of Milwát was surrendered to him after a short blockade, and there he obtained—which to him was a rich treat—a valuable library. Placing a detachment of his army under the command of Humáyun, who gained his first laurels by sacking Hissár-Erroza, he himself encamped on the banks of the Jamna opposite Sirsáwa. He then made two marches down the stream, and sent across into the Doab one division of his army, which surprised six or seven thousand of the enemy's cavalry, and pursued them to the outskirts of their camp.

Báber was now but two marches distant from the plain of Panipat, where the fate of India has been so frequently decided in pitched battles. Anticipating a severe struggle, he made every preparation which prudence could suggest, employing his men for five or six days in joining his gun carriages together with twisted hides so as to stop charges of cavalry, and forming with earth-bags moveable breastworks, behind which his matchlock men could load and discharge their pieces in safety. He then took up a strong position, where the town of Panipat was on his right, and his left protected by ditches and branches of trees. At the extremity of each wing was a strong party of Moghul horse, whose duty it was—according to a system of tactics learnt from the Uzbeks—to outflank the enemy after the battle should commence. The centre was covered by cannon and breastworks, except that at intervals of a bowshot passages were left, through which a hundred or a hundred and fifty men might march out abreast.

The narrative of the conflict which followed does not lead us to admire the strategy of the commanders on either side, and all that can be said is, that Báber formed a plan, whilst his enemies appear to have had none. His first step was a blunder, which would certainly have been fatal to his cause, if he had been opposed by an active and determined foe. He attempted

a night surprise, and so mismanaged it that it entirely failed ; but yet his detachment of four or five thousand men were suffered to retreat uninjured. On the morning of the 29th of April the Afghán host advanced in battle array, but were brought to a sudden check by Báber's formidable defences. Still the rear ranks pressing onward, there was neither advance nor retreat, only confusion. Then was Báber's opportunity. He saw it at once, and made the most of it, ordering the flanking parties to wheel round and charge the enemy in rear, at the same time that the wings advanced. From this moment the contest might be said to be decided, although the Afgháns fought obstinately. Their masses were charged in front and rear, and mowed down by artillery. At noon they fled, leaving on the field about fifteen or sixteen thousand slain, amongst whom was Ibráhím, thus saved from further misery and disgrace.

And now the victor of Panipat seeing within reach the fulfilment of his long cherished visions, used every means of improving his victory. Detachments of his army pursued the fugitives to the walls of Delhi and Agra. The third day after the battle he himself took possession of the former, and then hastened on to the latter city, which Humáyun was blockading. Báber found that the family of Bikarmájít, Raja of Guálíar, who had been slain whilst fighting for Ibráhím at Panipat, had fallen into his son's hands, and been treated by him with generosity. In gratitude, they had presented their captor with a diamond, which Tavernier, himself a dealer, afterwards saw and valued at £880,000. Humáyun offered this to his father, who liberally returned it to him, instead of receiving it to grace his imperial crown.

Having thus nearly gained the height of his ambition, Báber took a retrospective view of his efforts to conquer Hindustán, compared his success with that of previous conquerors, and after weighing the matter fairly and deliberately gave judgment in his own favour. His remarks are so sensible, his vanity so pardonable, his piety in attributing all to Divine favour, which he had previously shewn to be a result of his own foresight and courage, so strictly according to Christian precedent, that we think our readers will be glad to have the passage extracted from the original. After giving a passing allusion to his four first invasions of India he proceeds :

" The fifth time, the most High God, of his grace and mercy, cast down and defeated an enemy so mighty as Sultan Ibráhím, and made me the master and conqueror of the powerful empire of Hindustán. From the time of the blessed Prophet, (on whom and on his family 'be peace and salvation') down to the present time, three foreign kings had subdued the country, and acquired the sovereignty of Hindustán. One of these was Sultan Mahmúd Ghazni, whose

family long continued to fill the throne of that country. The second was Sultan Shehábeddín Ghúri, and for many years his slaves and dependants swayed the sceptre of these realms. I am the third. But my achievement is not to be put on the same level with theirs ; for Sultan Mahmúd, at the time when he conquered Hindustán, occupied the throne of Khorasán, and had absolute power and dominion over the Sultans of Khwárizm and the surrounding chiefs. The King of Samarkand, too, was subject to him. If his army did not amount to two hundred thousand, yet grant that it was only one hundred thousand, and it is plain that the comparison between the two conquests must cease. Moreover, his enemies were Rájás. All Hindustán was not at that period subject to a single Emperor. Every Rájá set up for a monarch on his own account, in his own petty territories. Again, though Sultan Shehábeddín Ghúri did not himself enjoy the sovereignty of Khorasán, yet his elder brother, Sultan Ghiaseddín Ghúri, held it. In the *Tabakát-e-Násiri* it is said, that on one occasion he marched into Hindustán with one hundred and twenty thousand cataphract horse. His enemies, too, were Rais and Rájás ; a single monarch did not govern the whole of Hindustán. When I marched into Behreh we might amount to one thousand five hundred, or two thousand men at the utmost. When I invaded the country for the fifth time, overthrew Sultan Ibráhim, and subdued the empire of Hindustán I had a larger army than I had ever before brought into it. My servants, the merchants and their servants, and the followers of all descriptions that were in the camp along with me, were numbered, and amounted to twelve thousand men. The Kingdoms that depended on me were Badakshan, Kunder, Kábul and Kandahár : but these countries did not furnish me with assistance equal to their resources ; and, indeed, some of them, from their vicinity to the enemy, were so circumstanced, that, far from affording me assistance, I was obliged to send them extensive supplies from my other territories. Besides this, all Máwerannahr was occupied by the Khans and Sultans of the Uzbeks, whose armies were calculated to amount to about a hundred thousand men, and who were my ancient foes. Finally, the whole empire of Hindustán, from Behreh to Behar, was in the hands of the Afgháns. Their prince, Sultan Ibráhim, from the resources of his Kingdom, could bring into the field an army of five hundred thousand men. At that time some of the Amírs to the east were in a state of rebellion. His army on foot was computed to be a hundred thousand strong ; his own elephants, with those of his Amírs, were reckoned at nearly a thousand, yet under such circumstances, and in spite of this power, placing my trust in God, and leaving behind me my old and inveterate enemy the Uzbeks, who had an army of a hundred thousand men, I advanced to meet so powerful a prince as Sultan Ibráhim, the lord of numerous armies, and emperor of extensive territories. In consideration of my confidence in Divine aid, the most High God did not suffer the distress and hardships that I had undergone to be thrown away, but defeated my formidable enemy, and made me the conqueror of the noble country of Hindustán. This success I do not ascribe to my own strength, nor did this good fortune flow from my own efforts, but from the fountain of the favour and mercy of God." (*Memoirs*, pp. 309, 310.)

Although the spoil obtained by Báber was immense, yet it was distributed by him with such profusion amongst his friends and followers, that like Alexander the Great he seemed to retain nothing for himself but *hope*. Humáyun's portion was a palace, all that it contained, and seventy lakhs, estimated to be worth £56,700 sterling. The chief Amírs were rewarded in proportion. Every soldier received a gratuity. Presents of gold, silver, rich jewels, clothes and

captive slaves were made to his relations ; and to each individual in the country of Kábul, male or female, slave or free, young or old, was given a small coin called a sharukhi, equal to nine pence or ten pence sterling. Thus the Kábulis were—as many other nations before and since have been—enriched by the plunder of Hindustán.

Báber was now an Emperor in reality and not only in name ; yet was his throne far from being established on a secure basis ; for neither Hindu nor Mussulman inhabitants were broken into his yoke. They regarded his invasion as a temporary calamity, and thought he must soon give way to some more successful plunderer. Hence soldiers hesitated to enlist under his banner, and the wretched peasants removed their supplies, abandoning their dwellings, that they might infest the highways. A hostile combination of Afghán chiefs was formed in the immediate neighbourhood of Agra, and a more dangerous one in the Eastern provinces of Jánpúr and Oud. His own troops, who had lived in temperate climates, were sinking under the oppressive heats of May ; many were the sudden deaths consequent upon exposure to the fierce rays of the sun ; louder grew their murmurings of impatience, and at last they openly insisted that they should be sent back to their homes. Báber's position, therefore, was one of imminent danger, and it seemed that, after all his victories, he had but gained a bubble which would burst and elude his grasp.

The crisis was a test of the Emperor's character, and it proved that he was of the same metal as an English hero, Henry the Fifth, who, before the battle of Agincourt, was in a similar predicament. Addressing his nobles in full council, he reminded them that they had indeed become masters of rich provinces, but that they could not hope to retain by indolence what they had gained by toil. Let such as had no stomach for fighting slink off to their homes, but let none dare to propose that the whole army should return. The address succeeded ; Báber infused his own spirit into his friends, and his enemies quailed in proportion. Several Afghán chiefs joined his standard ; the eastern confederates were defeated by Humáyun. Biána, an important fortress, was surrendered to his general, and Guáliár taken by stratagem. Finally, to shew that he was not a passing bird of prey, but that his conquests would terminate in empire, as well as to indulge his taste for the fine arts, he commenced building a palace and laying out a garden on the banks of the Jamna opposite Agra, and encouraged his nobility to follow his example.

On the other hand, his enemies placing no longer dependence on open war, and only resorting to base and secret plots, nearly succeeded in procuring his assassination. In order that his palate might be tempted by the novel style of Indian cookery, he had

incautiously appropriated to himself the deceased Ibráhiím's culinary establishment, and that prince's mother ungratefully and diabolically took advantage of the circumstance to further her wicked designs against Báber, although she had been treated by him with signal liberality. By means of a female slave and one of the royal tasters she bribed a cook to use a subtle posion with which she had provided him. The vigilance of the other tasters left him no leisure to complete the mixture, as he had been instructed; but he conveyed so much poison to one of the dishes, that the Emperor was taken ill immediately after partaking of it. As his Majesty's stomach, tried as it had been by habits of indulgence, was known not to be easily turned, suspicion was aroused, the conspiracy brought to light, and summary justice executed upon the inferior criminals. The taster was hewn in pieces, the cook flayed alive, one female slave shot, and another trampled to death by an elephant. The guilty Queen-mother was thrown into prison, and all her property confiscated.

Báber's next passage of arms was with the Rájputs, the only people in India whose history offers to Europeans the attractions of chivalry and romance. Such high notions of honour had they, that they made it their Moloch to which they offered the lives of those whom they held dearest. The alternative with their proud warriors was victory or death. When their cities and fortresses were assailed they defended themselves with obstinacy, but if all their efforts were vain, there remained to them one expedient of wild and reckless valour. Their homes then became the funeral pyres of their families, and rising flames announced to their enemies that Rájput wives and children were saved from dishonour and slavery by being burnt alive. Fresh from their deed of horror the husbands and sons would then make a sally against the besiegers, in which probably every soul would perish. The narratives of such events must fill us with wonder and awe, although they disclose the infatuation of despair, not the deliberative calmness of true courage.

Rána Sága, Prince of Cheitúr, now called Udipúr, was a perfect type of his race, and the soul of Rájput chivalry. The antiquity and purity of his descent gave him great influence amongst his tribes, and supported his personal ambition; so that in a series of successful wars he had extended considerably the boundaries of his principality, and reduced to subjection the territories which bordered on his own. Having defeated and taken captive the king of Malwa, he afforded such an instance of magnanimity that in India at least it would be difficult to find its parallel, and this we learn from the testimony of an enemy. Ferishta, the Mussulman historian, records that this generous Hindu had his prisoner brought within his tent,



himself attended upon the sufferer, with his own hands dressed his wounds, showed him every mark of attention, and when he was recovered, sent him back with an escort of a thousand Rájput horse to his capital of Mandu, where the liberated prince resumed the reins of Government. After a victorious progress, he had twice met and defeated in pitched battles the late Sultan Ibráhím. The bards of his family, proud of their chieftain's glory, relate that "eighty thousand horse, seven Rájas of the highest rank, nine Raos, and one hundred and four chieftains, bearing the titles of Ráwul and Ráwut, with five hundred war-elephants, followed him into the field. The princes of Márwár and Amber did him homage, and the Raos of Gualiár, Ajmír, Sikri, Raesen, Kalpee, Chándéri, Boondi, Gagrown, Rampúra, and Abú, served him as tributaries, or held him in chief." All this power had been obtained by his own good sword, and distinguished valour, as Báber, his generous foe, admitted.

Rána Sánga now came forward as the champion of the Hindu race, bidding defiance to Báber, and prepared to contend with him for the vacant throne of the Lodis. Some years previously he had expressed great regard for the Emperor, and had concerted with him an attack upon Sultan Ibráhím; an arrangement, however, which led to nothing but mutual dissatisfaction and recrimination. At this time he was at the head of a hundred and twenty thousand men, including the Chief of Bilsa, who could command thirty thousand horse, numerous other chiefs, each of whom contributed from four to twelve thousand horse, and ten thousand adventurers, led by a brother of Ibráhím, who hoped to gain the crown of Delhi for himself. With this host, and acting in alliance with the Afghán confederacy, he marched against Biána, and met Báber at Sikri, now called Fatehpúr. Several skirmishes followed, in which the imperial troops suffered severely from Rájput gallantry and prowess, so that they lost one of their horse-tail standards, and were fain to admit that they had at last found energetic veteran enemies, with a high sense of honour, and led on by a hero whose name struck terror even into the hearts of conquerors. So discouraged were they, that the Emperor exhausted the resources of his fertile mind in the attempt to inspirit them, and strengthen their position. Even then his efforts were nearly frustrated by a sooth-sayer, who, ignorant that the only use of his craft was to encourage the troops, was so ill-advised as to declare that Mars being in the West, any army coming from the East would be defeated. In this emergency, the Emperor resorted to measures, which were characteristic of him and his age. With the double object of propitiating heaven, and creating religious excitement, he took a pledge of total abstinence from wine, induced three hundred nobles to follow his ex-

ample, spoiled, by throwing salt into it, a large stock of the forbidden beverage, which had just arrived from Ghazni, and, after breaking all his gold and silver goblets, distributed the fragments amongst dervishes and needy persons. In attestation of his vow, he permitted his beard to remain uncut. He conciliated Mussulmans, also, still further, by issuing a firmán, exempting them from the payment of the ordinary taxes ; and finally, he made a bold and stirring address to his assembled officers, pointing out to them that it was better to die with honour than to live with infamy ; that if they perished they would be martyrs in the cause of the Most High God, and exhorting them to swear by the holy book, that they would never shrink from battle or death. These well-timed efforts were completely successful. His troops were inflamed with the ardour of emulation, and bound themselves by the required oath to do or die. Seizing the favourable opportunity, Báber ordered an immediate advance.

Four days afterwards, on the 16th March 1527, was fought the celebrated battle of Kanwa, the intervening time having been occupied by Báber in arranging his guns, forming a sort of breastwork which could be moved on wheels, and digging trenches a mile or two in front of his former position. Galloping along the line, he animated his officers and troops, and instructed them how to act under every probable emergency. The right wing he committed to Humáyun, supported by trusty officers, and assumed himself command of the centre. There were also strong reserves, and, as usual, two flanking columns of Moghul horse. The guns, connected by chains, and protected by the breastwork, were placed in the centre, whilst behind them were matchlock-men and other troops, who were ready to make a charge whenever the chains should be dropped to admit their passage. The battle commenced at half-past nine in the morning, and was not decided until the evening. For long the Rájputs urged their impetuous assaults against Báber's strong position and formidable artillery, but in vain ; until at last he ordered a simultaneous movement of his whole line, threw them into confusion, and completed their defeat. The most terrible slaughter followed ; for the flanking columns of Moghul horse had wheeled round, and gained the rear of the Rájputs, who, although they fought their way through with desperate valour, were pursued and cut up by the rest of the Moham-medan cavalry. The field of battle and roads leading from it were strewed with dead, amongst whom were many chiefs of note. Rána Sanga himself escaped with difficulty, through the self-sacrificing devotion of his followers ; but his power was for ever broken.

The baffled Prince of Cheitúr took the field once more the next year, and that was his last effort ; for he died in his retreat from

Irej, which he had besieged in vain. The bards of Rájputána, like their tuneful brethren of the North, loving to shed a halo of mystery round the last days of their heroic prince, say that before he expired one of the ancient sages appeared to him in visions of the night, with a terrific form and threatening aspect. The Rána awoke in a fit of involuntary trembling, and knew that he had received a summons to the other world, which in a few days he obeyed. His glorious spirit fled, leaving behind it a body which had been so hacked in fight, that, as men said, only the "fragments of a warrior" remained. One eye had been lost in conflict with his brother, an arm in action with the King of Delhi; a cannon-ball had crippled him, and he was covered with eighty honorable scars, which had been caused by the swords or lances of his enemies. Stricken Rájputána wept for the man,

"To whom her safety and her fame she owed—  
Her chief, her hero, and almost her god."

The victory of Kanwa dissolved the Hindu confederacy, as Panipat had dissolved that of the Afgháns, and the remainder of Báber's career was a succession of triumphs. Immediately after the battle he conquered Mewát and recovered Laknau, as well as several towns near Agra of which he had been deprived. After the monsoon of 1527 he marched against Medíni Rao, the Rájput chief of Chándéri, and early the following year took his strong citadel by assault. The same year he turned towards the east, passed the Ganges, and defeated a new confederacy of rebellious Afgháns. As his mind was ever reverting to the scenes of his early exploits, he urged Humáyum, who was at Kábul, to possess himself of Balkh and Hissár; then to march on Samarkand. At the commencement of 1529, he sent his general against the Balúches, who had made devastating inroads into his territories, and himself marched to Behár against the Eastern Afgháns, who were again making head under Sultan Mahmúd Lodi, brother of the late Ibráhím. As his enemies, on retiring, found refuge in the camp of Nasrat Shah, King of Bengal, who had also committed several overt acts of hostility, Báber demanded a categorical explanation of that prince's intentions, and when it proved unsatisfactory, marched against him to the junction of the Ganges and Gogra, passed the latter in face of the enemy, and drove them back in confusion. This last victory was decisive. The King of Bengal accepted his proffered terms, the refractory Afgháns submitted one after another, and Báber returned in triumph, to pass the rainy season at Agra.

But the eventful drama of his life was now at its closing scene. During the operations of the season preceding the rains of 1528, his health had been considerably impaired, but his activity was undiminished. In March, after bathing in the river Gúmti, he had become afflicted with pains in the ear and partial deafness, and in

September, attributing a renewal of the pain to a chill caused by moonshine, he took opium, which, however, gave him no relief, but rather brought on illness. The next month we see him in his *Memoirs* complaining of fatigue, pain in his ear, and want of sleep. On the 6th of November he was suddenly taken so ill that he with difficulty finished the prayers which he had commenced, and then suffered an attack of fever and ague. Yet he only omitted writing for twenty-four hours, and we find him in April 1529 riding thirty koss in one day. At last, by a singular act of devotion, he made, as he supposed, a formal resignation of his life in his son's favour—a proceeding so curious that it fully deserves to be recorded.

Báber, who had a most affectionate disposition, used to enjoy particularly the society of his son Humáyun, a young man of sprightly, cultivated mind, and polished manners. At a time when his spirits were depressed by the death of a younger child, named Alwer, he more than ever desired the solace of this intercourse, and hearing that Humáyun was dangerously ill, ordered him to be conveyed at once to Agra, where the disease reached such a height that the youth's life was despaired of, and medical treatment supposed to be of no longer avail. A man eminent for sanctity then declared it to have been the opinion of the ancients, that in such a case he might be restored to health, if an offering should be made to God of that which the sufferer esteemed most valuable. Báber, impressed by this sentiment, asserted that his own life was most precious in Humáyun's estimation, and he was resolved to offer that to God as a vicarious sacrifice for his son. Once having entertained this strange purpose, attempts to dissuade him from putting it into practice were useless. He was told that the offering should be of some worldly goods, not of a life; and it was suggested that the object might be attained if the magnificent diamond which Humáyun had obtained from Bikernájít's family were sold, and the proceeds applied to pious and charitable uses. In vain; the Emperor insisted upon sacrificing himself, and with that view adopted a method, which was even more extraordinary than his first chimera. Retiring into his private apartments, he prayed to God, and then, by walking thrice round his afflicted son, denoted that he was making a waive offering. His feelings assured him that his vow was heard, and his offering accepted: "I have prevailed! I have saved him!" exclaimed the tender-hearted enthusiast; and from that moment Humáyun's health began to recover, whilst Báber's gradually declined.

At length, perceiving that his lamp of life was nearly burnt out, Báber summoned his ministers and friends to meet in solemn conclave. Then followed an affecting ceremony. Taking Humáyun's hand in his own, the dying monarch pronounced him his successor,

and afterwards, causing him to sit on the throne, he himself lay stretched at his son's feet. To the counsellors he gave much advice, and fearing lest his younger sons should meet the fate which in the East is ordinarily reserved for junior branches in the male line of royal families, he earnestly charged Humáyun to behave kindly towards his brethren, and not, under any circumstances, to proceed against them to the last extremity. Soon after, on the 26th December 1530, when only aged forty-eight years, during twenty-six of which he had reigned at Kábul, and about five in India, he breathed his last in his palace at the Chárbágh, near Agra.

His remains were transported for interment to his beloved Kábul. The place where they are deposited is about a mile from the city, and is still marked by two erect slabs of white marble—a beautiful spot, having its charms heightened by the odours of flowers, and the murmurs of a perennial stream.

Four sons and several daughters survived the deceased Emperor. Humáyun, his eldest son, was his successor, and became absolute master of most extensive dominions, including Badakshún and Kundúz, beyond the Hindú-Kúsh range; all the districts south of the Oxus, reaching as low down as the borders of Balkh; Kábul, Ghazni, Kandahár, with much of the Hindú-Kúsh and Ghúri, or Parapanisan ranges; the lowlands of Jilálábád, Pesháwer, the Kohdáman, Swád, and Bajour; Upper and Lower Sind; the Panjáb, including Multán; and all the rich provinces of Hindustán, lying between the Satlej and Behár on the one side, and on the other side the Himálaya mountains, with the countries of the Rájputs and Málwa. Such was the empire of Humáyun the Unready.

Having thus sketched the singularly chequered career of Báber, we come to an inquiry into his character, which we particularly desire to conduct with discrimination; for we are conscious, that biography being a single portrait, and history being groups of portraits, including in the background descriptions of countries, their customs, and political affairs, a biographer is liable—which a historian is not—to forget that the merits of his subject must be determined according to the relations which it bears to other subjects. We must not only ask whether the person of whom we write was good or bad abstractedly, but whether he was good or bad relatively to the persons amongst whom he lived. We are not doing justice to his memory, unless we ascertain this first, although we may afterwards compare him, as we please, with the men of other countries and times. In attempting, therefore, to discuss Báber's character, a broad field opens upon us, for we ought to investigate also the generic character of Mussulmans at that period, so as to know the habits, dispositions, and modes of thought of those with whom he associated, and who must have had some influence in moulding his mind and spirit. The

subject, although obscure, becomes thus peculiarly interesting to us who reside in India. Regarding Mussulmans of the present day as shoots and branches, we desire to know the quality of their parent trunks, and to see the men of Báber's age, by whom the foundations of the national character were laid. An Englishman believes that the physical and mental formation of his countrymen is a development of Saxon roughness and independence, mingled with Norman enterprise and refinement. Of what is Mussulman character, as we see it now, a development? We will endeavour to answer this by showing in a short sketch what it was two or three centuries ago.

When Báber conquered India, he found there numerous states, having Afghán monarchs and an Afghán nobility. The manners of these people were regarded as extremely coarse by the new invaders, who viewed with repugnance that independent bearing which usually characterizes a feudal aristocracy. Although the Afghán chiefs had professed to acknowledge the authority of the throne of Delhi, they were far from caring for what Tacitus calls the *gloria obsequii*, scorned the lives of courtiers, and thought it no honour to be the slaves even of an Emperor. Báber was shocked at their neglect of ceremony, and, when one of them seated himself in Durbar, was highly offended at the man's independence and presumption. In this respect, then, the institutions of the Afgháns had a different tendency from those of the Türks and Moghuls; but the difference is not worthy of further notice, as all customs previously established were compelled to give way to the paramount fashions of the Moghul Empire.

We will state the manners and customs of the people, amongst whom Báber lived and ruled, under the heads of political, religious, and social.

The government was, as it nominally is in all oriental countries, a pure despotism. The various tribes which followed Báber to India had hereditary chiefs; but with this exception the monarch was the fountain of all honour and power. The leaders of the army shared, of course, in their general's success, and became governors of provinces, where they took possession of the forts and other public buildings, placed their followers in subordinate offices, and assigned lands for their maintenance. As long as they retained their appointments, these provincial governors were absolute, but were constantly liable to be removed through intrigues at court, or incurring in any way the Emperor's displeasure.

Such persons as are disposed to think that courtly ceremonies are marks of civilization and refinement, should observe that the pompous forms which were in fashion at the Court of the Moghul Emperors of Hindustán were learnt from the wild Tartars of the desert.

Nothing could exceed the scrupulosity of the petty chieftains amongst whom Báber passed the greater part of his life. Their visits to each other were the most solemn farces, and even when two met by chance, the superior would endeavour to alight from his horse that he might seat himself in a sort of state before receiving his less august friend. Báber gives us an amusing account of a scene when he came by surprise upon his uncle, the younger Khan. The senior was much disconcerted on seeing his nephew hastily alight, kneel down, and then embrace him. He could do no more at the time than direct his two sons to pay the same compliment to Báber, and the next morning sent him for a present a horse and a dress of honor set off with all the finery that semi-barbarians could devise. The younger Khan then himself paid a visit to his elder brother in this wise : The ceremonies were opened by the junior, who rode round his brother as he was seated in state, then alighted, knelt nine times, and embraced him. The elder then rose and embraced him in turn. The younger retired, in order that he might again kneel nine times, after which he presented his offerings, once more knelt nine times and then sat down. Another chief, hight Sultan Ahmed Mírza, was so ceremonious, that when in company with his religious adviser the Khwájá, he was never known, however long they sat together, expect in a single instance, to alter his position. The exceptional instance aroused his friends' curiosity, and on afterwards examining the ground where he had been seated, they discovered there a bone, which would have defiled him unless he had removed his leg. The celebrated Khosrú Shah, on meeting Báber, dismounted at a considerable distance, bowed three times as he approached towards him, retired, still bowing, bowed again on making the usual inquiries, and again on presenting his offering. Twenty-five or twenty-six times did this victim of ceremony go backwards and forwards as he bowed, until he nearly fell down exhausted. It was the duty of a great man's attendants, on such occasions, to see that he did neither more nor less than was required : thus, when Báber visited the Prince of Khorásán, it was arranged that the host should advance, meet his guest at the end of a platform, and there they should embrace ; but as the Prince was tardy, and the warm-hearted visitor too hasty, the former was gaining an advantage, until one of Báber's Begs gave him an admonitory tug, which induced him to be more cautious, so that the two met at the prescribed spot. In olden time, the Moghuls, when making obeisance, beat their heads nine times upon the ground ; but for this ceremony genuflections were afterwards substituted. It will readily be believed that such people indulged their love of pomp all the more when conquest gave them the opportunity of adding splendour to it. Attached to the Emperor's court were a Master of the Household,

Master of the Horse, Grand Huntsman, Master of Requests, Chamberlains, guards, and various officers of the harem. The sovereign held a levee every day in his great hall, if he were at the capital, or in the tent of audience if he were with the camp. There he was seated at the upper end on cushions, or, if the day was more than ordinary, his throne was raised on a platform, whilst the royal family and nobility were arranged on either side with scrupulous nicety, and all were compelled to observe numerous and tedious ceremonies.

The army which conquered India must have been a motley assemblage: the soldiers were not dressed in uniforms, nor were they divided into regiments or troops; but, like the Hebrews of yore, they marched according to their tribes, and only wore their national costume, the different ranks of their leaders being distinguished by the characters of their standards, of which the tail of the mountain cow was the principal. In course of time, however, bands of mercenaries were raised, and their leaders paid by assignments of lands. The offensive weapons which had been in use from time immemorial were sabres, daggers, spears, maces, bows and arrows. Matchlocks were beginning to be employed, and so also were large cannon; however, these latter were so cumbersome and awkward as to be of little service, except in sieges. To discharge a great gun two or three times in one day was considered good practice; and when Báber's chief engineer, as the army was attempting a passage of the Ganges, fired from one cannon eight times the first day, sixteen times the second, and the same for three or four successive days, the piece was regarded with such admiration that it received the name of *Dig Gházi*, or the victorious gun. Another was burst at the first discharge. Defensive armour included shields, helmets, coats of mail composed of plates or chains, and sometimes chain coverings for the horses. In the ordinary line of battle there were always a centre, where the household troops were placed, right and left wings, and advanced guard, skirmishing parties, and a reserve. The Uzbeks, and after them the Moghuls, relied chiefly on the charge called *Talughmeh*, which was an attack made, whilst the battle was raging, by parties of horse upon the flanks and rear of the enemy.

There was little of law and justice, beyond those simple processes which nature suggests to men when they first form political associations. Blood feuds between families were countenanced by the authorities. Other criminal and civil causes were decided by the chiefs of districts, or officers of the imperial domain, before whom the parties appeared in person. Some improvements were introduced after Báber's death, and Mumáyun revived the poor expedient of what was called "the drum of justice," which was a large drum placed near the imperial tent, in order that applicants for



justice might strike it, and thus claim the Emperor's attention. In the hands of a petty chieftain it was doubtless a means of preventing oppression, and of administering equity to his tribe ; but when established by the ruler of millions it must have been a mere burlesque upon justice. Neither Báber nor Humáyun was a Nemesis. Both were eclipsed in judicial administration by Shír Shah, who temporarily expelled Humáyun from India, and restored the supremacy of the Afgháns.

Islamism was the religion of all the tribes which followed Báber to India, but they had much relaxed the rigid discipline of the Prophet. Not only was the use of intoxicating liquors general, but although so strictly prohibited in the Koran, they were indulged in by many who professed to be close observers of religious forms. For instance, Báber tells us of Sultan Ahmed Mírza, who never neglected his five daily prayers, even when engaged with drinking parties, of another chief who "neither fasted nor prayed, and was an infidel in all his deportment"; but we have lighted only upon one who "was a pious, religious, faithful Moslem, and carefully abstained from all doubtful meats." All were of the Sunni sect, which again was subdivided. There were the Mehdevis, who adapted the mysticisms of the Sufis, and whose founder Syed Muhammed, a native of Juánpúr, professed, like Montanus and other heretics, to be the Mehdi, Comforter or Paraclete, who had been promised both to Christians and Mussulmans. He taught that devotees might, by meditation and abstraction, enjoy the beatific vision of God, and at last become united with Him. Although he required such as were not far advanced to read the Koran, yet he taught with the Anabaptists of Munster, that it was superfluous for the saints to study the written word, as in them it was superseded by mystic visions. The weaker brethren were permitted to engage in business, and retain their property, on devoting a tenth part of their income to the service of God ; the rest became ascetics, severed all the ties which had bound them to the world, and amongst themselves had all things in common. Sheikh Alái, who was afterwards their chief preacher, created a wonderful enthusiasm, so that Islám Shah, the Afghán King of Delhi, alarmed for the safety of the national religion, banished him to Hindia. Still were his fervour and eloquence so great, that in the land of his exile he converted the governor and his troops to his opinions. Islám Shah, urged by his religious guides, again sent for him, and threatened him with the lash ; but desirous of abstaining from extreme measures, the kindly disposed monarch promised him freedom if he would only whisper into his ear that the Paraclete had not come. The enthusiast, lost in meditation, headed him not, and was scourged to death.

A story of a false miracle which was detected by Báber, may be given in his own words :—

“ I was told, that in one of the villages of Ghazni, there was a mausoleum, in which the tomb moved itself whenever the benediction on the Prophet was pronounced over it. I went and viewed it, and there certainly seemed to be a motion of the tomb. In the end, however, I discovered that the whole was an imposture, practised by the attendants of the mausoleum. They had erected over the tomb a kind of scaffolding; contrived that it could be set in motion when any of them stood upon it, so that a looker-on imagined that it was the tomb that had moved; just as to a person sailing in a boat, it is the bank which appears to be in motion. I directed the persons who attended the tomb to come down from the scaffolding; after which, let them pronounce as many benedictions as they would, no motion whatever took place. I ordered the scaffolding to be removed, and a dome to be erected over the tomb, and strictly enjoined the servants of the tomb not to dare to repeat this imposture.”  
—(Memoirs, page 149.)

A remarkable superstition, which has also found place amongst the Arabs and Persians, was a belief in the Yedeh stone. It was said to have engraved on it the mighty name of God, and to have been given by Noah to his son Japhet when on his way to inhabit his allotted portion of the world. By virtue of its power rain could be made to fall, or to cease falling. Although the original had been lost, the Tartars discovered a substitute in a stone which they extracted from the head of a horse or cow, and which, when consecrated by certain rites, produced either rain or snow. Izet-Ulla, quoted by Mr. Erskine, thinks, that although such effects followed in the cold country of Yarkend, they are not to be looked for in such hot countries as India; but adds, that there is no more reason to doubt the power of the Yedeh stone than the equally astonishing properties of the magnet.

The moral character of Bábers associates was atrociously bad, and the catalogue of their vices includes not only such as are generally considered peculiar to a rude state of society, but also such as we expect to find only amongst an effeminate and degenerate people. Crimes, the very names of which are not allowed to pass the lips of decent Christians, were committed by their best educated men without shame, and were matters of public notoriety. Such a height did these enormities reach at one time in Samarkand, that all the men were afraid to leave their houses lest their children should be carried away for the vilest purposes. Sultan Mahmúd Mírza was a man of education, and so called piety, for he wrote verses, waged two religious wars, and never neglected his prayers; but so detestable was his pruriency that he abused his own foster brothers, and succeeded so far in setting the fashion that a man who did not follow it was considered an egregious simpleton.

No limit was placed upon concubinage, and a husband's will was

his law of divorce. The celebrated and highly polished Sultan Husein Mírza had a wife whose temper caused him occasional vexation ; so he put her away. Báber, when telling the story, will not allow his readers to raise any objections, and quoting the *Gulistán* of Sádi, 'makes an irresistible appeal to our feelings. "What could he do?" he asks. "The Mírza was in the right :

' A bad wife in a good man's house,  
Even in this world makes a hell on earth.'

May the Almighty remove such a visitation from every good Moslem ; and God grant that such a thing as an ill-tempered, cross-grained wife be not left in the world !" Good ; and although his majesty would not of course include us Kafirs in his prayer, we insist upon saying, Amen ! . But then is there no other way of getting rid of a termigant than turning her adrift upon the world ? Oh yes ! Do as Sultan Ahmed Mírza did. He had a wife to whom we are assured he was "prodigiously attached" ; but she controlled him too much, and was jealous of his delicate attentions to other ladies. "At last, however," writes the matter-of-fact historian, "he put her to death, and delivered himself from his reproach."

Another most repulsive feature of these Tartar tribes was the habitual treachery which reigned amongst all classes, and which disregarded the closest ties of consanguinity. The most trifling considerations were sufficient to induce the followers of one chief to transfer their allegiance to another, the meanest subterfuges were practised, the most sacred oaths constantly violated. Brother intrigued against brother, when convenient threw off the mask of affection, appeared against him in arms, and put him to death. If two brothers of note, whether Moghuls, Túrks, Uzbeks, or Afgháns reposed confidence in each other, and lived together in harmony, they became almost as celebrated as the great Twin Brethren themselves. Poor Báber's peace, as we have seen, was constantly disturbed by these fraternal intrigues, and the whole life of his son Humáyun was embittered by them.

But now we will allow a veil to fall over the uglier vices of these Mussulmans, and look at the more interesting scenes of their social enjoyments. They had made considerable progress in an art which is supposed to be an exclusive privilege of civilization, and although the King of Oude had not imparted to a delighted world the secret of his sauce, yet his ancestors had already learnt to *dine*. For people who had no white damask, cut-glass, or wax candles, they studied refinement at the dinner table with some success. Music, poetry, intellectual conversation, and the flow of soul, were often there, and formed a striking contrast to the state of Hindu society, which was utterly abhorrent to Báber's convivial predilec-

tions. We will present the reader with a sketch of an imperial banquet—such as “the royal feast for India won”—which was given to his peers by the victorious Báber. The scene is a garden, having at its northern extremity an octagonal pavilion, in which his majesty is seated alone “in god-like state.” At a distance from him of ten or twelve feet the most distinguished persons are ranged on either side according to precedence. At about a hundred and forty feet from him two separate awnings have been erected, and under these respectively are the Persian and Uzbek ambassadors, with Amírs of the court presiding and doing the honours for them. Before dinner is served, all the grandees approach the imperial presence with complimentary offerings of various coins, which are then placed on one side, until a pile of purses is formed. Then, for the amusement of the guests, fights of furious camels, elephants, and rams, as well as wrestling matches, are exhibited. As soon as the dishes are arranged, the ambassadors and a favoured few receive dresses of honour, made of fine muslin and rich cloths; others receive wedges of gold or silver, coats of armour, or daggers. During the repast, jugglers, tumblers, and rope-dancers perform their feats. The dinner consists of several courses, and includes soups, roasted and stewed meats, animals dressed entire, smothered in rice, and stuffed with almonds, raisins, and currants, pilaus, kabábs of fowls and geese, game of every sort, fruits, preserves, and sweetmeats—the whole being washed down with sherbet.

All these dishes were common amongst the Uzbeks and Moghuls, horse-flesh having fallen into disuse, although Báber ate both that and camel-flesh when compelled by hunger. The taste for a dish composed of rice and peas was acquired in India, and in Major Stuart’s translation of the Memoirs of Humáyun, we are told that that prince set it before the Shah of Persia, who highly approved of it. Beef was little eaten, and was so far from being considered a delicacy that Humáyun, even when reduced to poverty, refused to partake of it, and manifested the greatest distress of mind on discovering that the Empress Dowager had been obliged to subsist upon it. The meats were sometimes set before the guests ready carved, but at other times they carved for one another, and Báber gives an amusing account of his evasions on one occasion when, conscious of his awkwardness, he tried to escape from the dilemma of carving a goose.

Wine was not ordinarily produced at banquets, except by the profane, and drinking parties were usually held separately. All classes drank profusely. Ahmed Mírza would carouse for twenty or thirty consecutive days. Ahmed Hájí was such a devoted toper that he used to compose verses in honour of his favourite vice, and the following distich of his was admired by his

friends, although we think it better suited for the ridicule of his enemies :—

“ Let me alone to-day, my good judge, for I am tipsy,  
Call me to account some other time, when you catch me sober.”

— Mahmúd Mírza “carried his violence and debauchery to a frantic excess, and was constantly drinking wine.” Then we have Nevíán Gokultá-h, a friend to whom Báber was so much attached that he “wept incessantly for a week or ten days” on hearing that when intoxicated he had fallen over a precipice, and been killed. Bayesanghar “was excessively addicted to wine, but during the time he did not drink was regular in the performance of his prayers.” He too sang in favour of intemperance, thus :—

“ Like an unsubstantial shadow I fall here and there,  
And, if not supported by the face of a wall, drop flat on the ground.”

As for the polite Husein Mírza, Prince of Herát, he was so constant in his potations, that his sons, with the whole of the soldiery and townspeople, following his example, “seemed to vie with each other in debauchery and lasciviousness.” In like manner all the troops of Khosrú Shah “were constantly engaged in debauchery and drinking.” Some ladies, even, as Katak Begum, wife of Ahmed Mírza, were in the habit of drinking wine. And not only liquor, but a kind of intoxicating confection, called Maajún was much in use. So that it cannot in fairness be said that the wicked English first introduced habits of intemperance into India. Bacchus has gained many victories there between the age in which Nonnus wrote of them, and the age of British brandy. Báber himself, and almost all his companions, were constant votaries of the jolly god. The deaths of both Báber’s brothers were, as we have seen, caused by intemperance.

But we find with pleasure that these Tartars had other tastes, which gave even to some of their vices an air of refinement. Many would drink themselves drunk, not like the senseless reveller of a pot-house, but like “merry monarchs,” when wit, poetry, and music joined their charms to those of the delicious wine-cup, and all together stole away the senses. We are told, indeed, that some of the highest nobles could neither read nor write ; but nevertheless, poetry was popular, and included epics, lyrics, epigrams, anagrams, charades, and doggrels of all sorts, or—to use their own names—mesnevis, khamseh, kasídehs, ghazels, and diwáns. The province of Khorásán was full of poets, and Herát, the capital, contained so many that a certain Fadladeen, named Ali Shír Beg, when there, could not restrain his satire. He was himself a poetaster, and happening, after sitting cross-legged at a party, to stretch out one of his legs, so as to touch a certain part of Binái, a brother rhymer, he exclaimed—“It is a sad nuisance that you cannot stretch

out your foot in Herát without coming in contact with a poet's seat." "Nor draw it in again" retorted Bináfi, "without coming in contact with a poet's seat." The jovial Tartars relished the joke, and no less made of it accordingly.

Music and painting were both much cultivated in some cities. A few gentlemen, adopting the Horatian rule—"Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus"—would, when well primed, join gallantly in the dance. To one in particular, named Mír Beder, Báber added his approval, and declared that on such occasions he "danced exceedingly well." The more reverend grey beards contented themselves with a game at chess.

We can suppose that their out-door and more manly kinds of games were still as usual and unchanged in the Avín Akberí or Institutes of Agriculture. *Changóu*, a sort of tennis played on horseback, must have required some activity and dexterity, and, although we cannot bear that it is ever played now by their effeminate descendants in India, was as much a national game of the Tartars as cricket is of the English. Like the prototypes of the fabulous centaurs, they were also fond of equestrian archery, shooting from a horse when urged at full speed. Falconry and all sorts of venery amongst the deer and wild goats of the mountains, were followed. Other amusements were pigeon-flying, cock-fighting, ram-fighting, leap frog, and wrestling.

Such were the men amongst whom Báber was trained and educated, whom he led to conquest and domination in India. Although they were the stock from which the Mussulmans of the present day have branched, they probably differed in habits and character as much from their descendants as a Saxon from a modern Englishman. Hardy fellows were they, inured to suffer intense cold, marching over the frozen Sirr, or floundering through the deep snows of the Hindú-Kúsh, whilst the wind of Hâ-derwísh blew keenly. Their mental qualities, too, were by no means contemptible, and some had a real love of science and literature. But their principles were low, their habits gross, sometimes abominable; and they were incapable of making those steady and combined efforts which can alone lead to the progressive improvement and consolidation of a people's morality or power. They had most of the vices, a few of the virtues, and all the natural energies of barbarians; but they had no great political institutions, no love of constitutional liberty, no civilizing religion, no high sense of honour, no dependence upon one another; in short, they wanted those religious, political, and social advantages which our Saxon forefathers enjoyed, even when just emerging from barbarism. The Mussulmans of Transoxiana, therefore, instead of founding in India the empire of a free, great and enterprising people, subsided under the influence of its exhausting heats

into a community which is now chiefly remarkable for its imperturbable apathy and invincible ignorance.

Now when we consider that Báber was born of such a race as this, we regard him as a rare and beautiful specimen of it. And this is as much as we can affirm of any man ; to affirm more would be to pretend that he was a prodigy, a *lusus nature*, who defied not only all the laws of ethnology, but also of humanity. Báber had all the characteristics of his race, and in early youth was disfigured by some of its worst vices ; but to his infinite credit he afterwards rose from the low level of his countrymen to a high degree of mental refinement and moral exaltation. Brought up amidst the strongest temptations to depravity he struggled against them, at last overcame them, and during the latter part of his life succeeded in proving that a Moghul could be great, glorious, and good.

But in reviewing his character we do not forget that all our information about him is derived from two sources, neither of which can be pronounced altogether impartial ; the first being his own autobiography ; the other, testimonies of dependants and courtiers. However, his memoirs written by himself bear internal evidence that they speak the truth, and their facts are corroborated by other witnesses. His personal narrative has such an appearance of candour, and confessions which tell against him are given so freely, that we feel confident he did not wish to deceive his readers.

Looking at him as a statesman, we see in him little to admire. Before he sat on the throne of Hindustán he was no more than a successful free-booter, lying in wait for caravans, seizing the property of horse-dealers and merchants, making raids into his neighbours' territories, plundering hapless villagers, driving off their cattle for sale and enriching himself with their hard-gotten wealth. Nor did he afterwards exhibit any particular capacity for legislation—although he wrote a work upon law—for financial adjustment, fiscal arrangement or political organization. He seems to have known no civil institutions but those of Chengiz Khan, which had become obsolete and without recognized authority. In the collection of his revenues he followed no system, and at times acted with great injustice ; as when he impoverished Kábul by exacting thirty thousand loads of grain from the province, exempted all his Mussulman subjects in India from the stamp-tax, and increased the ordinary taxes thirty per cent in order that he might continue to indulge a liberality amounting to profusion.

As a military leader he had not the genius which gains its knowledge by intuition ; yet his natural qualities were well calculated to give him influence over masses of men, and in every way to ensure success. His love of glory and ambition were sustained by a dashing courage which deserves to be called heroism, and

being combined with a sprightly elasticity of mind dazzled the eyes of his followers. His restless and erratic propensities were such, that, when forty-four years of age, he had never kept the feast of Rámzán twice in the same place. He had too in an eminent degree the physical qualities which fit a man to be the commander of uncivilized tribes. His well-knit frame was strengthened by athletic exercises, and he had acquired great skill in the use of his sword and bow. He was hardy enough to endure any severity of climate, and we find him on one occasion taking a bath by plunging sixteen times into a half-frozen rivulet. The year before his death he could say that he had swam across every river that he had ever approached, and as he was then on the banks of the Ganges near where it is joined by the Jamna, he tried that also and found that thirty-three stalwart strokes carried him to the other side. These habits and his generous nature made him always ready to share the sufferings and privations of his men; so that he usually succeeded in gaining their affections. His love of discipline, indeed, sometimes disgusted them, but on the other hand it metamorphosed bands of marauders into a regular army, and made him distinguished above all the chiefs with whom he came in contact. Thus, when his troops had plundered the tracksmen of Samarkand, he ordered that all the stolen property should be returned, and so implicitly was he obeyed, that "before the first watch of the next day was over, there was not to the value of a bit of thread, or a broken needle, that was not restored to the owner." When he had invaded Kábul, and a retainer of one of his chiefs had taken by force a jar of oil from an inhabitant, he had the plunderer so severely beaten that he expired under the strokes, and after the city had surrendered, several of his unruly followers were shot or sabred by his orders. In short, all that he wanted from the first was military experience, which he eventually gained and turned to good account by carefully noting down such errors as had ended in defeat. He had the highest order of mind—a mind which is formed, not broken, by adversity.

But the most pleasing part of our task is to paint Báber, not as an emperor or a general, but as a man with a strong head and warm heart, to trace him as he emerges from the vices in which he was trained, until his qualities shine brightly and beautifully over a land of moral darkness. Nor can we do justice to the firmness and nobility of his mind if we omit, as Mr. Erskine has done, all allusion to his vilest temptations. Báber, like the Romans in the time of their highest glory, wrote of one crime with the tenderest sentiment, even when he had just been married. We never told his love, and we may hope never succeeded in it, but was tormented by disappointed passion, contenting himself with writing sonnets and



haplessly strolling bareheaded and barefooted over the mountains. \*

The only evil habit which adhered to him for any length of time was that of drinking excessively. From his earliest days he longed to enjoy wine, and making an allegorical confession of his secret desire he says :—" I had a strong lurking inclination to wander in this desert, and my heart was much disposed to pass the stream." His father invited him, but yet did not induce him to drink, and, afterwards, as no one was aware of his wish, he received for some time no further solicitations. When, however, at the Court of Herát he attended a grand entertainment, where singers, harpers, and flute-players added enchantment to the scene, cups were filled to the brim in token of good fellowship, pure wine was quaffed "as if it had been the water of life," and he was hospitably pressed to throw off all restraint, he was half-inclined to yield. The cautious consideration, that others who had previously invited him would be offended if they heard that he had only refused them, alone prevented him from drinking with them ; but his good resolutions were shaken, and he deliberately agreed not to decline if he should again be asked. From that day forward he succumbed to the enemy which steals away the brain, and intemperance became habitual to him. He drank wine early in the morning, at noon, and at night, eating also occasionally intoxicating confections. At last we see him addressing a Dervish in this style, as he pointed out to him another Dervish, who was a hardened sinner :—" Does not the hoary beard of Kuttuk Khwája make you ashamed ? Old as he is, and white as is his beard, he always drinks wine. You, a soldier, young, with a black beard, and never drink ! What sense is there in this ?" When on his military expeditions, he led a hard, rollicking life. In times of peace his symposia were enlivened by wit and elegant conversation, and the *noctes attice* of Báber were such as probably have never before or since been witnessed by Moghuls.

It is singular that in the midst of his excesses he made the determination to abstain from wine, when he should reach the age of forty,

\* Báber writes of the lad named Baberi, exactly as Corydon would have written of Alexis :

" Formosum, pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim  
Delicias domini ; nec, quid speraret, habebat.  
Tantum inter deusas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos  
Assidue veniebat ; ibi hinc incondita solus  
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani."

He says that whenever he met Baberi,

" Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color  
Certa sede manet ; humor et in genus  
Furtim labitur, arguens  
Quam lentis penitus maceretur iunibus."

(See Memoirs, p. 79)

and that after a little delay he actually adhered to it. As the distance between his drunken joys and dreaded hours of sobriety diminished, he turned his time to account by tippling harder than ever, selecting all the romantic spots on which he lighted for his carousals. Pure wine, medicated wine, and arak were all imbibed, until his constitution appeared to be breaking up, and he suffered from dysentery, fever, coughing and spitting of blood. However, he regarded these as judgments upon him, not for the cause of which they were the natural effects, but for writing satirical poetry, and repeated the Arabic verse :—" O my Creator, I have tyrannized over my soul ; and, if thou art not bountiful unto me, of a truth I shall be of the number of the accursed ;" adding in Persian verse by way of remonstrance with himself :

" How long wilt thou continue to take pleasure in sin ?  
Repentance is not unpalatable—Taste it."

and wisely remarking :—" Such chastenings from the throne of the Almighty on rebellious servants are mighty graces ; and every servant who feels and benefits from such chastisements has cause to regard them as overflowing mercies." At length, when waging war with the Rájputs, he issued a firmán, in which he announced that the long looked for change had taken place, with these words :—

" For the purpose of plucking up the roots of sin, we knocked with all our might at the door of penitence ; and the pointer of the way assisting, in conformity to the saying,—*He who knocks at the door, and persists in knocking, shall be admitted*, opened the door of his mercy ; and we have directed this holy warfare to commence with the Grand Warfare, the War against our evil Passions. In short, after saying with the tongue of truth and sincerity, *O my Creator ! we have subjected our passions ; fix us on thy side*, for I have written on the tablets of my heart, that now for the first time I have indeed become a Mussulman, I have blazoned abroad the desire to renounce wine, which was formerly hid in the treasury of my heart." (Memoirs, pp. 355, 356 )

With the zeal of a proselyte Báber converted many of his courtiers to the principles of total abstinence, and he himself—although his desire for wine and social parties was so intense that the loss of them caused him to shed tears of vexation—yet abjured all liquors until the day of his death. He continued, however, to eat his maájús or intoxicating confections.

Although Báber's affections were ordinarily strong and constant, he had not sufficient regard for the most sacred of all human ties, and was remiss in his duties as a husband. After taking his first wife he seldom went to see her until his mother scolded him, and, as he confesses, compelled him to go like a criminal. But that mother, whom he revered, and a favourite sister were always treated by him with the utmost consideration. To his brothers he ever shewed

himself kind and forgiving, and to Humáyun he was a thoughtful and loving father. Nothing could be more touching and magnanimous than his treatment of his grandmother, who had raised a rebellion at Kábul in favour of another grandson. After defeating the rebel troops he manifested no resentment against her. His only object was to allay her fears, for which purpose hastening to her palace, he embraced her, then softly laid his weary head upon her lap and in this position composed himself to sleep. His cousin Mírza Haider admits that to him he supplied the place of a tender parent. To all who had once gained his regard he was a valuable friend and agreeable, but by no means indiscriminating, comrade ; for he contrived to read their minds, note down their actions, and profit or take warning by their examples.

There were instances in which Báber yielding to the spirit of his age and race perpetrated acts of cruelty. He always, indeed, treated his enemies well, if men of distinction ; but with the "profane vulgar" he was more than once severe in the extreme, and then, as Chaucer would say, "pitie was dead and buried in a gentle herte." To knock on the head a number of tailors and shoemakers was once thought in Europe not much more barbarous than to slaughter a flock of sheep. In like manner when a number of prisoners had been taken in a sally from Samarkand, Báber,—although he received the officers and soldiers with his usual courtesy—commanded that "the lower orders of townspeople," as he styles them, should be put to death with torture. After crossing the Satlej in his invasion of India, he ordered a hundred prisoners to be shot by way of striking terror into his enemies, and, when towns were taken by assault, the unresisting people were barbarously massacred. But these must be regarded as concessions to the demands of his savage followers ; for his own disposition was at other times tender and averse from unnecessary bloodshed.

Báber's attachment to his religion being ardent and sincere was the true source of his reformation and growth in morality. He was regular in his prayers, rising even at midnight to offer them, and when in great danger at Kábul composed a prayer for deliverance, which he afterwards committed to paper. He carefully abstained from unlawful meats, and guarded against ceremonial defilements. Nurtured in superstition he was in early life a somewhat timorous observer of dreams, coincidences, and astrological prognoses, but with the aid of his strong sense he gradually acquired a more rational piety, and declared that these were "foolish predictions," and "all nonsense." Still, however, in his later years he believed that he had cured himself of a fever by composing verses in honor of a Saint.

He obtained celebrity as a poet, and a competent judge, who had known him well, said that "in Túrki poetry after Mír Ali Shír

none equalled him." During a great part of his life he was fond of burlesque and light composition, but then reflected that a tongue, which could repeat the sublimest productions, ought not to bestow trouble on frivolous verses, and that a heart, elevated to nobler conceptions, should not occupy itself with mean and despicable fancies. He left behind him a collection of odes which he had composed, and some musical airs which were said to have shewn considerable taste and skill.

The style of his prose writings is admirable, for he preferred elegance and simplicity to the tawdry inflated mannerism of his contemporaries both Oriental and European, and we strongly commend his advice in this matter to the literary aspirants of Young India. In a letter addressed to Humáyun he writes thus: "You certainly do not excel in letter writing, and fail chiefly because you have too great a desire to shew your acquirements. For the future you should write unaffectedly, with clearness, using plain words, which would cost less trouble both to the writer and reader." The letter from which we have extracted this passage is distinguished for judicious criticism, sound advice, and elevated principles, which have been rarely surpassed by any father's letters to his son. But Báber's great charm, which makes him stand out in such relief from other oriental writers is his truthfulness. Eagerly pursuing truth in conversation, literature, and art, he was an ardent lover of nature, and in his writings passages of great force are set off by others of picturesque beauty. His descriptions are lively, minute, accurate, and derived from keen and close observation. Rural scenery was his delight. He writes with enthusiasm of the hills and vallies over which he roamed, communicates to us the sentiments which fountains and streams suggested, and represents himself as seated by waterfalls, with the pleasant murmurs of which the harmony of his musicians mingled. The charms of Kábul were engraved on his heart, and we cannot fail to be interested in the following account of his reminiscences, although the fanciful connexion between creature comforts and romance must excite a smile.

"How is it possible," he asks, "that the delights of those lands should be ever erased from the heart? Above all, how is it possible for one like me who have made a vow of abstinence from wine, and of purity of life, to forget the delicious melons and grapes of that pleasant region? They recently brought me a single musk-melon. While cutting it up I felt myself affected with a strong feeling of loneliness, and a sense of my exile from my native country; and I could not help shedding tears while I was eating it." (*Memoirs*, p. 401.)

With this we may couple his decision on two questions which are discussed at the tables of Europeans, viz. the superior flavour of the

mango as compared with other fruits, and the artistic method of eating it.

"Of the vegetable productions peculiar to Hindustan, one is the mango (amba). The natives of Hindustán generally pronounce the *b* in it, as if no vowel followed; but as this makes the word difficult to articulate, it is sometimes called *naghzak*, as Khwāja Khosrú says—

My fair (*naghzak*) is the embellisher of the garden,  
The most lovely fruit of Hindustán.

Such mangoes as are good are excellent. Many are eaten, but few are good of their kind. They pluck most of them unripe, and ripen them in the house. The unripe mango makes excellent tarts, and extremely good marmalade. In short this is the best fruit of Hindustán. The tree bears a great weight of fruit. Many praise the mango so highly as to give it the preference to every kind of fruit, the musk-melon excepted; but it does not appear to me to justify their praises. It resembles the kardi-peach and ripens in the rains. There are two kinds of it. One kind they squeeze and soften in the hand, and then, making a hole in its side, press it and suck the juice. The other is like the kardi-peach. They take off its skin and eat it. Its leaf somewhat resembles that of the peach. Its trunk is ill-looking and ill-shaped. In Bengal and Gujrat the mangoes are excellent." (*Memoirs*, p. 324.)

Báber's large heart embraced the grandest and most insignificant objects in nature. He was the very opposite of Wordsworth's hard, unromantic Peter Bell, and could find attractions even in a single apple-tree, when the winds of autumn had denuded it of nearly all its leaves. "On some branches five or six scattered leaves still remained," he says, "and exhibited a beauty, which the painter, with all his skill, might attempt in vain to portray." All branches of natural history—including botany, zoology, and atmospheric phenomena—were his study; trees, birds, and animals were all faithfully described. In addition to these pursuits he found time in the course of his active, stirring life to write a treatise on Law, which was much approved, a tract on *Túrki Prosody*, and a versified edition of a work by Hazret Ishan on mystical Divinity. In brief, he had the tastes and acquirements of a still wiser Monarch, who "spoke three hundred proverbs, and his songs were a thousand and five. And he spoke of trees, from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spoke also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

We may sum up all that we have said of Báber in a few words. He was the most engaging of men; and one of the noblest that have ever entered India. The stains of vices which disgraced his youth were wiped away in the eyes of men by the moral fortitude which enabled him to overcome them, and to become distinguished for the purity of his life. He was an obedient son, kind father and brother, generous friend, and placable enemy. He worshipped his Maker

sincerely, according to the light which nature and a spurious creed had shed upon him. He was bold, frank, open-handed and high-souled, scorning the national love of intrigue, and above all kinds of pettiness. His tastes were refined, his mind cultivated, his knowledge extensive. Compared, indeed, with the world's greatest Monarchs and Commanders he may but hold the second rank ; but what we maintain of him is this : If he were not " fellow with the best King," he was at least " the best King of good fellows" ; and, considering the circumstances of his birth and training, it is to his immortal honour that his life was

" Like rivers that water the woodlands,  
" Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven."

#### ART. IV.—RULES FOR EXAMINATION OF JUNIOR CIVIL SERVANTS.

##### VERNACULAR LANGUAGES.

*By Order of the Right Honorable the Governor in Council,*

H. E. GOLDSMID,

Officiating Chief Secretary to Government.

*Bombay Castle, 13th September, 1854.*

FROM every quarter of our Indian Empire one universal cry arises, " Reform our Civil Administration." The unanimity with which the appeal is urged, and the half measures that have been adopted to allay its virulence, affords satisfactory evidence, that some pressing want is generally felt and restlessly acknowledged. It must be fully satisfied too, we predict, for men, even Anglo-Indian men, are becoming weary of the patch work system pursued by former Governments, and while they clamour for a new policy, demand the absolute removal of all old decaying lumber.

Alas ! there has been more angry clamour for redress, than dispassionate inquiry into existing evils ; more narrow party feeling than earnest search for truth ; more active struggle for the interest of class, than stern resolve to detect and expose error ; more antagonism and ill-feeling between Christians of opposite political views, than pure unalloyed effort for the welfare of a helpless race.

What a chaos of contradictory views do men hold on the question of Indian Government ! What conflicting schemes have been urged upon an astonished British public ! The conservative

body, viewing Anglo-Indian State craft with stolid complacency, deny contemptuously the existence of evil, and deprecate all efforts at reform. The factious class, abominating a system that debars all but a privileged minority from a share of the loaves and fishes, loudly denounce the Civil administration of the land, hurl defiance at their opponents, or weep over the barbarities practised upon "unhappy millions." Meanwhile, from the midst of this jarring element of discord, crawl forth into the pure light of day gibbering *Hindu Harbingers*, and staggering *Associations*; grasping eagerly at the air, if perchance they may capture sunbeams;—stuttering melancholy puerilities, or petitioning madly for inconsistencies; raising in the minds of all men a grave suspicion, that we have only touched the threshold of Indian progress, and are still searching for the charm which shall throw aside the opposing barriers.

Yet far above the chaotic tumult clear voices ring, urging us to hearken, and through the dim obscurity pure bright rays play invitingly on the path to progress. The remonstrances of reason, when worldly interest, blind selfishness, and party feeling have dissolved beneath her holy influence, warn us that extreme deductions must be by laws of Nature grounded on unsound premises;—that the self-sufficient conservative, and the crude declaimer against existing Governments, have alike wildly deviated from the goal of truth; that throughout India and the Indian Press there is a piteous cry to deafen, but alas! so little wool to recompense.

By throwing open the Civil Service to public competition, the first great step towards Reform will have, no doubt, been taken; provided we insist on the measure being carried out in its integrity. Men must be fully satisfied that those to whom is to be entrusted the administration of the laws, are selected not by patronage, but by merit. Alas! here lies the question after all. What *is* merit? who shall define it? and how shall A prove himself in all our eyes a worthier man than B? When we have solved this problem, we shall have fairly started on our road, a long and wearisome one no doubt, but still a road which may lead eventually to the realization of our hopes.

We shall not stop here to enquire, whether a system of competition is preferable to one of patronage, because we hold it to be one of those truths which may be disposed of as indisputable. Not but indeed many are to be found who will angrily dispute it; though we, for our part, are contented to fall back on the position, that admitting one of extraordinary acquirements who in youth would have never stood the test of competition, may possibly, under the opposite system, rise to fame and honours; still, we contend, that a country like India will be better governed by the sound practical knowledge of twenty, than the brilliant genius of one. Those who

have had an opportunity of forming a correct estimate of Native character, will be at no loss to determine what style of man is best adapted for the duties of Indian Satraps. He must have sound strong sense, with moderate passions, or at least the will and power to curb them. In combination with common sense, he should possess great firmness of character—by which we mean a lenient, kind, and forgiving spirit ; but no show of wavering or indecision, so that he may be prepared to award punishments tardily, but his fiat once issued, to take care that no man, directly or indirectly, plead or “ represent.” This should be combined with a suavity of manner, a readiness to receive and converse with Natives—not at all hours, which indulgence is sure to be abused, but at certain given periods, sufficiently often to confer a boon on others at the expense of a little self-denial. This, with a kindliness of tone and a certain degree of interest in the concerns of his subordinates, will render the Indian Satrap as despotic as the Czar, and worshipped with almost equal fervour.

But stay. Have we really fully described our pattern Administrator ? Has nothing been omitted ? Indeed, all the qualifications we have mentioned are as nothing, where a thorough acquaintance with the vernacular language of the district is wanting. Here is a great desideratum, which somehow or other must be filled up.

But where shall we search for our pattern Indian Administrator ? Hardly in Bombay, we take it,—possibly in Bengal or the North-Western Provinces ! Let us be completely selfish however, and limit our hopes of reform to our little Presidency. Where, we repeat, should we look for this model ?—In *Sind* ? Be it so, and now reflect what incalculable benefits might be conferred upon the people of this country, had we only thirty or forty statesmen moulded in the Frere stamp scattered over Western India !

Leaving, therefore, aside much that we conceive essential in the formation of a sound Indian Official, we shall in the present article confine ourselves to the consideration of what we fearlessly assert to be indispensable to every good public servant, and that is, *a sound knowledge of one or more of the Eastern languages*. A man of varied acquirements, and powerful intellect, will of course make a good servant ; but we contend that one of ordinary abilities and a thorough knowledge of the vernacular, will make a better. The former is in his proper element as Governor, Member of Council, or Legislator ; in all subordinate situations, such as those of Judge, Collector, &c. &c. by all means let us have the latter.

Few can have perused the Rules for the Examination of Junior Civil Servants which we have undertaken to review in the present article, without freely according to the Government of Bombay all the merit which is distinctly their due. Aroused at last from a lengthened



torpor, they exhibit now a stern and healthy resolution to sweep away the reproaches which have been, too long and perhaps too justly, thrown upon the Civil Service of this Presidency. No longer to be a competency for idle mediocrity, men are in future to prove their titles to the handsome provisions which the Service confers upon the deserving. The little NOTIFICATION we are reviewing, says in a voice clear and audible to all, "to govern India you must understand her languages, and until you think fit to master them, expect no countenance from us. By self-denial and labour you must prove yourselves worthy recipients of our bounty. This once done, thrice welcome to the honours and emoluments of the Service."

Alas! that we should be compelled to throw a doubt on the practical utility of the recent measure, while we gratefully record our sense of the worthy spirit that dictated it; yet so it is. These efforts on the part of the Government, like all measures adopted with pure and earnest intention, will be rewarded with satisfactory results; but they will, we predict, fall far short of our reasonable expectations. The causes are obvious to those who will undertake to look below the surface.

To curb the wild passions of the young, and to cool the hot blood that rages in the veins of youth, a certain measure of discipline is absolutely demanded. Before reason has gained her mastery over the desires, a strict mentor must be at hand to point out the good road—to show not only what is wrong, but to enforce as much as possible what is right. So far, the Rules are admirably adapted to work a great moral benefit in the country. In times gone by, times within the bitter recollection of many a still youthful reader, no check, no control over the actions of the recently imported was attempted by the Government. Fifteen months of unrestricted idleness proved sufficient in many cases to lay the seeds of embarrassment and misery, the bitter fruits of which may poison even the death cup of many who now cast their eyes upon these pages. The wild Arabian Night ideas of Indian life religiously received at Haileybury, were not entirely dissipated by the ugly realities of Bombay. A recumbent posture on a couch, a silver hookah, pyjamas, many Arab horses, an elephant or two with dazzling howdahs, obsequious Asiatics with folded arms and flowing beards, an unlimited supply of money, with a vague consciousness of verandahs, open windows, jugglers swallowing snakes, and somebody fanning you, constituted, among a large body of Haileybury students, the cherished creed of a Civilian's future mission in the East. The ornamental gilding of this picture was violently removed when Bombay became a stern fact, but a good deal of the picture's deformity remained. There was no doubt at all about the recumbent posture, and a tendency to place the heels higher than the head became one of the

leading qualities of the human mind. Cheroots, assisted by some gentle stimulus, easily and gracefully usurped the place of the Oriental hookah. Pyjamas were found to be stern truths. Horses—**RACE HORSES**, too, became professional necessities with youths, who vaguely comprehended the anatomical distinctions of the Arab and the useful cow. Elephants with gilded howdahs were easily disposed of as delusions, and shigrams admitted by way of compensation; though the obsequious Asiatic, with slight but startling exceptions, and the unlimited supply of coin, poured into the lap by Native philanthropists who travelled for the express purpose from remote provinces, were found to be pleasing realities calculated to soothe the spirits and encourage the desponding exile. Alas! that we should speak of facts so melancholy and pregnant with future misery in so frivolous a style, but what man under the old regime ever dreamed of melancholy, or accepted the theory of future misery! India was to them a pleasing golden land of ease and plenty. The sun rose in its splendour, reigned with unclouded glory, and sank vigorously into rest. How different from the struggling sun of England, typical of the hard fight for daily bread that is demanded from her children. *There* how much self denial, combating with hardships, cold and hunger, and stern perseverance in professional pursuits, is requisite before a young man can rise into comparative affluence and ease. How many the clouds *there* to darken his career, and perhaps, after all, how shrouded with disappointment and poverty his death bed. Was the strong youth of twenty with his glorious Indian prospects to waste a thought about the future? If, at the lowest ladder in the service, life was so bright, and the day, unburdened of care or sorrow, glided by so smoothly; who should calculate the happiness of future years, when large salaries and great powers should be poured upon him? Away then with reflection: on the globe there was no service like the Civil! To be sure, examinations were looming in the distance, but why think of them? They were allowed on all hands to be a farce, and each youth had too much conceit in his own abilities to doubt his eventual success.

The Government of those days have much to answer for before God and man! Tender youth with its strong passions and its vaulting ambition is a hothouse plant to be treated with care and kindness, not to be thrown carelessly upon the cold, plotting world, as was the fashion then. Those, whose duty it was to cherish the young and inexperienced, did *not* in those days act the noble part that was expected of them. But God be praised! the black spot of the past is lost in the rising brilliancy of the present, and let us hail with pride and hope the efforts which characterize the days we live in.

Therefore, the discipline exercised by the present Government of Bombay, while it reflects on them the highest honour, will doubtless

result in the increased happiness of the governed. The rules that have been published supply fully the desideratum that was felt, and the young man from England may no longer expend in idleness and waste the hours that he should devote to mental labor and improvement.

At the same time the good will be, we suspect, negative rather than positive. These Rules will scare the youth from the paths of idleness and protect him from the snares of temptation, but we doubt whether it will ensure that masterly knowledge of the Native languages which was possibly contemplated by the framers. It will achieve one of the great objects which leads to its adoption; we propose inquiring if it will be equally successful in another aspect.

The task we have undertaken is one of no very extraordinary difficulty, the question for discussion being simply this, Can the majority of English youths, *without any previous Oriental education at Home*, acquire a sound practical knowledge of the Vernacular in Bombay within the time specified in the Notification?

This being the point we are to keep in view, we proceed to examine *serialim* such of the Rules drawn up for the guidance of Civil Servants as appear to call for any particular remark.

- I. Immediately on his arrival in India, every young Civil Servant shall be subjected to an examination in the Oriental languages, for the purpose of testing the progress made by him at Haileybury in that branch of his studies. This preliminary examination shall be conducted by the Oriental Translator to Government for the time being.

Now this Rule is at present, we regret to observe, superfluous, and quite inapplicable to our Presidency. It should not be the case, but it simply *is*. The young Civil Servant learns at Haileybury (so far as languages are concerned) *not one of the dialects of Western India*. Hindoostanee, Persian, Sanscrit, and Telogoo, are all taught in the above mentioned brilliant seat of wisdom. Some degree of preparation for the Bengal and Madras Presidencies is thus attempted, but poor Bombay is contemptuously thrust aside. We have no distinct recollection of ever hearing Bombay mentioned at all during our Academical career. India (when alluded to at all,) meant Bengal and the North-West Provinces. Madras, in a secondary sense, was vaguely understood to be a sort of dependency; but what *was Bombay*? A barbarous uncivilized spot, to which some of the men were supposed occasionally to resort; by no means a place to go to if you could help it. We well remember our extraordinary agitation and perplexity on being quietly given to understand some few weeks before sailing for this country, that unavoidable necessity compelled the Court of Directors to transfer us from the Bengal to the Bombay Establishment. What was

Bombay again? Who knew anything about it? Was it even anything like India? These were questions it was easy to put, but to which the replies were far from satisfactory. Very few people seemed to know anything about the matter. There was a "beautiful harbour," they said, — "reminding one forcibly of the Bay of Naples: the people were more barbarous and wild too. Civilization has scarcely encroached upon that vague country. Habits were more primitive, and it was nearer England." The latter was little inducement *there*. What boys want is, to proceed to India, not to think about returning from it. But the barbarity! There was something tempting in that for young blood: better to notice the wildness and grandeur of primitive simplicity than the mawkishness of semi-civilization. Of the last there was plenty, and to spare, at Home; the novelty of the former would be enchanting; and so we became reconciled to a place almost unknown amongst our friends.

— We have been driven into these egotistical observations to show of how little consequence Bombay is held in England; at least in that Institution which professes to prepare young men for India. *There* Guzerattee is a language unmentioned and unknown. The rudiments of Murathee are kindly taught privately by Professor Eastwick—the ablest Professor in the College and a Bombay man to boot; but it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that few have the leisure or the inclination to avail themselves of this thoughtful goodness. Indeed with Persian, Oordoo, Sanscrit and other rubbish to a Bombay man, which he is compelled to pass examinations in, or lose his appointment, we can scarcely wonder at young men shrinking from a language that it was not compulsory to pass in at home. At the same time all praise and honour to the good Professor, and shame to those who, knowing the requirements of this important Presidency, exclude her from the advantages freely accorded to the other two.

Perhaps, while the interests of the Bombay Presidency are so completely thrust aside at home, no one more needs a sound preparatory education than its Civilians. Here, where Murathee, Guzerattee and Canarese, are the languages of the people, what opportunities are afforded those who are to be rulers in Western India, to acquire some knowledge that may be useful to them hereafter? And yet on the students' arrival at Bombay he must be subjected to "*an examination in the Oriental languages for the purpose of testing the progress made by him at Haileybury in that branch of his studies!*" A somewhat satirical commentary this, we should say, on the Educational system pursued at that Institution!

In this practical age of ours, let us by all means, where it is possible, have something real, something we can appreciate as practically

useful. The *ὑποκριτής*, a play-actor, in an educational point of view, is to be kept earnestly in the back-ground. If on the "young Civilian's arrival in India" he is to undergo an examination, by all means let us examine him in a subject on which he has had the opportunity of acquiring some previous information. What call have we to ascertain the progress made by a Bombay Civilian in Oordoo or Sanscrit? Or, indeed, if at all excited on the subject, where shall we search for the Examiner? We decline pausing for a reply, because, if to-day we chance to have the Oriental Translator, skilled in these tongues, we may be deprived of him to-morrow. We think the candid reader will agree with us, that, under the present system, Rule I is a little out of place.

"II. The young Civilian shall then be at once attached to the Office of a Collector or Commissioner, in any part of the Presidency where Marathee or Guzerattee is the Vernacular.

"VII. While a Civil Servant is studying for this ordeal, the Collector or Commissioner to whose office he has been attached shall be required to furnish, for the information of the Central Committee of Vernacular Examination at the Presidency, monthly reports as to his progress and studies."

Here the evil we have already alluded to, as characterizing former days and exploded Government, is remedied. In these two clauses lie (as matters are at present, not as we hope to see them) the great merit of the new Rules. The discipline of College is not immediately discarded for the independence of mature life; but while the youth is permitted an honourable status in society, and allowed ample means to enable him to support the establishment of his rank, he is taught to understand that from him, now thrown on the ocean of public life, is expected some palpable evidence of his capacity to rule.

"III. Within six months from the date of his arrival in Bombay, or as soon after that term as a Committee of Vernacular Examination may assemble at the Presidency, he shall pass an Examination (as hereafter provided) in the Vernacular language of the District wherein he has been located. This Examination shall embrace such branches, and be regulated by such tests, as the Central Committee for Vernacular Examination, (see Rule XIII.) with the sanction of Government, may from time to time define and notify. It is to be altogether of a practical character, and is to be regarded as introductory, and subordinate to the Vernacular Examination hereafter described in the Rules regarding Departmental Examinations.

"IV. In the event of his failing to pass the prescribed Examination within the prescribed term, it shall be discretionary with Government to extend his period of study (on the whole or a part of his pay and allowance) to nine months from the date of arrival in the country.

"V. Should he not have passed at the end of nine months, exclusive of periods of absence under sick certificate, he shall be suspended from the service, and sent home by the first opportunity."

Now certain reflections will naturally be excited in the mind of the thoughtful reader as he peruses these very stringent Rules. 1st ;— Either that a great number of young men, thus called on to shew in six or nine months some positive knowledge of a language with which they were previously unacquainted will necessarily under Rule V. be sent back to England in a state of pleasing bewilderment, or else that the examiners will be compelled, out of pure compassion for the unfortunate lads, so to lower the standard of examination as to render the obnoxious Rule to all intents and purposes a dead letter. The majority of Englishmen will master little beyond the Devanagari and Moree character in six months. The most sanguine examiner will hardly expect the wretched trembling student, after twenty four weeks' study to sustain a lively conversation with a Pundit in Murathee or Canarese ; but he must, it is decided, shew *some* knowledge, and having thus satisfied his superiors, he will be considered available for the ordinary duties of an Assistant Collector and Magistrate on a salary of Rs. 300 per month. We are told what the nature of this Examination is to be in page 19 of the Notification.

- " 1stly.—The Examinee is to be required to read a page of some accounts from a village, Talooka, or Hoozoor office, written in the Vernacular language, and ordinary cursive character.
- " 2ndly.—To read off in the Vernacular of the District, and explain vivâ voce in English, a deposition, or other exhibit, selected from a Magisterial case.
- " 3rdly.—To render back into the Vernacular (from an English translation) an ordinary report by a native Revenue officer. This must be rendered in a style substantially correct, and sufficiently intelligible to enable a native to read it out as written. It must be free from material errors in grammar and spelling, and the handwriting must be legible.
- " 4thly.—To converse with two or three natives in such manner as to satisfy the Committee that he is able to understand, and make himself understood by, Natives of various classes, both in ordinary conversation, and the common business of a Cutcherry."

It would be idle to comment much on this. In six months the youth without any previous preparation at Home is to write in a style "substantially correct," "free from material errors of grammar and spelling," read fluently in "the ordinary cursive character," and in fact achieve a great deal more than many who have enjoyed their furlough are capable of in the present day. As "THE RULES" have been submitted for the approval of the Most Noble the Governor General of India in Council, let us hope that while his Lordship appreciates the excellent spirit in which they have been framed, he will bear in mind (*what every body seems to forget*) that unlike the Bengal and Madras Presidencies, no effort to prepare for Bombay is attempted at Haileybury. Further let him remember, that there is

no character more difficult perhaps to master than the "ordinary cursive character" of the Murathee and Canarese languages. His Lordship, therefore, before sanctioning the general adoption of the "Rules" will no doubt remind the Honorable Court at Home, that in having no Professors of Murathee or Guzerattee attached to Haileybury, they are not acting with that justice to the Bombay Presidency which it has a right to expect.

This is not all. Having in six months shewn that he can read fluently "in the ordinary cursive character," he must undergo, in six months more, a fresh trial, and pass in what is called the first standard of Examination, when he is raised to a third or supernumerary third Assistantship, with a salary of Rs. 400 per mensem. There he remains, until he has proved himself qualified according to the second standard, before he can be considered by Government capable of holding the office of Second, or Acting Second Assistant, to a Collector, or Commissioner, or Assistant or Acting Assistant Judge, or of exercising full Magisterial powers.

The object of the First and Second Standard are thus lucidly laid down :—

#### " XXIV.—PRINCIPAL OBJECT OF THE FIRST STANDARD.

" The principal object of the first Standard of Examination shall be to test the proficiency for practical purposes of the Assistant in the Vernacular language of his District. For this purpose, at least three papers which he has never seen before, taken from official Records very much at hazard, and written by different persons in a plain running hand, must be read aloud by the assistant correctly, and without great difficulty ; and after being read aloud their contents must be correctly explained by him in English. An English judgment or other official paper, to be furnished by the Central Committee, must be translated by him into the Vernacular without assistance. The translation must be substantially correct in meaning, and intelligible to a native ; tolerably correct in grammar and spelling, and free from any very bad errors of idiom. He must dictate off hand with some fluency the translation into the Vernacular of an English report or other official paper, also to be furnished by the Central Committee, whereof the translation will be written down exactly as directed. The dictated paper must in like manner be intelligible, and substantially correct. He must then be tested in conversation with two or three Natives, in such manner and to such extent as shall suffice to satisfy the Committee as to the degree of his power of understanding Natives of different classes, and of making himself understood by them ; such conversation or Colloquial Examination to be confined to the ordinary duties and business of a Court or Cutcherry, and not to embrace abstruse or peculiar subjects. An Assistant must pass successfully through every step of this branch of the Examination in order to qualify according to the first Standard."

#### " XXV.—SECOND OBJECT OF THE FIRST STANDARD.

" The next object of the first standard of qualification shall be to test the Assistant's general acquaintance with the leading principles of the systems

of Revenue Administration and Criminal Justice, and especially with so much of the Laws and Rules of Procedure as it is necessary for an officer to know in order to exercise properly the ordinary functions of an Assistant to a Collector and Magistrate. For this purpose a set of questions on Revenue, Magisterial, and Police subjects shall be furnished by the General Committee. These questions should be so framed as not to involve points of difficulty or rare occurrence, and to shew rather the possession or the want of a general and intelligent acquaintance with the subjects of Examination, and the fundamental laws applicable thereto, than a knowledge of any string of details, and dates of orders, which may be soon learned for the occasion, and are generally as soon forgotten again. These questions must be all answered without book. The Assistant should also be examined generally as to his knowledge of Cutcherry accounts, both the English accounts kept at the Hoozoor and the Native Accounts, Talooka and Village; also as to the past Revenue history of his District, as to be learnt from the Records.

**“ XXVI.—THIRD OBJECT OF THE FIRST STANDARD.**

“ The next object of the first Standard of Examination shall be to test the power, which the Assistant may have acquired, to deal with conflicting arguments and evidence in actual cases. For this purpose, two decided cases, with the final proceeding in each withdrawn, which the Assistant has never before seen, one from the Collector's and one from the Magistrate's Office, of the nature of cases coming before Assistants exercising the ordinary functions of an Assistant to a Collector and Magistrate, shall be given to the Assistant. The papers may be read over to him by a native Officer, and the explanation of any difficult word or phrase may be asked for and given in the Vernacular, the circumstance being in each case noted. The Assistant may now refer to all his books, and may take his notes as the case is read over. At the conclusion of each case he must write in English a brief but precise description of the case, and a decision upon the questions at issue, with a sufficient statement of the grounds on which it is founded.

**“ XXVII.—FOURTH OBJECT OF THE FIRST STANDARD.**

“ The last object of the first Standard of Examination shall be to ascertain how the Assistant has been employed, and how he has done his duty at his station. For this purpose the Collector and Magistrate under whom he has been employed shall furnish the Committee with a report upon these points. It shall be the duty of such Officers to make over to their Assistants from time to time cases for report. The reports shall be written in English on one side of a sheet of paper; and after the case is decided, the Officer who decides it shall note on the other side of the sheet his remarks upon the report. These reports, with the notes thereon, shall be submitted to the Divisional Examination Committee. Such Officers shall also require their Assistants to make English minutes of the cases given to them for decision, which minutes also shall be submitted to the same Committee; but these reports and minutes need not be sent up to the Central Examination Committee. The opinion formed of the ~~report~~ by the Divisional Committee however, shall be entered in the record submitted to the Central Committee.

**“ XXVIII.—SECOND STANDARD.**

“ The Second Standard of Examination shall be similar in its nature to the



first, but more difficult in degree. In the Vernacular portion of it the reading of a common office running-hand must be tolerably ready; the papers selected as tests should be of a more difficult description of office papers; the translation, dictation, and conversation should be fluent, generally correct, and readily intelligible; and the Assistant should be tested in his power of explaining himself clearly and with sufficient propriety in the Vernacular in an argument or topic of some difficulty, such as may occur in official business. The questions of law and practice should be selected from a whole field of the duties of a Magistrate and Collector; but they shall be arranged in two classes: one class comprehending important and leading points, in answering which no books shall be allowed, and the other class comprehending less general, and less common points, in answering which the assistance of books shall be allowed. No guides, digests, or summaries, however, shall be permitted to be used, the Assistant being confined to the original Laws, Circular Orders, and Constructions. The object of this class of questions is to test the Assistant's knowledge of where readily to find the law or practice on the less common points that arise in business. In preparing these questions, nice and difficult points should be avoided, the object being, not to evoke subtlety or ingenuity, but only to ascertain whether the acquisitions and capacity of the person examined are adequate to enable him to perform fitly the important functions of an Indian Magistrate and Collector or not. The trial cases should be selected from those possessing enough of complexity to test the Assistant's ability to master all ordinary difficulties, and especially to test his power of minute attention to and just appreciation of evidence.

#### “XXIX.—OBJECT OF THE SECOND STANDARD.

“It shall be the object to make this Second Standard such that a man who has passed the Examination provided in Rules XXIV to XXVII. who is of ordinary understanding and capability, and who fairly applies himself with proper diligence to his business, and makes it his daily object to familiarize himself with the languages of the country, may pass it after two or three years of Mofussil experience.”

To the good thoughtful people of Bombay—especially to those who are professionally called upon to look into abuses and expose them—and also to anxious fathers who are bled so freely for the education of their children, at that noble seat of learning Haileybury, we would suggest the following points for consideration: Is it reasonable and just to demand such astonishing results, within so incredible a period, from young men who have received no preparatory training in the languages of the Bombay Presidency? Is it honest to demand the expenditure of many hundred pounds on an education which only professes to prepare a Bengal and Madras Civil Service? Is it just to insist under the present system on the same amount of oriental proficiency from the Bombay as from the Bengal Civilian? The former on his arrival amongst us is now sternly apprized to the following effect; ‘Behold, young man, ere you can rise to the emoluments of Acting Second Assistant Collector, you must display a thorough intimacy with the

Marathee, Guzerattee or Canarese languages. You must be conversant in Revenue Systems, Regulations, Legislative Acts, the Laws of Evidence, Kutcherry accounts, including English ones kept at the Hoozoor, and Native accounts, Talook and village ! The past history of your District, gleaned from records in foreign tongues, must be familiar to you ; and in all this you must prove yourself conversant in a few months or expect the inevitable consequences—DISMISSAL ! Well may the young Bombay Civilian turn pale, and in his heart moralize on human nature as exhibited in its passion for extremes, and contemptuous abhorrence of happy media. Well may the *Pater familias* exclaim in tones of bitter anguish, ‘ Was it for this that I expended such monies on the education of my boy ? why these pulls upon my purse for acquisition of *Sanscrit*, *Persian*, *Oordoo* ?—alas where shall I search for the equivalent ?’ Such exclamations may well be uttered, and much honest indignation may well be excited. It will be excited no doubt fiercely and with due effect, when the proper time comes ; when the minds of Englishmen are perforce attracted to their Indian possessions, where there is so much to accomplish WHICH MUST BE BEGUN AT HOME !

Throwing open the Service to public competition, will be, as we have elsewhere said, the first great move on the board of Indian reform ; the next will be the re-modelling and re-organization of Haileybury College. We think this would be preferable to its abolition or amalgamation with one of the Universities. If practical reforms in Civil Administration are to usurp the place of talk and argument, the man destined for public life in India must have a distinct and peculiar education from his boyhood. We do not require that superficial smattering of Law, Political Economy, Mathematics, Astronomy, Mechanics, History, English Composition, Sanscrit, Persian and Oordoo, which may be imparted in the short space of two years ; but rather that thorough intimacy with useful subjects which the training almost of a lifetime may be expected to confer. It remains for the English people to determine, whether the calling of the Indian Official is not as deserving of attention at Home as the Law, the Church, or the Medical profession. Perhaps, when the responsibility which England has voluntarily assumed in undertaking the guardianship of so vast an empire, is solemnly considered, our assertion that the claims of the embryo Indian Statesman in point of education cannot be overestimated, will be subscribed to. Some people are beginning to suspect that the study of Greek and Latin might profitably be exchanged for other and more practical sources of knowledge. Certainly these dead languages are to the Bombay man almost as useful as the Persian, Sanscrit and Oordoo he leaves at Haileybury. Were half the valuable time that is now spent in England on

the acquisition of classical literature, devoted to a sound rudimental instruction in those languages of India which the Civilian will hereafter be called upon to master, the rules we are reviewing would be deserving of our warmest approbation and be productive of the happiest results. Let the successful competitor enter Haileybury at seventeen and remain till twenty-three. During that time (a period of six years) let him be instructed in Law, Mathematics, History and those languages which will be *useful to him in the Presidency to which he is appointed*. If practicable, let Geology be one of the subjects on which lectures are delivered and examinations held; but in the name of common sense, let us protest against Sanscrit as indispensable; and by no means thrust Persian on the youth destined for Bombay, or Telugoo on the future Administrator in the North West Provinces. By some such simple system, we shall do much towards removing the present sneering reproaches against the Service; while the race of Heaven-born Judges and incapable Collectors will be speedily removed—destined no longer to fatten idly on the Revenues drawn from the miserable cultivators.

For if any man will look earnestly around him, he will detect at least one great want in India—we mean the want of sympathy between the rulers and the ruled. Of the domestic habits, feelings, and under-current of native character we (at least in this Presidency) know absolutely nothing; nor have the people, especially the lower orders, that trust, confidence, and affection for us, which it should be our cherished duty to inspire. Has the Ryot some trivial complaint to make about a field—trivial to us, but to him of incomparable importance—some story to relate about the grinding oppression of village Officers, or secret to whisper of ancient fraud on the part of our native subordinates, he draws back, feeling that between him and the great fountain of justice, there is a wide gulf fixed in the shape of a portly Sheristedar, or some other Brahmin go-between. His language is not the language of Oriental translators to Government or Examination Committees, and his provincialisms must be translated into the Malhatta of the Cutcherry and of the *Sahib logue*. In fact he is by stern necessity shut out from the benevolence of the European Satrap, who must waste his philanthropy upon the class, which least deserves it, leaving the poor peasant with his bare skin, his scanty crops, and his rural simplicity to the mercy of Brahmans, Banians, and Marwadees! This state of things, the reader will admit, can only be very partially remedied by a Persian Education at Haileybury; followed by a notification, which insists on a competent knowledge of the languages of Bombay, within eighteen months of the youth's arrival in the country.

In this little article we have argued on the grounds that no knowledge is more practically useful to an Anglo-Indian Civilian than

a knowledge of the Vernacular languages. We have attempted to shew, that without *some previous preparation in England* it is idle to expect the masterly knowledge contemplated by the 'Rules,' within the period laid down by the framers. We have further pointed out that at Haileybury young men are somewhat prepared for every Presidency except Bombay, and while we appreciate with gratitude the spirit which dictated "the Notification," and the moral benefits (to the Service) that will, undoubtedly, result, we hold that it is too exacting and in some respects positively unjust. In conclusion, being of a sanguine spirit, we cheer ourselves with the hope that some measures may yet be adopted at home to extend to Bombay the same advantages that are enjoyed by the sister Presidencies.

Meanwhile let the young Civilian recently arrived with his 'Oordoo' and 'Persian' literature read the "Notification," and look at the trials which stare him in the face for several months to come with pious resignation. He will doubtless derive some consolation from the following lines :

*Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.*

*We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing  
The grief that must have way.*

Or, as poring over the interminable subjects in which he has had no previous education, he finds the "*ordinary cursive character*" running obstinately out of his head, and his hopes departing as the dreaded sixth month fearfully approaches with rapid wings, let him, if it so please him, recall to mind the following :

*And thou too whoso'er thou art,  
That readest this brief Psalm,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.*

*Oh ! fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long ;  
Know how sublime a thing it is,  
To SUFFER AND BE STRONG !*

## ART. V.—THE ENGLISH IN WESTERN INDIA.

*The English in Western India ; being the Early History of the Factory at Surat, of Bombay, and the subordinate Factories on the Western Coast. From the Earliest Period until the commencement of the Eighteenth Century. Drawn from Authentic Works, and Original Documents. By PHILIP ANDERSON, A.M.—Bombay : Smith, Taylor & Co. 1854.*

OUR labours in connexion with a New Review, published in the Capital of Western India, could hardly be more appropriately inaugurated than by bringing to the notice of our readers a work, emanating from our local press, devoted to the early history of our countrymen in this important part of our Indian Empire, and commending itself to our attention from its own intrinsic merits, as well as from the interest belonging to the hitherto obscure, yet curious and not uninteresting events which it describes.

When we speak, however, of introducing the work to the notice of our readers, we would not be understood as reflecting on the general intelligence of such as are in our more immediate vicinity, by presuming that they are not already conversant with its contents ; or that a picture so fresh and lively as Mr. Anderson has given us of the pioneers of English Dominion in the East, can have so little interest for them, that they have yet to make acquaintance with it. At present we have in our "mind's eye" those more distant readers, scattered it may be over the length and breadth of India, who, though beyond the pale of our local questions, are yet concerned in imperial ones. An Englishman cannot fail to be specially interested in whatever tends to throw light on the beginning of a rule, which from the meanest origin, and after numerous death struggles to preserve its very existence, at length became so potent that, like an Aaron's rod, it has swallowed every other power with which it has come in contact.

Prior to the publication of Mr. Anderson's work, the subject which he has treated so pleasantly, without any sacrifice of accuracy and research, was left almost untouched in every existing History of India, if we except a meagre and rapid survey in a few introductory Chapters of the otherwise excellent volumes of Mill. The learned and scholarly History by the late William Erskine, recently given to the world, is but an instalment, though an important one, of that with which its lamented Author intended to present us. Had he lived to complete his design of narrating, with the fulness of the portion recently published, the History of India from Baber to Au-

rungzeeb, it would have left nothing to be desired. The clear, comprehensive, and masterly survey of the Hindu and Mahomedan periods of Indian History by Mountstuart Elphinstone is, we fear, the whole of his work, although when these two volumes appeared fourteen years ago, a continuation was fondly looked forward to. Indeed all who took an interest in India and its History, hoped that the book would be an English classic which would take the place of, and supersede every other of the kind. It was a pleasant expectation, that the honoured name of Elphinstone, occupying as it did the first rank amongst Indian Statesmen, should also be the first amongst Indian Historians. As regards the completion of the History, this we apprehend will never be more than an expectation—in truth, judging from the Preface, it hardly appears that the writer had any intention of carrying it further. As it is, it is complete in itself; and for the period of which it treats, is likely to remain without a rival. A Master of historic composition has indeed indicated one defect in it: “We are doing Elphinstone in the sixth,” says Arnold in a letter to the Rev. H. Fox, one of his old pupils, and then a Missionary at Madras, “for our modern History on Thursdays as I wished to make the fellows know something of India, of which they know next to nothing. It is a pity that Elphinstone had not a more profound knowledge of the ancient Western World, which continually illustrates and is illustrated by the state of things in India.” We sympathize with the regret of Arnold, but it is hardly fair to Mr. Elphinstone to consider it as implying any reproach. The early age at which he joined the public service in India, and the arduous and absorbing nature of his subsequent labours, left him but little leisure for acquiring, or, if he had acquired, for pursuing and perfecting a knowledge either of the ancient Western World, or of any other subject not intimately connected with, or bearing on his public duties. The respectable mediocrity of Mr. Thornton, and the heavy periods and dull knowledge of the learned Professor of Sanscrit, who has written a continuation of Mill, are confined to the more recent portion of our Indian History; whilst in popular compilations like those of Gleig, Murray, Taylor, Macfarlane, and others, information about our earliest times was of course not to be expected. The able Historian of the Afghan War approached the subject in his “History of the East India Company,” but in that hasty, and on the whole unsatisfactory work, he has neither opened it up nor discussed it. No doubt his plan did not embrace minute details of early Anglo-Indian History, yet we might have expected a more interesting and skilful narrative, in a book bearing such a title, and coming from a writer with such a well earned reputation on subjects of Indian Biography and History, as Mr. Kave.

The deeds of our first predecessors deserved a better fate than they have met at the hands of Historians, for without a more accurate knowledge of them than can be obtained from ordinary histories, we learn but imperfectly the strange story of the rise and progress of the British Power in the East. It is well to remember that there were English in India before the days of Clive; and that even the obscure trading Factors of Surat and Bombay in their early fights with the Moguls and Mahrattas, the Dutch and Portuguese, displayed an energy, perseverance, and courage, as indomitable as that which subsequently conquered at Plassey and Assaye; albeit they have not been so fortunate as to be painted by a brilliant Essayist. Entertaining these opinions as to the importance of the subject before us, we are delighted to welcome Mr. Anderson's contribution to the elucidation of our early Anglo-Indian annals. He has accomplished the object he had in view with such pains-taking accuracy and research, and composed his curious narrative in such a lively and spirited manner, that it falls little short of what we were looking for, and it may be considered not merely a supplement to other Histories, as the Author modestly terms it, but in itself the History of the period of which it treats.

What we are inclined to find fault with in the work is, that the Author has not been more copious in the use of the rich materials at his disposal. If he had employed them more freely, his book would certainly have been more entertaining and not less instructive than it now is. We fear he has been hampered somewhat in this respect, by the theory he appears to hold as to the manner in which a History should be written, for he says in his Preface that "some modern Historians have converted history into romance, and set off facts with ornaments of imagination," and that he himself "has not endeavoured to walk on the stilts of fancy; but has been satisfied with the secure footing of plain dealing and truth." He also illustrates his meaning by quoting Bacon's observation, that "a mixture of a lie, doth ever add pleasure," thus implying, as we apprehend, that the "lie," and the Historian's "ornament of imagination," are nearly convertible terms.

Surely there is mis-apprehension in this. When Bacon indicated a truth so sad and general, but, we firmly believe for the honour of human nature, not universal, he had in view, principally, the corruption of the moral feelings, and not the exercise of any intellectual quality,—as the impressive sequel of the above quotation proves. "Doth any man doubt," he asks, "that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and in-

disposition, and unpleasant to themselves ?"—humiliating certainly, but not the less true !

A strict adhesion to fact is of course indispensable, but facts are in themselves merely the rude inanimate materials, out of which the skill, the imagination, the genius of the Historian must fashion the living record, that will deserve the name of History. Why is it that amidst the numerous compilations in the shape of Records, Annals, Memoirs, and so called standard Histories, with which our literature abounds, we have so few works that really deserve the title of History in any worthy sense of the term ?—Simply because the qualifications requisite to produce such a work are of the rarest kind ; so that great Historians are as rare as great Poets. We have dull Histories, because our Historians have dull imaginations. They so little realize the living present, that they are utterly unable to vivify the dead past. What genius, united with the love of truth, and profound knowledge warmed and animated by a powerful imagination can do to invest History with life and at the same time give all the warning and instruction it is so fitted to impart, is strikingly illustrated by Carlyle's account of that world wonder which changed the foundations, and altered the character of modern society—the first French Revolution. From the eloquent and prophetic wailings of Burke, at the first burst of that astonishing tempest, down to the diffuse and vapid declamations of Alison, what volumes have been written, what discourses spoken regarding it ! Yet we believe, that every intelligent reader at all conversant with the subject, would bear us out in our assertion, that while all other writers on the French Revolution have been speculating and eloquently philosophizing about it, Carlyle is the one writer who enables us to realize what it really was. The reader of his marvellous work, when devouring its pages, feels drawn into a vortex or under the spell of some wizard's enchantment, and reads about all the mad passions, wild hopes, and savage crimes of that awful period, with as intense an interest as if he were an actual spectator of the scenes described. And all this artistic skill is combined with the most scrupulous accuracy, and the most careful sifting of every fact connected with the History.

Let no one be alarmed at "ornaments of imagination." A power of displaying them is one of an historian's most essential qualifications, and we only wish that Mr. Anderson had given the reins more freely to his fancy in dressing up for the amusement of his readers, ~~ye~~ and their instruction too, a few more of those curious pictures of Anglo-Indian life which are buried in the pages of obscure records and forgotten personal narratives, which few know



better than himself where to find, and how to make use of, and which well deserve to be resuscitated from their mouldering tombs. There is indeed a certain class of modern Historians who have been accused, and not altogether without justice, of exaggeration. They are suspected of preferring to state facts effectively and brilliantly rather than soberly and truly. And we acknowledge that complaints may well be made of any Historic writer who cannot honestly exhibit truth in its unadorned shape, but must have her decked out gaudily with tinsel and finery that are foreign and uncongenial to her.

Grave charges of this nature have been urged in an influential quarter against the brilliant historian of our own day, who has given us two such eloquent and interesting volumes of English History that, in the figurative phrase of enthusiastic lady readers, "we are all dying" to get hold of the long-looked-for volumes in continuation. But these charges were so ridiculously overstated and so evidently had their origin in feelings of malevolence, that going beyond their mark, they fell powerless without in any way injuring Mr. Macaulay's reputation. Undoubtedly he may be found guilty of a fondness for paradox, and of being a little too anxious to say a thing smartly at a small sacrifice of truth, when a temptation to astonish his readers comes in his way. All honour to him for his delightful History notwithstanding. Have his volumes not proved that History can be made as easy and entertaining as—to apply his own words—Professor Faraday made Chemistry to little boys and girls in his lectures at the Royal Institution, during the Christmas holidays?

In the "History of the English in Western India" under review, we could have wished to have seen a better sympathy on the part of the Author with the men whose lives and labours he describes. His tone is not a little contemptuous, and his insinuations betimes unjust. We are told by him that the annals he records are those "of mediocrity and weakness, sometimes of drivelling baseness," that "the instruments which Providence employed to create a British Power in India were often of the basest metal. But such answer the same purposes as the finest, in the hands of Infinite Wisdom. And though we may feel disappointed, we ought not to be surprised, when we see little to admire in the pioneers of our Eastern Empire, and find that some were amongst the meanest of mankind." But of what period of human history may not similar language be used? Mediocrity, weakness, and baseness, are unhappily not yet banished from the earth; we fear they are as rife in the conduct of the world's affairs in the 19th century as they were in the 17th, and if their features are not so coarse and strongly marked now, we may be assured they are not the less mischievous. We do not contend that these early adventurers should be looked on as heroes,—far from it; but

do not let us forget that they were men, placed often in strange and trying circumstances, having to endure many troubles and privations, and in the midst of numerous temptations. That wild and dangerous life of theirs was no holiday amusement. The Factories at Surat and elsewhere were not founded and built whilst treacherous Orientals and rapacious Europeans stood idly by, looking on with folded hands. Not so ; but in quite other circumstances, as the result has shown. When we view in company with our Author the weakness, and, not unfrequently, the mean ways of these early English, their follies, and their rough, coarse habits, we cannot suppress an involuntary smile, only we would not have it accompanied with a derisive sneer, as if we were immensely superior. We rather sympathize with and pity erring fellow men, who, with all their failings, imperfections, and short-comings, began an enduring work, which still progresses under the hands of us who have succeeded them. Finely and truly has it been said—"Two things one ought to learn from History ; one "that we are not in ourselves superior to our fathers, another that "we are shamefully and monstrously inferior to them, if we do not "advance beyond them."\*

Although the English remain masters in India to the exclusion of all other European powers that previously contested empire with them, they were not the first to effect a footing here. The remarkable impulse which was given to maritime adventure and inland discovery at the close of the 15th century, and which was felt by the leading nations of Europe, especially the Spaniards and Portuguese, operated but slowly in England. "The daring genius of Columbus "pierced the night of ages, and opened up to one world the sources "of power, wealth, and knowledge—to another all unutterable "woes."† Vasco de Gama having doubled the Cape, Almeida and Albuquerque laid the foundations of and consolidated Portuguese power in Western India, nearly a century before the English were established there. Till the middle of the 16th Century, Indian productions and manufactures passed to England through the hands of the Venetians, who carried on an extensive and lucrative trade with Hindustan viâ Egypt and the Red Sea. Prior to the discovery of the Cape route, and when the Portuguese had not interfered with their monopoly, the Venetians furnished the rest of Europe with the products of the East.

A commercial expedition viâ Russia and the Caspian Sea to Bokhara, which it was hoped might open a communication with Central Asia, was undertaken in 1558 by a Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, described as a person of resolution and intelligence, and well

\* ARNOLD'S inaugural Lecture on Modern History.

† LORD BROUGHAM ; his last great speech in the House of Commons on Slavery.

acquainted with Russia. But, regarded from a mercantile point of view, this journey was a failure. Although caravans arrived at Bokhara from India, Persia, and adjoining countries, Jenkinson reported "that the merchants are so poor, and bring so few wares, that there is no hope of any trade worth following."\*

With the accession of Elizabeth a new era dawned on England. The spirit of enterprise, which had slumbered in the times of the Reformation, when the kingdom was distracted by strifes, divisions, and persecutions extending through the brief minority of Edward the Sixth, and the subsequent reign of Mary, now blazed forth with ardour, and very soon urged the English to eclipse the deeds of even the Spaniards and Portuguese.

The return of Drake in 1580, from his celebrated voyage round the world, after an absence of two years and ten months, laden with the plunder of Spanish vessels in the South Seas, and the successful enterprise of Thomas Cavendish who explored the Indian Ocean, as far as the Phillippines and the Straits of Sunda, in a small squadron fitted out at his own expense, contributed greatly to animate the spirit of commercial activity, and cupidity also, which had now been so generally infused. Mr. Anderson mentions the journey to India of Ralph Fitch and John Newberry, with others, who were despatched in 1583 by some Merchants of London, that they might extend the English trade in the Levant to parts of Asia Minor, and transport the products of India by England by way of the ports in the Persian Gulf—Bussorah and Ormuz. He seems to quote their narrative, or rather what has been called so, without questioning its authenticity, although this has been done by others. He writes too of their having been thrown into prison by the Portuguese of Goa, where they were "examined whether they were good Christians or no," and adds, rashly and unfairly we think, that "as they never hesitated to tell a lie, their Christianity was approved."

Another writer, Mr. W. D. Cooley, author of the History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, distinguished for a knowledge of his subject and accuracy of research, says, that the expedition of these men failed to attain its object chiefly through the jealousy of the Portuguese by whom they were *thrown into prison at Ormuz*, and quotes a letter of Newberry's containing the following remarks;—"Although we be Englishmen, I know no reason why we may not as well trade from place to place as the natives of other countries; for all nations may and do come to Ormuz, as Frenchmen, Flemings, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, Nazarenes, Turks, Moors, Jews and Gentiles, Persians and Muscovites. In short, there

\* Cooley's Maritime Discovery.

is no nation they seek to trouble but ours." Were they imprisoned both at Ormuz and Goa? As there seems here to be a conflict of authorities, both painstaking and usually accurate, in the absence of original sources of information, we are unable to decide which is correct.

In 1591 the first English expedition to India via the Cape of Good Hope, consisting of three ships, one commanded by Captain Lancaster, was fitted out and despatched. The object was not trade but plunder, and the intention was to keep a look-out for the Portuguese in the Indian Seas. The result of the adventure was disastrous. One vessel returned from the Cape with many who were sick of the flux. Another was lost with all her crew, sixty leagues beyond the Cape. Lancaster's ship returning home in a shattered plight was forced by stress of weather to the West Indies, where it was cast away. He and only seven companions reached England in a French Privateer.

The unfortunate termination of this expedition in no way discouraged the Merchants who were concerned in it; nor did it damp the enthusiasm for Eastern trade and adventure, which a love of gain, envy of the Portuguese, and, one may fairly add, some promptings of the spirit of enterprise then so universally diffused, tended effectually to foster and inflame. In 1559, the leading merchants of London formed an Association for prosecuting the trade to India. A charter was readily obtained from Queen Elizabeth, and the Association was incorporated on the 31st of December 1600, under the designation of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." Twenty-four Directors were appointed by the Charter, the name of the first Governor being Thomas Smythe. The capital of the Company amounted to three lakhs of rupees and was divided into a hundred and one shares. The terms of the Charter gave the Company an exclusive right of trading, and was at first limited in duration to a period of fifteen years, with a condition, that, if not found for the public advantage, it might be cancelled anytime upon two years' notice being given. Though the Company received its Charter in 1600, it was not till twenty-four years later, that it was permitted to exercise the functions of government. In 1624 the king gave it authority to punish its servants abroad by either civil or martial law, to the extent even of taking away life, provided the punishment inflicted should be in conformity with the English code.

The first commercial venture of the Company was made in 1601, when five ships were fitted out under Captain James Lancaster, who ten years previously had commanded one of the ships which had been sent to cruise in search of Portuguese vessels in the Indian seas, and which proved so unfortunate. The cargo consisted prin-

cipally of bullion, tin, iron, broadcloth, cutlery, glass, &c., and with the ships, was valued at £69,000. The expedition sailed on the 13th February 1601, from Torbay for Acheen in Sumatra, which place, from imperfect knowledge of the seas and countries to be visited, they did not reach till the 5th of June of the following year. This venture was successful beyond every expectation. Lancaster returned in September 1803 with a valuable cargo of Eastern produce, added to the rich spoils of a Portuguese carrack of 900 tons<sup>burden</sup> burden, which he captured in conjunction with a Dutch vessel on the voyage homewards. The profit of this and several subsequent voyages is stated to have been from a hundred to two hundred per cent.

In the fleet which sailed in 1607 for Western India under Captain Keeling, was also Captain Hawkins, our first Ambassador to the great Mogul. Here is Mr. Anderson's pleasant account of him and his mission.

"As soon as possible he started with a letter from King James to the Great Mogul for Agra, where he arrived at the end of May 1609, after being in continual fear that he would be assassinated by his attendants at the instigation of the Portuguese. His reception at Court was flattering, and he was assured that he should have permission to establish a Factory at Surat. The Great Mogul wishing to engage his services and keep him in the country, offered him a pension and a wife. Hawkins was not averse to either. Although he called himself an English ambassador, he did not scruple to accept a salary, which, however, was very irregularly paid; and as the imperial harem contained a large assortment of ladies varying in race, colour, and religion, he was provided with a bride to his taste who was both a Christian and a maiden. He seems to have really loved his wife, and to have resolved not to forsake her. Still he did not forget the interests of his English employers. He repeatedly demanded the privileges which they required, was frequently promised them, and as frequently disappointed. At last, baffled by the intrigues of the Portuguese, and disgusted with the wavering counsels of the Emperor, he gave up his efforts in despair, and requested his dismissal. The Indian potentate did not condescend to give any answer to King James's letter, and Hawkins, after a protracted contest with his wife's brothers, who wished to prevent her from leaving the country, contrived to take her on board an English ship at Cábái, from whence he sailed with her on the 26th of January 1612 to Europe."

What Hawkins failed to accomplish, though he had paved the way, was effected in a summary manner by Captain Best towards the close of the same year. The efforts of the English to establish themselves at Surat had been mainly defeated by the intrigues, jealousies, and bitter hostility of the Portuguese. Captain Best, who had arrived with his two ships on the coast on the 28th October 1612,

"Was determined," says Mr. Anderson, "to open a passage to Surat. Two Portuguese armaments successively threw themselves in his way at the river's mouth; but after severe struggles the skill and courage of himself and men

prevailed against both. The Great Mogul then sent down to him a firman authorising an English Minister to reside at Court, and opening to English subjects the trade of Surat. This imperial ordinance was forwarded to Best as an ordinary letter, but he had by this time become aware of his own power, and of the impression which a little display makes upon Native minds. He therefore wisely insisted that the usual ceremonies should be observed, and the firman was formally presented to him by the Governor of Surat, who came in state to Swally for the purpose. Best then sailed away; first leaving at Surat ten persons to dispose of the goods which he had brought, and with a stock of four thousand pounds to purchase the manufactures of India."

Such then was the origin of the East India Company, and the beginning of its rule in this country. It was originally formed for objects of trade and gain in imitation and rivalry of a second rate European power, which for half a century previous had through its rare energy and perseverance monopolized to itself a commerce with India, and had thriven on the wealth, which tradition, and song, and travelled adventure, had all represented to the nations of the West as the normal condition of the East. Growing up steadily and consolidating itself in the first century of its existence, although checked by jealousies at home, distractions and reverses abroad, it still gradually advanced towards its main object. In the following century it assumed a new character. Startling the Western world with stories of conquest, which eclipsed, in rapidity and extent, the exploits of the old Tartar conquerors, it suddenly raised a new empire on the ruins of theirs. Under this new phase of its history, the Company continued trading, fighting, plundering, and exciting fresh quarrels, although protesting that it existed for peace, until in defiance of fulminations hurled at it by the senate at home, and regardless of violated faith and broken treaties, it added province to province, and annexed kingdom after kingdom. At length the Company itself has been cast aside, and exists merely in name. The whole Asiatic Peninsula, from the borders of Beloochistan and the wastes of Tartary, to the confines of Siam and the shores of the Indian Ocean, with its myriad populations, its infinite numbers of castes and races, has become an integral portion of the British Empire, ruled and governed by British Law!

When the English first set foot in India, the Mogul empire, which then bore sway over the greater part of it, had reached its culminating point. Akbar, probably the ablest and wisest of the Mogul Emperors, and who first established their dominion on a firm basis, was recently dead. He was succeeded by his son Jehangeer, who with the inflated mannerism of an Oriental tells us in his Autobiographical Memoirs, that in the "forenoon of the day, (the 10th October, 1605) being then arrived at the age of 38, I became Emperor, and under auspices the most felicitous, took my seat on the throne of my wishes. Let it not

produce a smile, that I should have set my heart on the delusions of this world. I assumed the titles of Jehanghir Padshah, and Jehanghir Shah, the world subduing Emperor, the world subduing King. I ordained that the following legend should be stamped on the coinage of the Empire; 'Stricken at Agrah by that Khossrou, the safe guard of the world; the sovereign splendour of the faith, Jehanghir, son of the imperial Akbar.' " We fear we must add, that this Jehangeer, the unworthy son of so eminent and able a sovereign as Akbar, was chiefly noted in his illustrious obscurity for a treacherous cunning and mean cruelty, which he manifested in various ways, and for his addiction to drink. A greater contrast than the Jehangeer of his own memoirs, and the graphic description we have of him in Sir Thomas Roe's Journal, cannot well be conceived, though the two pictures are by no means irreconcilable. In 1627, his son Shah Jehan succeeded him, and in his reign the dismemberment of the Mogul Empire may be said to have begun. His sons in the latter years of his reign rebelled against him; eventually he was deposed by Aurangzeeb, and kept in confinement till his death.

Captain Alexander Hamilton, in his "New account of the East Indies," gives a story of the birth of Aurangzeeb, which is so curious and amusing, that it reads like a chapter of the "Arabian Nights." We reproduce it here as it will be new to many of our readers, and entertain all.

"Shah Jehan was one of the most polite kings that ever ruled over that great empire of Mogulstan. He was a great patron to all skilful persons in arts and sciences, and gave great encouragement to foreigners to come to his Court, treating them kindly and familiarly, and allowed them handsome pensions to live on, and often sent for the most polite of them, and discoursed with them about the customs, laws, commerce, and strength of the European nations, and what he found valuable amongst them, he would fain have brought into his own dominions. He was sorry to see the most beautiful part of the creation caged up in seraglios, bred up in ignorance, and kept from useful and pleasant conversation, by the heavy fetters of blind and unreasonable custom. He turned his thoughts to break those sordid chains, and introduce the ladies to a free air, and reckoned his Court, which he then kept at Agra, a great city, to be the most proper part for the stage to act it first upon.

"The first step he took, was to order all the ladies at Court to provide precious stones to bring to a market place that he had erected, and there to shew their wares publicly to all the noblemen at Court who were ordered to buy them at whatever prices the ladies put upon them; and the king himself was to be a buyer, to put the greater honour on the new erected market. The ladies obeyed, and took their booths as they thought fit. On the market day the king and noblemen came to market, and bought the jewels and other trifles the ladies had to dispose of.

"The king coming to the booth of a very pretty lady, asked what she had to sell, she told him, she had one large fine rough diamond still to dispose of. He desired to see it, and he found it to be a piece of fine transparent sugar candy, of a tolerable good diamond figure. He demanded to know what price

she set on it, and she told him with a pleasant air, that it was worth a lack of rupees. He ordered the money to be paid, and falling into discourse with her, found her wit was as exquisite as her beauty, and ordered her to sup with him that night in his palace. She promised to obey, and accordingly went, and stayed with him three nights and days, and then went back to her husband, whose name was Jemal Chaun, and was a Commander of 5000 horse. The husband received her very coldly, and told her, that he would continue civil to her, but would never cohabit with her again, and would live with her in the same manner as if she was his sister; upon which she went back to the palace, and desired to be brought to the king, and being conducted to him, she fell at his feet and told what her husband had said. The king, in a rage, gave orders to carry the husband to the elephant garden, and there to be executed by an elephant, which is reckoned a shameful and terrible death. The poor man was soon apprehended, and had his clothes torn off him, as the custom is when criminals are condemned to that death, and he was dragged from his house, with his hands tied before him. On his way to the garden, he was to pass near the palace, and he begged to have leave to speak to the king, and then he would die willingly, if his Majesty did not think fit he should live. A friend of his, who was an officer of the guards, ordered the messengers of death to stop a while, till he had acquainted the king with the request, which was accordingly done, and he was ordered to be carried into the court of the palace, that the king might hear what he had to say; and being carried thither, his Majesty demanded what he would have. He answered that what he had said to his wife was the greatest honour that he was capable to do his king, who, after he had honoured his wife with his embraces, thought himself unworthy ever after to cohabit with her. The king, pausing a little, ordered him to be unbound and brought to his own room, where, as soon as he came, the king embraced him, and ordered a serapaw or royal suit to be put upon him, and gave him the command of 5000 horse more, but took his wife into his own seraglio, and about nine months after the famous Aurengzeib came into the world."

The Prince thus romantically introduced to life was the last powerful sovereign of the Mogul dynasty, and his long reign was characterised, amongst other piquant affairs, by the sudden springing up and rapid growth of the Mahratta sovereignties, which exercised such an influence in Indian History during the next century and a-half, and, for a time, contested the supremacy of rule in India with that power which is now raised on the ruins of both Mahrattas and Moguls. Aurangzeeb has been variously estimated, and popularly he has commonly been spoken of as a prince possessing wisdom and capacity for governing. A close examination of his long reign might lead to grave doubts on both heads. Prior to his usurpation, he had undoubtedly displayed no common ability in moulding circumstances and events to serve the purposes of his selfish and inordinate ambition. He is reputed, indeed, to have possessed many accomplishments and literary acquirements, the result no doubt of his early training by the priests and learned men in whose society he mainly lived. Although he pretended much contempt for power and grandeur, the reported illness of his father gave him the opportunity to exhibit himself in a character altogether different from that in which he had



previously appeared. In carrying out his long cherished and criminal designs, though still preserving a decorous and withal pious exterior, he was deliberately meditating the worst crimes. By his crafty schemes he entrapped two of his brothers, when they were all enjoying their revels, accomplished the defeat and death of one on the field of battle, the deliberate murder of another, and concluded his traitorous acts by imprisoning his father and ultimately occupying his throne. The reign of Aurangzeeb has been denominated *splendid*, and if the mere magnificence of his Court is signified by the epithet, it is not undeserved; but the glory of improving and consolidating an empire did not belong to him. He could not preserve what had been acquired; and in his lifetime the work of dismemberment was rapidly going on. When in mature age, and after a long reign he had finished his last earthly journey in his camp at Ahmednuggur, the Empire over which he ruled may be said to have passed away with him; for within sixty years after his death, the dynasty of the Moguls founded by Babur, and consolidated under Akbar, more or less existed in name.

From this brief but necessary digression we return to the consideration of "the English in Western India"—the subject more immediately before us. The gallant exploit of Captain Best, recorded above, had the effect, as we have seen, of securing, together with other important privileges, the establishment of an English Factory at Surat. Of the first beginnings of the Factory, and the doings of the Factors, Mr. Anderson gives the following amusing account:

"It was usually styled 'The English House,' and was presided over by Kerridge. A Factor named Edwards had also been left at Ahmedabad. It was arranged between these two that Edwards should proceed on a mission to the Mogul Court. He was provided with a letter from King James; and Kerridge having an eye to business made him take with him an investment of cloths, looking-glasses, and sword-blades. Half Ambassador and half hawker, he thus went to Agra, where he was presented to the Emperor by Asaf Khan, the Prime Minister and favourite Sultana's brother. By a judicious distribution of presents he obtained all that he asked. To the Emperor himself he delivered portraits of King James and the Royal family. But his most acceptable offering was a large mastiff, of which Kerridge wrote as follows:—

"Mr. Edwardes presented the Kinge a mastife, and speakinge of the dogs courage, the Kinge cawsed a yonge leoparde to be brought to make tryall, which the dogge soe pinchtt, thatt fower howres after the leoparde dyed. Synce, the Kinge of Persia, with a presentt, sent heather haulfe a dozen dogges—the Kinge cawsed boares to be brought to fight with them, puttinge two or thero dogges to a boare, yet none of them seased; and rememberinge his owne dogge, sentt for him, who presently fastened on the boare, so disgraced the Persian doggs, wherewith the Kinge was exceedingly pleased. Two or three mastiffes, a couple of Irish greyhowndes, and a couple of well-taught water spanyells, wold give him greate contente."

"No needy client ever studied a patrician's whims and caprices more atten-

tively than did the English Factors study the Great Moguls. In 1612 they had specially recommended that toys and bull dogs should be sent for presents to him and his courtiers; and now Edwards desired that landscapes, such pictures as represented the manners and customs of England, portraits of the nobility, and some fine beaver hats, should be forwarded.

"Although Hawkins, Canning, Kerridge, and Edwards had assumed the imposing title of Ambassador, yet they were merely humble agents of the Company. It was now resolved to try what effect the dignity of a Royal Embassy would have. Sir Thomas Roe was chosen to make the experiment, and there could scarcely have been a better selection. The object of his Embassy was twofold—to arrange the terms of a treaty, and to recover large sums of money due to the Company from persons about the Court. He brought with him the draft of a treaty comprising nineteen articles, the first seventeen of which related to the protection and encouragement of trade, the last two to an alliance offensive and defensive between the Emperor and the English people."

Sir Thomas Roe possessed tact, sagacity, and temper, in an eminent degree, and performed the duties of his somewhat singular and novel mission with an ability, and—all circumstances considered—a success, such as has rarely attended diplomatic missions of a vastly more important character, and planned with infinitely greater skill. His *Journal of his Embassy to the Court of Jehangere* is exceedingly interesting, giving as lively and graphic accounts of matters coming under his own observation, as any we possess in a branch of literature which, though by no means the highest, is far from being unimportant, and of which our own language abounds in many curious and valuable examples.

He lost sight of the "Lizard," he tells us, on the sixth of March 1615, landed at Surat on the 26th September following, and was received in an open tent by the chief officers of the town, well attended. His shrewd observant character is well indicated by the pertinent observations he makes on the scenery, natural objects, and inhabitants of the various places touched at on the outward voyage. Of the Island of Socotra in particular, where the fleet anchored, he gives a very minute and lively picture. His stay at Surat was brief, and he complains that during the time he remained there, he and his suite suffered much from the Governor, "who by force searched many chests, and took out what he thought fit." On the 30th October he started for Ajmir, where the Emperor was then residing; and at Bhurampore, where one of the Emperor's sons, whom he denominated invariably the Prince, had his Court, he remained some days, and was courteously received by him. Despising the obsequious customs of Orientals, in demanding the most slavish prostrations from all who approached royalty, Roe refused to comply with them at this time, and subsequently when presented to the Emperor himself. Ultimately he was honoured for his firmness, in maintaining

so uncompromisingly the dignity of his position as the ambassador of England.

"An Officer told me as I approached, I must touch the ground with my head bare, which I refused, and went on to a place right under him railed in, with an ascent of three steps, where I made him reverence, and he bowed his body; so I went within where were all the great men of the town with their hands before them like slaves. The place was covered overhead with a rich canopy, and under foot all with carpets: it was like a great stage, and the Prince at the upper end of it. Having no place assigned, I stood right before him, he refusing to admit me to come up the steps, or to allow me a chair. Having received my presents, he offered to go into another room, where I should be allowed to sit, *but by the way he made himself drunk out of a case of bottles I gave him, and so the visit ended.*"

He at length reached Ajmir, and on the 10th January 1616 had his first audience of the Emperor. "The reception," he says, "was very favourable, but needs not particularizing." On the 26th March he delivered the articles he had prepared for the regulation of commerce, and an alliance offensive and defensive between the Mogul Government and the English. There were nineteen articles; but before anything approaching to the substance of them was granted, Sir Thomas had his patience and temper sorely tried by delays, oppositions, promises given in bad faith, and innumerable vexations of all kinds.

We live now adays in the midst of so much excitement, are familiar with so many marvels, and through the aid of the astonishing mechanical appliances within our grasp, have so subdued space and time, and made intelligence from the remote corners of the earth so common, that our sense of wonder is soon palled and lost, by a too early and rapid acquaintance with a vast variety of interests and subjects. In this modern life of our's the world is indeed

"—Too much with us; late and soon;  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

We cannot, it is true, live out of our time; it would be weak, foolish, and sinful to wish it; but to value our own times truly, and do our allotted work, *to live in them*, and not merely be *whirled through them*, as is too usually the case, a well-tempered study of the past is as essential as, when rightly pursued, it is profitable. Most refreshing is the change, for instance, from the flimsy and superficial character of our numerous works of modern travel, when we take up one of the narratives of those early travellers and voyagers, who with their eyes ever open to scenes and objects fresh and new to them, and senses ever awake to curiosity and wonder, have given us such graphic and delightful accounts of the sights they saw, the peoples they observed, the troubles and dangers they encountered, the pleasures and amusements they enjoyed.

The journal of Roe belongs to this class of works, and though what is preserved of it is comparatively brief, it abounds in curious illustrations of manners and customs, and shrewd and lively observations on character and conduct. Mr. Anderson gives his readers a pleasant sample of Roe; but we wish it had been fuller, for he just gives enough to whet the appetite for more. Doubtless he may have been withheld from enriching his pages with such materials, by an apprehension that the work would be swelled by them to a size larger than the nature of his subject led him to consider desirable; but if we may judge of our readers' views from our own feelings, we think there is nothing to be apprehended on such grounds. By making a more liberal use of these materials he will be increasing the attractions of the book, and when it reaches a second edition, which we trust it will soon do, we would impress upon him the importance of giving this suggestion his best consideration.

Roe says:—"The history of this country for variety of matter, and the many subtle practices in the time of Acbar, father of this King, and these latter troubles, were well worth writing; but because they come from such remote parts, many will despise them; and by reason these people are esteemed barbarous, few will believe them, and therefore, I forbear making them public, though I could deliver as many rare and notable acts of state, subtle evasions, policies, answers, and adages, as I believe, for one age, would not easily be equalled." For all Sir Thomas's forbearance, he has, happily, recorded so much of the practices, that we have bequeathed to us a very striking picture of the life of the Emperor Jehangier and the leading people of his Court.

The King of course is the prominent character, and we have a full length portrait of him in his joviality and debauchery, mixed occasionally with traits of his offhand cruelty. His propensity for drink is frequently dwelt upon. On one occasion the Ambassador noted a curious scene as follows:—"I presented the King with a curious picture I had of a friend of mine, which pleased him highly, and he shewed it to all the company. The King's chief painter being sent for, pretended he could make as good; which I denying, a wager of a horse was laid about it between me and Azuf Khan, in the Mogul's presence, and to please him; but Azuf Khan afterwards fell off. This done the Mogul fell to drinking of Alicant wine I had presented him, giving tastes of it to several about him, and then sent for a full bottle, and drinking a cup, sent it to me saying, it began to sour so fast it would be spoiled before he could drink it, and I had none. This done he turned to sleep; the candles were popped out, and I groped my way out in the dark." Another time when Sir Thomas had gone to the King, full of indig-

nation against the Prince for stopping some presents which were on their way to him from Surat, and had said :

" The injury was such, and the charge and abuses of our liberty by the Prince's officers, that I desired redress, being no longer able to endure, it was answered, that which was past I must remit to his son ; I could procure nothing but good words. Azuf Khan smoothing on both sides, the good king fell to dispute of the laws of Moses, Christ, and Mahomed, and in his drink was so kind, that he turned to me and said, if I am a King you shall be welcome, Christians, Moors, and Jews ; he meddled not with their faith, they came all in love, and he would protect them from wrong ; they lived under his protection, and none should oppress them. This he often repeated, but being very drunk, fell to weeping and into divers passions, and so kept us till midnight."

The 1st of September 1616 being the King's birth-day, there was a great solemnity of weighing him. The scales were of beaten gold, ornamented with precious stones, " hung with silk ropes and chains of gold." The whole ceremony is most minutely described. The King after being weighed ascended the throne.

" Before him there were basins full of almonds, nuts, and all sorts of fruit artificially made of silver. He threw about a great part of them ; the greatest noblemen about him scrambled for them. I thought it not decent to do so ; and the King observing it, took up one of those basins almost full and poured it into my cloak. His courtiers had the impudence to thrust in their hands so greedily, that had I not prevented them, they had not left me one. I saved the value of ten or twelve crowns, and those would have filled a large dish. I keep them to shew the vanity of those people. I do not believe the King that day threw away much above the value of £100. After this solemnity the king spent all the night in drinking with his nobles ; I was invited, but desired to be excused, because there was no avoiding drinking, and their liquors are so hot they will burn a man's very bowels. I was then ill of a flux, and durst not venture such a debauch."

Though drunkenness was " a common vice and an exercise of the King's," as we are assured, it was yet strictly forbidden, and a curious story is told by Roe of the King having indulged one night in a drinking bout with his nobles and the Persian Ambassador. Next day he had forgot all about it, and when the matter was then idly spoken of, he asked who gave the order for the party, called for the list of persons who had drunk with the Ambassador, " and fined some one, some two, and some three thousand rupees : and some that were nearer his person he caused to be whipt before him, they receiving a hundred and thirty stripes with a terrible instrument having at the end of four cords irons like spur-rowels, so that every stroke made four wounds. When they lay for dead upon the ground he commanded the standers-by to spurn them, and after that, the porters to break their staves upon them. Thus most cruelly mangled and bruised, they were carried out ; one of them died on the spot." Such are specimens of the ordinary goings on at the Court of the so-called

“sovereign of the world !” Roe preferred so many complaints of the misdemeanours of officers in authority that he says they gained him

“The ill-will of all the men of note, who made this their own concern, as being the common cause. For they form all the governments in the Kingdom, when they exercise all manner of tyrannical exactions upon those under their jurisdiction, and will not suffer the knowledge of the wrongs they do to reach the King’s ear. They grind the people under their government to get money out of them, and are afraid the King should know it, and this made me be looked upon and hated in the Mogul’s Court as an informer.”

The shabby, almost beggarly, manner in which the embassy of Sir Thomas Roe was furnished, was a source of much annoyance to him, and if he had been a less wise and intelligent negotiator, would have caused a complete failure. But he so won the respect of the King and those around him by his dignified, yet courteous bearing, that the meanness of his equipage, and the paltry character of his presents, were in a great measure overlooked. Still the poverty of both was too apparent to be kept in the back ground, and they were not unfrequently remarked upon. He himself tells us, he was so ill-provided that he felt ashamed. “Five years’ allowance,” he says, “would not have provided me an indifferent suit answerable to others.” The king said to him :—“I own you as an Ambassador, your behaviour speaks you a man of quality, and yet I cannot understand why you are kept here with so little of grandeur.” “I am satisfied it is not your nor your prince’s fault, and I will make you sensible I value you more than those who sent you. Your presents have been inferior to those a merchant you have seen here has brought, which have gained him the affection of all men.”

Miserable as these presents were, they caused him an infinite deal of trouble in arranging their appropriation. At one time they would be seized by the Prince, who desired to have a first choice, and leave to pay what he thought fit. At another, the boxes would be opened and ransacked by the King before Sir Thomas had seen them, or his consent had been asked. On one of these occasions he was in high dudgeon, resolving not to put up with the liberty taken, and demanded an audience of the King to make his complaint. “He received me with much mean flattery,” he writes, “more unworthy him than even the action he had done. I suppose he did it to appease me, seeing by my countenance I was highly provoked.” After some altercations between them, and when the King had endeavoured to soothe and mollify him, the former pressed him to speak his mind, asking whether he was satisfied. “To this I replied, I was very well satisfied to see his injustice was so.” At this time the following scene occurred, one of the most amusing and characteristic narrated in the journal.

" Thus he proceeded asking about the rest, and caused a chest of pictures to be brought, which were taken out ; and there being among them one of a Venus leading a Satyr by the nose, he shewed it to all about him, bidding them to expound the signification of it, observing the Satyr's horns, the blackness of his skin, and other particulars. Every man spoke as he thought, but the king liked none of their expositions, yet reserved his own thoughts, and asked me what it meant, who told him it was only the painter's fancy, who often represented the fables writ by poets, which was all I could say of it. Then he put the same question to Mr. Terry my chaplain, who could give him no better satisfaction. Whereupon he said : Why do you bring me what you do not understand ? I replied, the minister did not concern himself with such things, and only came with them to look to them on the road. This I relate for the information of the Gentlemen of the East India Company, and of all that shall hereafter come in my place, and advise them for the future not to send into those parts things that may be liable to an ill-construction, for those people are very jealous. For though the king would not declare his opinion, yet by what he said I had ground to believe he thought that picture was made in derision of the people of Asia, whom he supposed to be represented by the Satyr as being of their complexion, and that Venus leading him by the nose denoted the great power the women in that country have over the men. He was satisfied I had never seen the picture, and therefore pressed no further for me to tell my opinion of it, but believed me to be really ignorant, as I pretended. Yet this suspicion remained in his mind, and without expressing any distaste he told me he accepted of the picture as a present from me. As for the saddle and other trifles, he said he would have them sent to his son, for whom they were fit, promising to write to him so effectually that I should not stand in need of any solicitor near him. After some more discourse about other trifles, he said I must needs help him to one of our large horses, to a brace of Irish greyhounds, dog and bitch, and other sorts of dogs, and all sorts of game ; which if I would procure him, he protested on the word of a Prince, he would gratify me, and grant me more privileges than I should think of asking. I answered I would order them to be put aboard the next ships, but could not answer they would outlive so tedious a voyage ; but in case they died, to convince him I had obeyed his commands, the skins and bones should be brought him. Upon this promise he bowed to me several times, laid his hand on his breast, and shewed me so much kindness, favour and familiarity, that all there present protested he had never done the like to any man. This was the reward I had, but he said further, he would make amends for the wrong he had done me, and send me home to my country loaded with favours worthy of a person of my rank."

Notwithstanding the mean equipments of the embassy, and the poverty of the presents, Roe's mission, through his own tact and management, was completely successful. He obtained redress for most of the Factor's grievances, and concluded a treaty with the Mogul Emperor, which embodied substantially all the privileges and advantages which the Company were anxious to obtain. Nor were these the only benefits of the mission. Sir Thomas Roe also favored the Company with valuable advice, founded on his experience of the country, with regard to the best means of improving, extending, and carrying on their trade with profit. His despatch addressed to the Company from Ajmir, shortly before the close of his mission, is distinguished for sagacity and excellent sense, and had his

views gained the consideration they deserved, the early career of the Factories would have been very different. To do the Company justice, they were by no means insensible to the importance of the services rendered by Roe; on the contrary, as Mr. Anderson informs us, they were so highly pleased, that when he returned to England they paid him the compliment of offering him an honorary seat in their Court of Committees, and more substantially rewarded him with a pension of two hundred pounds per annum. He afterwards obtained a seat in Parliament, where he supported the Company's interests. So late as 1643 his name appears in English history. He was then sent as Ambassador Extraordinary by Charles the First to the Emperor and Princes of Germany; and was the subject of unjust accusations, which were secretly submitted by the French Ambassador to the English Parliament.

The trade of the Company through the medium of their Factories, notwithstanding occasional heavy losses from shipwrecks, seizures, and other accidental causes, was on the whole successful, though the profits were in reality much below the popular estimate of them. The nominal 200 per cent on many of the ventures and speculations was found to be an enormous exaggeration, when the expense of voyages that lasted generally three years, and cargoes sold at a credit, extending to a period of two years, were taken into consideration. In addition to the articles of commerce indigenous to India, Tea about this time became an article of trade; but it was long before it became an important one. The Dutch preceded us in the tea trade, and introduced it to Europe; but the herb appears to have been an article of commerce between Surat and China at least thirty years before it became much known in England, where it was not introduced till 1650, and the East India Company's first order for its importation was issued to their earliest factory—that at Bantam—when the Factors there were instructed to send home 100 lbs. of the best tea they could procure. Coffee, too, was at that time equally unknown to Europeans; Roe on his outward voyage, during the stay of the fleet at Socotra, saw it, evidently for the first time, and described it without knowing it. “Mr. Broughton,” he says, “had for his dinner three hens with rice, and for drink water and cahu, *black liquor, drank as hot as could be endured.*” It seems to have been introduced into England about the same time as tea.

Through the energetic daring and courage of Captain Best, and the able diplomacy of Sir Thomas Roe, the Company had attained the object, on which, in imitation of the Portuguese and Dutch, they had set their hearts, as being essential to the safety and future success of their trade—the establishment of Factories at various places along the coast of Western India. Of these the principal was Surat.



The details of the daily life of the first Factors at Surat are exceedingly scanty, such records as may have existed having for the most part perished. Such as remain are meagre and lifeless, and only in the brief notices scattered through the personal narratives of Roe, Fryer, Hamilton and others, can any information be found, bearing on this curious and interesting branch of our subject. Nevertheless Mr Anderson has culled with great care and research from such materials as exist a series of brief but faithful sketches, which enable us to form distinct and lively notions of certain phases of the habits, manners, and customs of the early Factors. Amongst many coarse and evil practices characteristic of the rude condition of such a state of society, intemperance seems to have been the worst. It is often dwelt upon by more than one writer of the period. Roe speaks of it as gross and abounding. "The English at Surat," says he, "complained of ill-usage at this time, but their drunkenness and other exorbitances proceeding from it, were so great in that place, that it was rather wonderful they were suffered to live." For a writer who is generally temperate and measured in his statements these are strong words, but it is to be remembered that between Roe and the Surat Factors there was considerable jealousy, the former considering he did not receive the respect from them to which he was entitled, and the latter resenting the tone of superiority assumed by Roe in the little intercourse he held with them. Of the jealousies between them here is a sample; at the same time it must be confessed that in all their squabbles, Roe had generally the advantage in sense and reason.

"Nov. 2nd (1615), Steele and Jackman came to me with their pearls, and some other inconsiderable things they had brought ashore privately by my order. These men came with projects of water works to me, made to advance the sale of lead, which I did not approve of, for good reasons; but was satisfied they should make a trial, to please them; and bid them bring their workmen to Ahmedabad, where with the assistance of Mokrah Khan, the only man there that loves new inventions, I would offer their services to the King, and see what conditions he would propose; though I was of opinion it was labour and money lost. Steele, Kerridge, and others, are very fond of their notions, in so much that they do not pay me the respect they ought, and are every day at daggers-drawn with my parson. I have told Steele, his wife cannot live in this country, for she would draw many inconveniences on us, and therefore he must send her back into England."

Poor Mrs. Steele! This seems a harsh resolution, and unworthy of so gallant a knight; but no doubt he had his reasons, and though he does not take us into his confidence as to the 'inconveniences,' we will believe him to have been the best judge as to whether they existed.

Of the dress and manners of the period we have the following sketch:—

"Books and records enable us to catch but few glimpses of English manners at this early period. We may represent the Factory as a mercantile house of agency, in which the President or Chief was head partner. He and his junior partners, who were called Factors, lived under the same roof, each having his own private apartments; but all assembling for meals at a public table, maintained by the Company. They were also expected to meet at a certain hour every day for prayers. Such carriages and cattle as they possessed, were part of the common stock. Horses were expensive luxuries, used only by the Chief and some of his friends. Bullock Carts were in ordinary use. For space and furniture the English and Dutch houses excelled all others in the city. The President affected some style. When he went into the streets, he was followed by a long train of perrons, including some natives, armed with bows, arrows, swords, and shields. A banner or streamer was borne, and a saddle-horse led before him. His retainers were numerous; and as each only received three rupees *per mensem* for wages, the whole cost but little. There were also many slaves, whose clothing was white calico, and food rice with a little fish.

"The English had not yet properly adapted their mode of dress to the climate. The costume of the seventeenth century must have been found peculiarly cumbersome and oppressive in a tropical climate. Old prints represent Europeans in India with large hose, long waisted, 'peasecod-bellied' doublets, and short cloaks or mantles with standing collars. Then there were ruffs, which Stubbs says were 'of twelve, yea sixteen lengths a piece, set three or four times double'; and he adds that the ladies had a 'liquid matter, which they call starch, wherein the devil hath learned them to wash and dive their ruffs, which being dry will then stand stiff and indelible about their necks.' Breeches, too, were worn by gentlemen preposterously large, and their conical-crowned hats were of velvet, taffeta, or surcenet, ornamented with great bunches of feathers. Probably, however, this dress approved itself to Native taste better than ours. At least Fryer, when at Junar, flattered himself that Nizam Beg, the Governor of the Fort, admired both the splendour and novelty of his costume. Sir Thomas Roe and his suite, as we are informed, were all clothed in English dresses, only made as light and cool as possible. His attendants wore liveries of 'red taffata cloaks, guarded with green taffata,' and the Chaplain always appeared in a long black cassock.

"Society was of the free and jovial kind. There were no English ladies, and if the factors wished to enjoy the conversation of the gentler sex, they must resort to the Dutch Factory. We have an account of a wedding party there. The bride was an Armenian; the bridegroom a Dutchman. All the Europeans of the place were invited, and every lady came; so there were present one Portuguese and one Dutch matron, a young Maronite girl, and a native woman who was engaged to marry a Dutchman.

"The circumstances under which the Portuguese lady was brought there are so characteristic of the times, that they should be narrated. The king of Portugal was in the habit of giving a dowry every year to a few poor but well-born orphan girls, whom he sent to assist in colonizing the settlements of India. A ship which was conveying three of these maidens had been intercepted and seized by the Dutch, who immediately carried their prizes to Surat. A supply of ladies was naturally received with avidity in that time of dearth, and the most eminent of the merchants became candidates for their hands. Two were taken, we know not where; but Donna Lucia, the third, married a rich Dutchman, and was a guest at the wedding banquet. She seems to have been contented with her lot. The affection of her Protestant husband led him to tolerate her religion in private, although she was compelled to observe in public the forms of the Dutch Reformed Church.

"The reason why there were ladies in the Dutch, and not in the English Factory, was, that the Government of Holland encouraged the matrimonial desires of their Company's servants. At Java such as had wives and families could claim peculiar privileges; and on that account many came to Surat, merely that they might marry native women and take them to Batavia."

Our author gives us three portraits of the English in India at this period, which he informs us "would add but little ornament to a gallery of national characters." Probably not; but in so far as they were *characters* and illustrate their time, they deserve to be portrayed, and have a truer interest for us than many a stuffed respectability occupying a higher place. We may demur to their being taken as types of the period, and the society in which they lived; but they are genuine and curious portraits notwithstanding. The portrait in the foreground—that of Tom Coryat, "our English Fakir,"—is so amusingly illustrative of the life of an adventurer, of a somewhat rare class nowadays, that we must quote it here, and for the others refer our readers to the work itself.

"This eccentric man was born in 1577 at Odcomb in Somersetshire, and having early in life set his heart upon visiting foreign countries, he began with Europe. On his return he published a laughable account of his travels styled 'Coryate's Crudities.' Prefixed to the book were about forty copies of verses written in various languages, by the most witty persons of the day. Amongst other strange matters the author declares, that he had walked nineteen hundred and seventy-five miles in one pair of shoes, which he had occasion to mend but once. He is also said to have hung these shoes up in the church of his native village, as a donarium in token of gratitude for his safe return, a fact recorded by his biographer with sufficient gravity to shew, that he had an admiration both for old shoes and pedantry.

"Tom desired to know and to be known, so as to obtain contemporary and posthumous fame. Unrestrained by poverty, he again started with a determination of traversing Asia, limiting his expenses to two pence a day, which he expected to procure by begging. His designs were vaster than his actual labours; for he planned not only a journey through Tartary and China, but also a visit to 'the Court of Prester John, in Ethiopia.'

"It is not our business to trace minutely his wandering steps; but we will follow him hastily to the scene of our narrative. In 1612 he sailed from London to Constantinople; thence to Alexandria. After seeing enough of Cairo and the Pyramid, he explored all the venerated places of the Holy Land, and then passed with a caravan from Aleppo to the sites of ancient Nineveh and Babylon. Persia, Candahar, Lahore, and Agra—where he found an English factory—were all traversed by him. Mixing with the natives of the countries through which he passed, he acquired with facility a knowledge of many foreign languages. Some acquaintance he had with Turkish and Arabic; but in Persian and Hindustani his proficiency was considerable. At Agra he appeared before the Great Mogul, and pronounced an oration in florid Persian. The Mohammedan potentate was pleased to hear himself compared by Coryat to Solomon, and to be told that as the Queen of Sheba had heard of the Jewish monarch's fame, so the Englishman had heard of the Emperor's, and like her acknowledged, that what he saw far surpassed all that had been reported. The flatterer was rewarded with a hundred rupees, and thus enabled to prosecute his travels.

"Less remunerative, but more amusing and creditable to him as a linguist, was his next feat. Having joined Sir Thomas Roe's suite, he found amongst them a washerwoman, whose native language was Hindústání, and who was celebrated for being a fluent and pertinacious scold. One day, writes his companion, Tom 'undertook her in her own language, and by eight of the clock in the morning so silenced her, that she had not one word more to speak.'

"On another occasion he heard a Múlá uttering from the summit of a mosque his usual call to devotion. Suddenly all Coryat's religious fervour was awakened, and standing on an eminence opposite the Mussulman devotee, he cried out at the top of his voice, 'Láláh, alá, alá Hazrat Isá Banaláh !'—there is no God, but God, and Christ the Son of God ; adding moreover, that Mohammed was an impostor. With another Múlá he entered into argument, and after both the disputants had become very hot and very angry, Tom closed the controversy by asserting, that he himself was the orthodox Mussulman, or true, true believer, and the Múlá was the pseudo-Mussulman, or false true believer. Happily for himself he was considered a lunatic, and as, before the introduction of European reforms, such persons belonged in all Mussulman countries to a privileged class, and were allowed to do almost as they pleased, so Tom's insults were left unrevenged, and he could indulge his freaks without paying the penalty of a broken head.

"Inordinate vanity seems to have been the motive cause of all his eccentric acts. Great men must feel an interest in him, and the world must regard him as a distinguished traveller—this was his aim. What then was his delight to be told by Richard Steele, the merchant, that King James had inquired about him. The eager fop immediately wished to know all his Majesty's words, but alas, after hearing that Tom was well, all that the monarch said was, 'Is that fool yet living?' Equally mortified was he to discover, that in a letter which Sir Thomas Roe had written on his account to the Consul at Aleppo, he was styled 'an honest poor wretch.'

"Tom's vagaries were brought to an abrupt termination at Surat in December 1617. His health had for some time been failing when he arrived, and his death was hastened by an act of imprudence. Although ordinarily a temperate man, he could not resist the seductions of a little sack which he heard was to be had in the Factory. Forswearing for the time all 'thin potations,' he began to soliloquize upon good liquor. 'Sack sack,' exclaimed the thirsty wanderer, 'is there any such thing as sack? I pray you give me some sack.' The unusual draught was too much for his weak stomach. He was taken ill and died, as Fryer says, 'killed with kindness by the English merchants, who laid his rambling brains at rest.' He was buried on the shore near Swally, where there is a small hill at the left side of the road leading to Baroch."

The affairs of the Company, during what Mr. Anderson denominates the 'dark age,' from 1630 to 1660, were the reverse of prosperous. What between the hostility of the Dutch, their rivalry with the new association established by Sir W. Courten and others, to which a charter was granted by Charles the First, and the absorbing interest of the Civil Wars in England which caused an almost total neglect of Indian affairs, the Company's trade was nearly annihilated.\* Still they continued to go on, and, as regarded settlements, made unusual progress, having secured permission to build a Fort at Madras, in 1639, and shortly afterwards, Factories in Bengal. The government of Cromwell changed the aspect of affairs.

This greatest of England's Kings without the name, by the success of his arms at home, the victories of his fleets under the heroic Blake, and the vigour and energy of his rule, caused England to be respected and feared by every power in Europe. The Dutch, after the disastrous defeats of their fleets, were compelled to pay to the East India Company the sum of £85,000 as indemnification for the losses sustained by our various factories in India.

It was during the Protectorate that private adventurers or interlopers, as they are called, commenced trading to India, and prosecuted their undertaking with such activity and economy, that they were able to undersell the Company in the markets of England, and indeed of Europe, for almost all the articles of Indian produce. The trade at this time was virtually open, as the death of Charles the First was considered to have cancelled the charter. The success of the interlopers alarmed the Dutch Company greatly, their shares fell in value, and they were apprehensive of the monopoly they enjoyed passing away from their grasp. Similar fears haunted the English East India Company, and no effort was spared till they succeeded at length in obtaining a renewal of their charter from Cromwell, and of shutting private traders in a great measure out of the field. This charter was confirmed by Charles the Second, and vastly increased the authority with which the Company was invested. Still, not having been ratified by Parliament, it was considered defective, and not till after the Revolution, when Parliamentary sanction was given to it, did they succeed in putting down the trading speculations of private adventure. In the struggle between the two Companies prior to their amalgamation, doctrines approaching to something like those of free trade were broached, but the monopolist view was too powerful for the feeble spark, then struggling to blaze out. Roe, on the arrival of a Dutch fleet at Surat, having written to the Company, "I have done my best (with the Mogul) to disgrace them, but could not turn them out without further danger. Your comfort is, here are goods enough for both," Mr. Mill, the historian of India, very pertinently asks, "why then seek to turn them out?" No doubt Sir Thomas in his prudential advice on this occasion was not a little selfish as well as inconsistent: but we need hardly blame him for not seeing clearly the principles that were not admitted by wiser men, even two centuries later, with all their accumulated experience.

With the acquisition of Bombay a new era dawned on the East India Company and their Factors in Western India; but this prize, so greatly coveted at a previous period, was received with indifference at the time it was made over, and in fact the Company were entreated to accept it from the Crown.

The Island of Bombay came as a part of Catherine of Braganza's

marriage portion, when she was married to Charles the Second, who despatched a fleet of five ships, under the command of the Earl of Marlborough, to receive possession of it in his name from the Portuguese Governor. The Earl arrived at Bombay in September 1663, with Sir Abraham Shipman, who was to be appointed Governor, and a Portuguese viceroy to see that articles of cession were duly observed. The Portuguese on the Island, however, refused to deliver it up; various informalities were pleaded, and objections raised against the terms proposed. The English officers were obliged to submit to the indignity thus offered them, and in the roads at Swally to seek shelter for their ships and refreshments for their men. Here the President of the English Factory got alarmed, lest such a large and unusual force should arouse the fears and suspicions of the Governor of Surat, and bring down upon the Factory the wrath of the Mogul. He entreated them to re-embark as speedily as possible, which, to avoid suspicion, was accordingly done. Lord Marlborough returned to England in January 1664 with his ships, and Sir Abraham Shipman with the rest of the fleet sailed for Anjideva on the Malabar Coast, a desolate wretched island, without any recommendation but the possession of some good springs of water. Here the fleet passed the monsoon, and, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the situation and exposure to the weather, upwards of two hundred men perished. After the monsoon, the surviving troops again put to sea, and came round once more to Bombay. By this time the Portuguese had in some measure reconsidered their conduct, and probably not forgetful of the issue of former contests, and fearing to provoke the wrath of the English Government, they at length resigned the island to Humphrey Cook, who had succeeded to the command after the death of Shipman. The terms imposed by them were such as only distressed mariners would have accepted, and were not merely rejected in England, but also a demand was made on the Portuguese Government for satisfaction, and "for damages sustained in consequence of the island not having been delivered over according to the original agreement." Here we may appropriately introduce Mr. Anderson's description of Bombay, as it will, we think, give our readers a favorable impression of his powers.

"Where is there a site more calculated not only to strike the eye of a casual observer, but to grow in the estimation of a well-informed and scientific ~~tem~~dent, than Bombay? Two centuries ago its distinguishing features must have been the same as they are at present; for they could only be altered by the disturbances and revolutions of a geological era. The deep capacious harbour, with its channel so narrow, but safe for careful and well-trained pilots; the false harbour of Back Bay, offering to inexperienced mariners or threatening invaders a tempting and dangerous lure; the Eastern hills which rise in rugged and fantastical shapes one behind another, until at noonday they are lost in misty heat; their feet fringed with palm trees, their summits crowned with

primeval forests, or here and there with the ruins of ancient fortresses—all form a scene which promises strength and security to the inhabitants; and if it had but the exquisite associations of classic antiquity, or the decorations of Italian taste, might be thought by a lover of the picturesque to rival even the place where Virgil sleeps and the Siren sang—beautiful Parthenope.

“But although the outlines of the distant scenery are bold, the appearance of the island when approached from the sea is somewhat insignificant. Flat plains, in some places below the level of high-water mark, are slightly relieved by low ridges of trappean rock, the highest point of which is called Malabar Hill, and that does not exceed a hundred and eighty feet. The whole area of the island is about sixteen square miles. Its shape approaches a trapezoid, with its shorter side six miles parallel to the mainland. Between the two hilly ridges, which form these sides, there is a level plain, about two miles in width, now called the Flats. The greatest breadth of the island is little more than three miles. Malabar Point is the name of that extremity which, to the south, faces the open sea, and at the northern extremity are the Hill and Fort of Warli. The line which is parallel to the harbour and mainland has for its southern extremity the Light House and Burial ground of Colaba, and for its northern the tower called Riva Fort.”

To the early English settlers, however, Bombay by no means wore the attractive aspect painted above. The Bombay of their days must have been desolate enough.

“Large tracts of land which have since been recovered from the sea, were then overflowed. At high tides the waves flowed to the part called Umerkhádi and covered the present Bhendi Bazaar. Near where the temple of Mumbádev stands, a place still called Páydhuní, or “feet-washing,” marks where a small stream of salt water was formerly left by the receding tide, and where persons might wash their feet before entering Bombay. Where Kámátápúr is now, there was then sufficient depth of water for the passage of boats. In fact during one part of every day, only a group of islets was to be seen. According to Fryer, forty thousand acres of good land were thus submerged. The rest of the island seemed for the most part a barren rock, not being extensively wooded, as at present: but producing only some cocoa-palms, which covered the esplanade. The principal town was Mahim. On Dongari Hill, adjoining the harbour, there was a small collection of fishermen’s huts, and a few houses were seen interspersed amongst palm trees, where the Fort now stands. On various spots were built towers with small pieces of ordnance, as a protection against Málabár pirates, who had become peculiarly insolent, plundering villages, and either murdering the inhabitants, or carrying them into slavery. The English also found, but soon removed, a Government House, which was slightly fortified, defended by four brass guns, and surrounded by one of the most delightful gardens. Portuguese society was depraved and corrupt. The population did not exceed ten thousand.”

‘Alexander Hamilton says:—“It was a long while before the Island had people enough to fill a chapel that was in the Fort, for as fast as recruits came from Britain, they died in Bombay, which got the Island a bad name.” He calls the ground “sterile and not to be improved,” with but little good water and the air unhealthful, “chiefly imputed to their dunging their Coconut trees with buckshoe, a sort of small fishes which their sea abounds in. They being

laid to the root of the trees, putrify and cause a most unsavoury smell; and in the mornings there is generally seen a thick fog among those trees, that affects both the brains and lungs of Europeans, and breeds consumptions, fevers, and fluxes."

Cook, who was the first English Governor of Bombay, commenced fortifying the place as soon as it came into our hands. "In building the fort where it is," Hamilton very shrewdly observes, "Mr. Cook shewed his want of skill in architecture (we think, in many things besides architecture.) It is built on a point of rocks that jut into the sea, where are no springs of fresh water, and it stands within 800 paces of a hill called Dungeree, that overlooks it, and an enemy might much incommode it from that hill, as we found by experience in Anno 1689, when the Mogul sent an army on Bombay. Had it been built about 500 paces more to the Southward, on a more acute point of rocks, called Mendam's point, it had been much better on several accounts. First, it had been much nearer the road for protecting the shipping there, it had been farther off Dungeree Hill, it would have had a spring of pretty good water, which served the Hospital that was afterwards built there, and the shipping had been better secured that lay in the little bay between the point where the fort now stands, and Mendam's point."

During the brief period that Bombay was held by the Crown, its Government was found to be so troublesome and expensive, with little appearance of becoming profitable, that it was, in 1668, once more tendered to the Company, and this time accepted. The condition was, that it should not be sold or alienated to any person whatever, except such as were British subjects, and in receiving permission to legislate for their new possession, the Company were enjoined to do so in consonance with the law and practice of England "as near as may be."

Sir George Oxenden was the first Governor under the Company's rule, but he never resided for any length of time in Bombay. Under President Aungier, however, it became the established seat of the Company's rule, and all the rest of the factories on the western Coast, Surat included, were placed in subjection to it. After getting possession of Bombay, they proceeded to build small forts at various points of the Island, at Sewree, Mahim, Sion and Worlee, with guns mounted on each of them. The Company grumbled at expense, and were afraid, says Mr. Anderson, "to employ professional engineers as they would require large salaries, and they knew the speculations into which men of this description usually lead their employers."

It was at this time that the English first came into hostile collision with a native power of India. The crafty, but daring and energetic Mahratta plunderer, Sivajee, in his successful career of revolt from



the rule of the Mogul, ever hovering about with his followers, watching opportunities for the work of destruction, had spread abroad false reports of his intentions, and assembled an army in the neighbourhood of Callian under a pretence of attacking the Portuguese at Basséin, or making an effort to reduce the Siddli, but in reality entertaining designs against Surat. Giving out that he was visiting a temple near Nasik, he suddenly proceeded northward, made a rapid march, with four thousand horse surprised and attacked Surat, which having plundered coolly and systematically for six days, he quietly walked off with his booty to the Fort of Raigurh. Great as the plunder was, it would have been much greater, had not the English manfully assisted in the defence of the place, and in saving the property of the citizens. So pleased was Aurangzeeb with the gallant defence made by them, that he granted to them perpetual exemption from a portion of the customs exacted from the traders of other nations. Sivajee remained outside whilst his Mahrattas were sacking the town, and as Mr. Grant Duff in his History writes, "a person named Smith, an Englishman, who was taken prisoner, represented him seated in a tent ordering heads and hands to be chopped off, in cases where persons were supposed to be concealing their wealth."

The affairs of the Company in Western India from 1662 to 1682, seem to have been on the whole carefully and judiciously managed. The leading persons of this period were Sir George Oxenden and Gerald Aungier, both exemplary characters, who left excellent reputations behind them. At a period of an almost universal corruption of manners at home and abroad, they were distinguished for the purity of their lives and the integrity of their conduct. Oxenden's career was passed mainly at Surat, where he seems to have been greatly respected and esteemed, not merely by the English, but also the French, Dutch, and Native merchants; so that at his death in 1669, the expression of regret was general throughout the entire community not of Surat only, but also of Bombay. Oxenden seems an especial favorite of our author, and in such a dreary dearth of *men*, we can well sympathize with his fond enlargement on examples of his goodness; but we demur to the epithet of great which he applies to him. His career exhibits nothing on ~~the~~ a score of ability, beyond what was of an average and commonplace character. Aungier we take to have been a much abler man. When he came to Bombay he found things in sad confusion, and by his tact, judgment, and aptitude for business, did much to establish method and order. Hamilton writes of him, that "he is much revered by the ancient people of Surat and Bombay to this day. His justice and dexterity in managing affairs got him such esteem, that the natives of those places made him the common arbitrator of their

differences in points of traffic, nor was it ever known that any party receded from his award."

In 1684 much dissatisfaction was caused by the injudicious conduct of the Company in attempting to cut down the expenses of the Government by reducing the pay and allowances of their Civil and Military servants, wretchedly inadequate as they were at the best.

The Military establishment was to be reduced to two Lieutenants, two Ensigns, four Serjeants, four Corporals, and a hundred and eighty privates. Keigwin, who had commanded a troop of horse, which had been disbanded, was dismissed the service. He went to England, and returned again with the rank of Captain Lieutenant, and third in Council—the highest position to which for the future any military officer was capable of rising. His appointment to Council was revoked the following year, and his pay reduced to six shillings a day. Disgusted with the treatment he had received, and being in command of the garrison, and receiving promises of support from sundry officers under him, he raised the standard of rebellion. He was joined by all the troops and inhabitants, and being by them chosen Governor, held the reins with a strong hand, and successfully maintained order.

A force was sent out from England under Sir Thomas Grantham to put down the rebellion. Keigwin having received promise of a free pardon for himself and adherents, took his departure for England again, where he arrived in July 1685. Thorburn, his chief associate, being a married man with a family, and having a small estate on the island, felt compelled to remain, believing that protection was secured for himself and his property. How faith was observed with him, may be seen from the sequel of the story as recorded by Mr. Anderson, who throws doubt on the authorities he follows, regarding the conduct of Child in the matter, without, as it seems to us, being able to shew that their account is untrue or even exaggerated.

"It is true that accounts differ as to the manner in which the terms of surrender were observed; but if it should be shewn that they were infringed, an imputation could not be cast upon the English Government, nor—save indirectly—upon the Company, but only upon their President. Writers, who were favourable to the Company, simply state that they acted in good faith; their opponents accuse their servants of treachery, but with such obvious malice that we suspect their veracity. Fletcher, who had joined the rebels, but whose conduct was, in other respects, unblemished, retained the command of his company. But Thorburn is said to have fallen a victim to Sir John Child's malignity, and there is every reason to believe that he was treated with singular harshness. It is possible that he was justly committed to prison, in consequence of his inability to satisfy the demands of his creditors; but when there, we are told, not a slave was permitted to attend upon him, nor his own wife to visit him. Hard treatment brought on a fever, and his life was in danger. The jailor conveyed this mournful intelligence to his wife, who hastened, together with her two small children, to the General's presence, and

entreated that her husband might be provided with a medical attendant. The boon was denied, but she was permitted to share his sufferings. She soothed his pain one day and part of a night, after which he breathed his last. Shuddering humanity turns with distrust from the remainder of the narrative, and therefore we abridge it. On returning home she found the doors of her own house closed against her, and was obliged to take up her abode with her slaves and children in a small outhouse. Her relatives ventured to give her succour only at night, and by stealth. The widow of Thorburn was a proscribed out-cast, till her beauty and sufferings attracted the love and compassion of an officer who commanded an East Indiaman, and imagined that he was independent of Sir John Child. He wedded her, and also her misfortunes. At the General's request he was deprived of his appointment. Grief soon put an end to his troubles and his life. The lady was again left a widow, with a thousand pounds of East India stock for the support of herself and family."

Of all the Englishmen who had authority in Western India at this early period of our connexion with it, Oxenden and Aungier may be considered to have been the best, and to have supported most honourably the national character. Sir John Child was certainly the worst, and brought most dishonour on the English name. As he had more power than any previous ruler, so he made an infinitely worse use of it, and, during the period he was at the head of affairs, more disgrace and disaster attended them than at any other period of our early history.

Mr. Anderson tells us, he does not see any ground "for accusing Sir John Child of that selfishness and speculation to which many of the Company's servants indulged to their lasting disgrace; not that he neglected his own interests, only he identified them with the Company's! He was a deceiver and oppressor for their sakes. His system of administration was essentially dishonest." Surely in making such admissions, the worst that has been written against Child is shewn to be substantially correct. If a man's system of administration be essentially dishonest, it rather puzzles us to see how he can be free from the selfishness and speculation that were the lasting disgrace of others. The principal authority against Child is Captain Alexander Hamilton, who was an eye-witness of much of what he states on the subject, and in his "New account of the East Indies," by far the ablest personal narrative we possess, gives an account of the doings of the English in the Eastern seas at the close of the 17th and early part of the 18th centuries. He was not in all respects a disinterested witness, being one of the private and independent traders, who in those days gave so much trouble to the Company, and were usually denominated interlopers; but his narrative bears the impress of truthfulness, as well as proves him to have been a person of much experience and great intelligence. It is written in a clear, lively, off hand manner, and abounds in pictures of Native manners and customs; describing not merely the inhabitants of Western India, but of Siam, China, and Japan. Moreover, interesting accounts of the Eu-

ropeans—English, Dutch and Portuguese—with whom his roving adventurous life brought him into contact in various parts of the East, are interspersed here and there. Mr. Anderson seems to us to deal but hard measure to Hamilton on more than one occasion, while quoting his authority, and cautions his readers against an implicit belief in his statements. Doubtless, he may at times write strongly and even somewhat partially, but we confess that his testimony, in all transactions where he had an opportunity of observing for himself, appears more consistent and truthful than the statements made by the servants of the Company to their masters, in defence of themselves.

At this time the East India Company was presided over at home by Sir Josiah Child, a man of great acuteness, ability, and experience in commercial affairs, and who was reckoned the ablest writer of the day on such subjects. In 1681, at a time when the Company was much assailed by private traders and adventurers who had now greatly increased, Child published anonymously an apologetic pamphlet in defence of the Company, in which he endeavoured to demonstrate, that “the East India trade is the most national of Foreign Trades,” and that it could only be carried on suitably, and with benefit to the nation at large, by an Association like the Company with large means at its disposal. On Child’s own showing, however, the trade was not by any means profitable to the Company, considering the large capital then embarked in it; and, as regards its advantage to the public, the interlopers were able to undersell them in every article of East India produce which was imported into the market. Nothing but the wholesale bribery and corruption brought to bear on the Government, and individual members of Parliament by the Company, could, even in those days, have blinded public men to the injurious character of their monopoly, or have induced Parliament to renew exclusive privileges which, as was clearly seen, did not confer the slightest advantages on the nation.

Child conceived the notion of acquiring territory and political power in India as a means of advancing the Company’s interests. As he had vast influence amongst the proprietors, who numbered upwards of five hundred, he had little difficulty in carrying out his designs, and in his brother Sir John, he found a fit tool for executing them in India. Sir John Child was made a Baronet, it is said, through the powerful motive of money paid by the Company to the King. He at the same time got the commission of General, “which puffed him up so,” says Hamilton, “that he contemned all laws human and divine.”

The Company owned some 36 Ships, averaging from 100 to 800 tons burden, and being necessitated to employ them, yet devoid of means to freight them, the factors were instructed to borrow on the

Company's credit from native merchants, and lade as many ships home as possible. Such as could not be sent home, were to be employed in India.

Mr. Anderson mentions, that the Company owed debts to Natives of Surat, amounting to upwards of £281,250, and that it had become inconvenient to discharge even the interest of this amount. Hamilton saw, as he affirms, a letter from the Governor of the Company in England, intimating that "when they had got as much credit from the Mogul's subjects as they could, they would pick quarrels with the creditors, and put a general stop to their trade"—a suggestion which Sir John Child was not loath to follow. He therefore made an elaborate statement of grievances in thirty five separate articles which were placed in the hands of the Mogul Governor of Surat, accompanied by a demand for redress and satisfaction.

The alleged grievances set forth in this precious document, which Hamilton gives at full length, were mostly of a visionary and fanciful character, and many of them perfectly preposterous. They however suited Child's purpose as effectually as if they were real. Without declaring war against the Mogul, he commenced seizing and plundering all his ships that came in his way. A fleet carrying corn to the Mogul army fourteen leagues southward of Bombay, he seized on his way from Surat, and brought into Bombay harbour against the advice of his Council; and when the Siddi or Mogul admiral civilly requested that it should be delivered up, protesting at the same time that as he had not interfered with the quarrels at Surat, so he would continue neutral, Child returned an insolent answer. A second application being treated in the same manner, the Siddi landed at Sewree on the night of the 14th February 1689 with 20,000 men, marched to Mazagon, took the fort with all its ammunition and treasure (said to have been about £10,000), hoisted his flag there, and made it his head quarters. Bombay was now entirely at his mercy. Child had neglected every precaution in the way of requisite defence, and, with the exception of the castle and about half a mile to the southward of it, the Siddi was master of the whole Island. Hamilton, who was in Bombay at this time, and describes in his usual lively and graphic way what took place, says, "all men were then prest into the Company's service, I amongst the rest." The months from April to September passed with them badly, for provisions grew scarce by the addition of '3000 Sivajees,' (as Hamilton has it) employed as auxiliaries. "When the winter months were over at September, we went to sea with our small ships to cruize on the Mogul's subjects, and had pretty good success. I was employed in that service, and had the command of a small privateer of seven or eight tons with twenty fighting men,

and sixteen rowers. In three months I brought nine prizes to Bombay, laden mostly with provisions and clothes for the enemies' army now increased to 40,000 men—but we were not allowed any plunder—we were rather plundered ourselves, for when we brought all our prizes in, our chests were severely searched, and if we had saved any of our pay, it was seized for the Company's use, as money we had found in the prizes, which made us careless in pursuing the enemy at sea. Except when hunger pinched, we never looked out for prizes; by which indifference of our's many of the enemy escaped that we could have taken."

The ill success they had with the enemy made Child 'sick.' He despatched two envoys to Aurangzeeb to sue for peace, but they were received coldly by the Emperor. By bribing the officers at the Mogul Court, they were admitted to an audience, after a new fashion for ambassadors, with their hands tied by a sash before them; and thus they prostrated themselves at his feet. After a reprimand to the envoys, he consented to grant a peace, and to withdraw the army of the Siddi from Bombay, on condition that the moneys owing to his subjects should be paid, recompense made for the Mogul losses, and that Child should leave India in nine months, and not return. Such was the result of the first attempt on the part of the Company to acquire power and territory by the force of arms. Sir John Child died the following year, in the midst of his failures and humiliations, and while the negotiations with the Emperor were still pending.

Vaux, who succeeded Sir John Child in the Government of Bombay, had been a bookkeeper to Sir Josiah Child in England, and when the former succeeded to office, the latter addressed a letter of admonition to him, describing the manner in which he should conduct himself in his government, and that he (Child) "expected his orders from time to time should be observed and obeyed as statute laws." Vaux, gratefully acknowledging Sir Josiah's past favors, promised to acquit himself with integrity, and added that "the laws of his country should be the rule he designed to walk by." Sir Josiah's answer is curious and characteristic of the man in many ways. He told Vaux, "he expected his orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England, which were a heap of nonsense, compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen who hardly knew how to make good laws for the good of their own private families, much less for the regulating of Companies and foreign commerce!" Hamilton, on whose authority this notable statement is given, says—"I am the more particular in this account, because I saw and copied both those letters in 1696, when Mr. Vaux and I were prisoners at Surat, on account of Captain Evory's robbing the Mogul's great ship called the Gunseray."

Towards the close of the 17th century, the rivalry, jealousy, and mutual hatred that subsisted between the old Company and the new Association to which a charter had been granted, began to subside. Both were alike inimical to anything approaching to freedom of trade, and they found that their common interest could only be effectually secured by an amalgamation. Accordingly, hostilities were abandoned, differences reconciled and adjusted, and in 1702 the two Companies were united under the designation of the *United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies*. The sanction of Parliament to the junction was readily obtained, the Company engaging to advance to Government £200,000 without interest. The Company remained, till its trading functions ceased in 1833, upon the footing which was now established.

At the close of the 17th century changes had come over the manners and habits of the English in India. Drunkenness and other gross vices appear to have increased greatly; but these may be traced to the demoralized state of the nation at home in the times succeeding the Restoration, when society was utterly corrupted and debased by a despotic and tyrannical Government. When the fountain head was poisoned, so that there was a general profligacy of manners running through all ranks from the highest to the lowest, it was not to be supposed that there would be greater purity of life, or regularity of conduct amongst our countrymen living at remote corners of the earth, where the influences of Christian, civilized life, were rarely brought to bear upon them. Here are a few gleanings illustrative of the state of things at the Factories of Surat and Bombay at the period referred to; and first of Surat.

"All Europeans dined at the public table, where they took their places according to seniority. The dinner service was sumptuous—all the dishes, plates, and drinking cups, being of massive and pure silver—and the provisions were of the best quality. Arak and wine from Shiraz were ordinarily drunk at table. There were an English, a Portuguese, and an Indian cook, so that every palate might be suited. Before and after meals a peon attended with a silver basin and ewer, which he offered to each person at table that he might pour water over his hands. On Sundays and a few other days high festival was kept. The choicest of European and Persian wines were then introduced.

"On these festivals the Factors often accompanied the President, at his invitation, to a garden which was kept for recreation and amusement. At such times they formed a procession. The President and his lady were borne in palanquins. Before him were carried two large banners, and gaily caparisoned horses of Arabian or Persian breed were led, their saddles being of richly embroidered velvet; their head-stalls, reins, and cruppers mounted with solid and wrought silver. The Council followed in coaches drawn by oxen, and the other Factors in country carts or on horses kept at the Company's expense.

"There was a singular combination of pride and meanness displayed in the Factors' mode of life. None of them—not even the Chaplain—moved out of the walls of the city without being attended by four or five peons. At the Hindu feast of the Diválí, Banyás always offered presents to the President,

Members of Council, Chaplain, Surgeon and others. To the young Factors these gifts were of great importance, as by selling them again, they were enabled to procure their annual supply of new clothes."

**As regards Bombay—**

"When Sir John Gayer arrived in 1694, he found the Government and trade in a most depressed condition. The revenues had fallen from sixty-two thousand five hundred to seventeen thousand xeraphims, chiefly because the palm trees, from which a large portion was derived, had been neglected. The Garrison included sepoy, and only a hundred English, Dutch, and French soldiers, who could scarcely overawe the inhabitants, exasperated as they were by the harsh treatment which some of their countrymen had received from English pirates. The Court supposed that they could fill up the ranks with Armenians, and 'Madagascar blacks,' but found that such were not to be had. All Gayer's efforts to keep the garrison in an efficient state were futile. He increased it, but was soon compelled from lack of funds to disband three hundred and forty Gentoos, and sixty Christians, so that the native troops were reduced to seven Subedars and four hundred rank and file. In 1697 they had no more than twenty-seven European soldiers.

"At the same time trade was oppressed with such heavy burdens that it could scarcely advance at all. For all goods exported from Bombay to the Mogul's dominions the Company themselves charged five per cent; a further duty of eight per cent was then demanded by the Portuguese at Thána, and arbitrary exactions were made by the Mogul Governor at Kalyán.

"The climate, instead of improving, grew more pestilential. Year by year the tragic story of disease and death is of heightening interest. The sword also had done its work, and so much were the constitutions of Europeans undermined by the deleterious air, that slight wounds were healed with difficulty, and severe wounds were usually mortal. The number diminished with a rapidity truly alarming. Of seven or eight hundred Europeans who inhabited Bombay before the war, not more than sixty were left. There were but three civilians to carry on the Company's business, and it became necessary to close the Court of Admiralty and Common Law. Children suffered equally with those who had reached maturity. Not one child in twenty survived the days of infancy. One of the pleasantest spots in India seemed no more than a garish graveyard. Such as remained in it murmured against their hard fate, and against the Company who would not listen to their request for permission to escape.

"We may glean a little here and there regarding the manners of the English in this generation. Their diet appears at present in some respects singular even to their countrymen. Tea was drank in great quantities. Amongst the Dutch the tea pot, we are told, was seldom off the fire. The English do not seem to have usually taken it with sugar and milk, although sugar candy was occasionally dissolved in it. 'But it was more frequently drunk with hot spices, or 'by the more curious with small conserved lemons.' Khichari, a mixture of rice and split pulse, was an ordinary article of food. In consequence of the scarcity of flesh meat, European sailors were required to fast one or two days in the week, just as good Churchmen were in England by the writers of the Homilies, in order that the fisheries might not be ruined. On these days hungry tars were only permitted to eat khichari; so, because they then conformed to the habits of Hindús, they called them 'Banian days.'

"Liquor made in the country was drank by all classes of Englishmen. Sometimes they were contented with arrak manufactured at Surat or Bombay; but the best was brought from Goa or Bengal. The strongest sort was called



by Englishmen 'Jugre' (jāgrī), and was, I suppose, a liquor distilled like rum, from molasses. It was taken in drams and heated, or made lukewarm by a hot iron or wedge of gold dropped into it. A fondness for intoxicating spirits was carried even by superior minds to an astonishing degree of coarseness. Fryer, a man of excellent education as he was, could not attend the banquet of a Mussulman officer, without having the bad taste to draw a flask out of his pocket, and qualify his sherbet with the more potent draught to which he was accustomed. This he tells, us himself with an evident conviction that he had been knowing and clever.

'As regards the military at this period, the Company had not been taught by bitter experience to treat them with liberality, and consequently they found that they themselves were treated by them with little respect. Their vexatious regulations infused a spirit of insubordination into the minds of all the troops, from the highest officer to the private soldier. Captain Carr, indeed, did not hesitate to insult the Deputy Governor in his Council Chamber. Unsummoned he appeared before his Honor to demand an inquiry into his conduct. He was told that he had not been sent for; but, as he had come of his own accord, he would perhaps be so good as explain why he had not appeared on parade for two mornings. 'I had business,' was his laconic answer. The Deputy Governor mildly suggested that his business could not have been very urgent, and that it really appeared as if the Captain was not anxious to perform his duty. Upon that Carr began to swear 'good mouth-filling oaths' at his Honor, and when threatened with punishment by him, shook his fist in the Deputy's face. The affair was terminated by the Captain being placed under arrest, and confined to his own quarters. Such an example thus set by an officer was, as might be expected, imitated by private soldiers, and at last all fell into such a disorganized state that the Governor could not find a man whom he would venture to make a Serjeant or Corporal.

"The Company professed especial care for the religious instruction of their servants, and sent out strict orders that the Lord's Day should be observed, and prayers regularly offered. They also enclosed a form of special prayer, which taught their servants to implore in the first place the Divine favour for their honorable masters, and in the second place their honorable masters' favour for themselves. The main objects of the prayer were such temporal blessings as are included in the promises made to the Patriarchs under the old dispensation. There was also a significant and suggestive allusion to the Factors' honesty, virtue, and general behaviour as Christians. Divine Service was held twice every day at Bombay, and all the Factors were required to be present. A room was set apart for the purpose, but there was neither Church nor Chapel."

In contrast to the above, it may interest our readers to see a picture of Anglo Indian Society in Western India at a period seventy years subsequent to that under review, and of a far different character, as given by James Forbes in his instructive and delightful volumes of "Oriental Memoirs."

"I never visited Bengal or Madras, but I have been at all the settlements subordinate to Bombay, from Ahmedabad to Anjengo; and I can assert, that the character of the English in India is an honour to their country; in private life, they are generous, kind, and hospitable; in their public situations, when called forth to arduous enterprise, they conduct themselves with skill and magnanimity: and, whether presiding at the helm of the political and commercial department, or spreading the glory of the British arms, with courage,

moderation, and clemency, the annals of Hindostan will transmit to future ages names dear to fame, and deserving the applause of Europe.

"I have not the smallest intention of praising the Anglo-Indians at the expense of my countrymen at home : the seeds of philanthropy and benevolence, which everywhere adorn the English character, impregnated in their native soil, flourish vigorously when transplanted in a foreign country, where fortunes are generally more easily obtained than in Europe : where a distressed individual, separated from parents, friends, and every natural source of redress, seems to have a double claim upon the compassion of his more fortunate comrades ; and where an annual increase of wealth admits of more unrestrained bounty than a limited income. During my abode in India, there were no arts or science to patronize ; no literary or charitable institutions to support ; and neither hospitals nor infirmaries to call forth private benevolence ; the Company provide for the Europeans, and the natives in general take care of their own poor : the chief expenses of the English are therefore confined to convivial pleasures, and domestic arrangements : whereas in Britain's favoured isle, how abundant are the channels for an ample fortune ; and how numerous the worthies who appropriate a very considerable portion of their income to relieve the distresses of their fellow creatures !"

Whilst on the subject of Forbes and his Memoirs, we must indulge in one more extract, giving a picture of the life of the Young Bombay Civilian nearly a hundred years ago, which we think will interest those of the same class of the present day who happen to be unacquainted with it. He is referring to a pathetic petition which himself and sixteen other Civilians addressed to the Court of Directors praying for an addition to their salary, which at that time hardly exceeded £60 per annum !

"I am sorry to observe, that although the preceding letter was strongly recommended by the Governor and Council of Bombay to the Court of Directors, they took no notice of it at home, nor did we obtain any redress. At that time I can safely affirm, I lived in the most sparing manner, a Writer's income altogether not exceeding sixty five pounds per annum. I never drank wine at my own table, and often went supperless to bed when the day closed, because I could not afford either supper or candle ; as the dinner hour was one o'clock, and a writer's age generally between sixteen and twenty-one, the abstinence was not occasioned by a want of appetite. During the bright moonlight evenings, I indulged myself in reading on the flat roof of the Writer's apartments at the bunder, where, through the medium of a cloudless atmosphere, I could peruse the smallest edition of Shakespeare without inconvenience."

Civilians live now in happier times, when neither their love for Shakespeare nor any other author is put to the same painful test.

Mr. Anderson's volume contains incidentally much curious information of the early history and settlements of the Dutch and Portuguese on the coast of Western India, subjects that do not come within the scope of our present paper, but which are interesting and important in themselves, and well deserving consideration at our hands on some future occasion.

Here we must now bring our gossip to a close, for we have already exhausted our space,—and probably the patience of such of our readers as have been indulgent enough to follow us thus far—without having by any means exhausted the subject. Other opportunities may hereafter occur to make some fresh gleanings amongst old memoirs, and forgotten records of ancient travel, which abound in interesting sketches of life and manners, and, illustrating as they do a condition of society that has passed away, claim to be rescued from that “time which antiquates antiquities, and hath an art to make dust of all things.”\*

#### ART. VI.—THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD METCALFE.

*The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, late Governor General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor of Canada ; from unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by himself, his family and his friends. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, Author of the History of the War in Afghanistan. 2 vols. Bentley.*

THIS is another contribution to Anglo-Indian literature by one who has deserved well of the Anglo-Indian public. Mr. Kaye by his acknowledged works, and by writings which are generally understood to be his, has added largely to the common stock of knowledge of India, and has eminently succeeded in imparting to the Indian services a taste for literary and historical research. His name, within the last few years, has been on the title page of so many volumes, that we contemplated the dimensions of the present work with some dread. Remembering the life of another Governor General, we had apprehensions of large sheaves of family papers bound up with wisps of indiscriminate laudation. But it gives us pleasure to recommend, as we can with a pure conscience, this work to our readers. Mr. Kaye writes with clearness and care; he tells his story well, and while always preserving a manly elevation of tone, appears to have a wholesome dread of fine writing. The selection from the correspondence

\* Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydrotaphia*.

has been made with judgment, and altogether the work may be pronounced an adequate record of a life which deserved to be written.

The claims of Charles Metcalfe to admission into the Valhala of Indian worthies will not be denied. His life does not display the startling incidents which mark the career of men irregularly great, of the Clive and the Hastings of our earlier Indian rule. He belonged to a purer class and a less adventurous period. But that story cannot be without instruction which depicts the man who landed on these shores a boy of fifteen years, successively ruled the three greatest dependencies of the British Crown, and upon whose tomb it was written with severe truth by an immortal pen, that he was "a statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all."

Charles Theophilus Metcalfe, the second son of Major Metcalfe of the Bengal Army, was born in Calcutta in 1785. His father held a lucrative Staff appointment, and retiring in 1787 from India with an ample fortune, commenced that career of decorous utility which alone can be achieved by those who enter on a public life in England in their ninth lustre. He was elected an East Indian Director, was returned for Abingdon, became one of those safe practical members whom Pitt placed in his *precordia*, and was in 1802 created a Baronet.

Charles commenced his Latin Grammar under the ferule of Mr. Tait of Bromley, "a gentleman with an Indian connexion," and in January 1796 was removed to Eton, the nursing mother of so many Governor Generals and Governors. His tutor was the excellent Goodall, subsequently head master and provost, with whom in after years he maintained an affectionate correspondence. Mr. Kaye has given us a clear sketch of his Etonian life. It appears that he was neither distinguished in the "playing fields," nor on the water, but was very studious. In after life he often said that all his acquaintance with books was obtained at Eton, and his journal certainly displays a remarkable round of reading for a boy of fifteen. It is curious to observe how his taste turned towards controversy. In the course of the month of March 1800, he appears to have plunged into the Rowley Poems' discussion, into the Iron Mask discussion, and into Gibbon's contest with Warburton on the Sixth Book of Virgil. In addition to the usual routine of Latin and Greek, he attacked French and Italian, and the influence of one of his favourite authors, Rousseau, may we think be clearly traced in some parts of his correspondence.

His long public life was soon to commence. His father destined his two sons for the East, the elder for China, and Charles for India. Both were reluctant, but the old Director was inexorable. He gave them their fling in Portland Place for a few months, and then ship-

ped them off. Charles sailed on the 14th of June 1800, spent a few pleasant days at St Helena, and anchored off Kedgerie on the first day of the present century.

The commencement of his career presented the usual incidents of Civil "freshmanship." He entered the service with a prospect peculiarly bright. He was born in the purple, a Shazadah, a fact which, while it can never raise a feeble man to responsible posts, cannot be regarded as a disadvantage to a young man of ability. But better than this, he was an Etonian, a circumstance never lost upon a Governor General, whose attachment to the scene of early triumphs was continued through a long and brilliant career, even to an old age "*nec turpem nec citharâ carentem*," and was not the least pleasing trait in a character which possessed many just claims to admiration. And perhaps, greatest advantage of all, he was the first alumnus of the College of Fort William—an institution regarded by Lord Wellesley to his latest day with a *στροφή* which was not exempt from the usual defects of parental solitudes.

Mr. Kaye seems inclined to think that an apology is necessary for some antipathies evinced by Metcalfe in his early Indian life. The future Governor disliked the country, and regarded the study of Hindoostani and Persian with aversion. Instances of similar failings among young men of merit are so common, that an apology was not required. In Metcalfe's case such feelings were perfectly natural. Most of those who enter the Indian services know that an honorable provision has been secured, and that no other path is open to them. But with Metcalfe it was different; he considered that his father might easily obtain for him some appointment in a public office at home, and probably long entertained the hope that such a field was reserved for his ambition. His aversion from Hindoostan was merely the daintiness of a boy fond of reading and preferring Gibbon and Pope's Homer, to the exquisite nonsense about King Vikramjit. It did not prevent him from acquitting himself creditably at the College examinations.

The *Gazette* of the 3rd December 1801 announced his first appointment—"Assistant to the Embassy to the Arab States." This was changed at his own request on the 29th of the same month, when he appeared as Assistant to the Resident at Sindia's Court. He left Calcutta early in 1802, and was permitted to join the Camp of Lord Wellesley, then on his celebrated progress to Oude. In a very good letter to his friend Sherer, Metcalfe enthusiastically describes the pageant in which the Viceroy of India, among whose claims to greatness a severe simplicity could not be numbered, met the Wuzcer of the Great Mogul. The Indian reader will not however take much interest in the painted streets and houses lined

with silk, the escort of four Regiments, and the Governor General distributing largesses with a monarch's hand. But he will scarcely restrain a smile when he reads, that "the Nabob and the Lord grew so attached to each other, that the Nabob declared, that he could not exist unless he always dined and breakfasted in company with the Lord." If any of our readers will refer to that most caustic chapter of Mill's caustic History, the ninth of the Sixth Book, he will there see how ardent must have been the admiration of the Nawaab, and how warmly he reciprocated the attachment of the noble Lord—an attachment which extended to one half of the Oude principality. Metcalfe says, that the spectacle surpassed "all the processions of which he had ever read, that the triumph of Aurelian when he led Zenobia and Tetricus captives was completely beggared by it." It may have been; and certainly the position of the warrior Queen was an ovation, when compared with the position of the unfortunate Nawab, whose fervent prayer had been, and was again, that he might be permitted to make a pilgrimage, or resign his functions, or do any thing rather than endure the humiliation heaped upon him by the friend out of whose company he professed he could not break bread.

Of Metcalfe's long march to Oojein where Sindia then held his court, Mr. Kaye has given an interesting account. But the youth had not been many months at the Residency before he retraced his steps. The Resident, Col. Collins, an officer of great ability, was unfortunately one of those cold, hard, imperious men, excellent in all the relations of life, who elicit from those around them a respectful detestation. King Collins was his nick name, and he was determined, that his kingdom should be a despotism. No one was more ill fitted for serfdom than his new assistant. That Charles Metcalfe, the aspiring, the fond of argument, the noticed of the Most Noble the Governor General, should be told to read more and talk less—and Mr. Kaye hints that something to this effect occurred—was sufficient. "To say the best of him," writes Charles to Sherer, "he is a man whom one ought immediately to quit." Accordingly, Collins was quitted.

On his return to Calcutta, Metcalfe entered the Chief Secretary's Office as an assistant. His duties were probably of a mere routine order, and he had considerable leisure, of which he made an excellent use. Amidst many more brilliant gifts, he eminently possessed capacity for labour. We believe that the world is now pretty well agreed that this is a talent, and it is certainly one without which great success will never be achieved in India. The days were approaching when public care would demand all his time and all his thoughts. But at the present moment books afforded the aliment necessary for his youthful energy. Hallam's scornful reproach of "the languid students of the present day" was not applicable to

him. He read laboriously, like his favorite Gibbon, pen in hand. Nor should we omit to mention, that besides the note book he practised the severe discipline of the Common-place Book. From this Mr. Kaye has given us some copious extracts. These, as the reflections of a boy of eighteen, have little intrinsic value, but they shew that he was accustomed to observe the operations of his own mind, a habit probably derived from Rousseau, and we have not the slightest doubt that their preparation contributed to the clearness and facility of composition which his diplomatic papers afterwards exhibited. It is very obvious that a young man, who after office hours and after operose studies in the heat and gaiety of Calcutta, could sit down to write little essays on the "Human Intellect," "Friendship," "Self Love," and "Beauty," must have possessed a love of labor to which Government might, both for his benefit and its own, wisely give a practical direction.

But stirring work was soon to come. The ruler of Indea, in whose active mind large designs of policy were constantly revolving, and whose clear and disciplined intellect enabled him with as much alacrity to control the complications of Oriental diplomacy, as his resolute spirit could confront hostile armies in the field, was now addressing himself to the most momentous conjunctures of his eventful reign. On the last day of 1802, Bajee Rao had purchased an ignominious security from the talents and enterprise of Jeshwunt Rao Holkar, by the treaty of Bassein. But there were other powers to be conciliated or coerced. There was Dowlut Rao, the son of that Muhadajee Sindia, the Oriental Sforza, who had exercised the same influence over the Peishwa, as the Peishwas had exercised over the Raja of Satara. There was the Raja of Berar, the most powerful Prince of the great house of Bhonslay. These puissant Chiefs had observed, with that subtlety which the instinct of self-preservation confers, that the Peishwa and Holkar were but carpet knights compared to the inscrutable Company. They contemplated that mysterious power with the indefinable dread that the Greek contemplated the gloomy abstraction which he termed "Destiny." Unskilled in controversy they soon got worsted in the argument with a Governor affluent in dialectics, and pouring sonorous periods from a full horn; but they nevertheless regarded the Viceroy and his subsidiary alliances with the same feelings that Tara Bye regarded that Peishwa, who so fully entered into her views on the propriety of her committing "Suttee." They did not appreciate the ruler who assumed the administration of the territories of half the Rajas in India, as the French, according to that eminent politician Mrs. Western, "took the towns in Flappers, out of defensive principles." With the worst of the argument, they thought they might have the best of a contest to which the vanquished in debate occasionally

resort, and they stubbornly determined to let fate work its will and to try the fortune of war.

Their opponent was not unprepared. Four well-appointed armies were immediately in motion. One pouring down from the North East fought the desperate battle of Laswaree, and scattered in headlong rout the battalions which the genius of Perron had trained and animated. Another advancing from the South, under a leader who, of all Captains whether ancient or modern, might most justly be entitled the invincible, reduced Ahmednuggur, prevailed against tenfold odds on the glorious day of Assaye, and humbled the Bhonslay to the dust at Argaum. A third added the province of Cuttack to the Company's dominions. The fourth, the Bombay force, within a month took Broach by storm, and left Sindia without a village in the rich tract of Guzerat.

While these brilliant operations were in progress, Metcalfe had joined "the Governor General's Office." Lord Wellesley had conceived a plan of forming in the Government House a cabinet, for the despatch of the most secret business of the State, in which the most promising of the young Civilians officiated as clerks. Here were written by Adam, by Jenkins, by Bayley, by Cole, by Monckton, and by Metcalfe, at the dictation of the Marquis, the instructions which guided the policy and the arms of Wellesley and Lake, of Collins and Malcolm, of Clive and Kirkpatrick. Here the great English Sultan held high council with the great Wuzeer, Neil Benjamin Edmonstone. A more exciting school for young ambition cannot be conceived. Lord Wellesley had eminently the gift of surrounding himself with able men, and of attaching those men to him by the bond of personal affection. All who had worked under him would have gone to the stake for the little "Viceroy." Mr. Kaye has given us a lively account of the day on which intelligence was brought that Collins had quitted Sindia's Camp, when the young Assistants plied their pens till midnight, and then warmed their virtues with the Governor's wine till the morning. All of those thus employed subsequently performed useful and honorable services; some of them attained to brilliant distinction, but the enthusiasm for their old master never dimmed. The resources, the vigour, the elasticity of Wellesley's mind, never ceased to animate and sustain them amidst the struggles and the triumphs of laborious public lives.

It was in this office that Metcalfe gained his first triumph. He determined to turn to practical account the information obtained on his journey to Oojein, and during his residence with King Collins. He accordingly prepared a memorandum on the proposed subsidiary force in Sindia's dominions, and submitted it to the Governor General. Mr. Kaye has very properly published the memorandum entire, and when the powers of observation, the mastery of details, and



general breadth of view are considered, it cannot but be regarded as a remarkable paper for a youth of nineteen years of age to have composed. Lord Wellesley, with the generous appreciation of ability in which he never failed, instantly recognised its merit. He wrote with his pencil in the margin :—“ *This paper is highly creditable to Mr. Metcalfe's character and talents. It may become very useful. A copy of it should be sent to the Commander-in-Chief and another to Major Malcolm. W.*” The influence of the Governor General's approbation on Metcalfe's career was like the influence of that judgment of Thurlow, which “cut John Scott's bread and butter for life.” Metcalfe's clerkship in Downing Street and Scott's “provincial lawyership” were equally forgotten. The one determined to cleave to India, as the other determined to cleave to the chances of the London Bar. Both became Peers : the lawyer attained the woolsack ; the civilian became Governor General.

Lord Wellesley soon gave a marked proof of his approbation. The hard fighting with Sindia had ended, and a contest with the foils of diplomacy was in progress. But an antagonist, anxious for the realities of combat, was immediately found in Jeshwunt Rao Holkar. This remarkable man, after many vicissitudes, had left the roof of the Raja of Dhar, with fourteen horsemen and a hundred-and-twenty ragged half-armed infantry, and in three years had utterly defeated the combined troops of the Peishwa and Sindia under the walls of Poona. He possessed in an eminent degree the power of attracting and controlling turbulent masses. His desperate bravery had frequently rallied broken squadrons, and led them on again to victory. His elasticity under reverses, his inexhaustible activity, his rapid and fearless combinations, had created astonishment and dread from the Jumna to the Krishna. In the wanderings and escapes of a hard life, and especially among the Bheels of the Khandesh Dhang, he had probably, like Charles Edward among the Highlanders, acquired a passion for the strongest stimulants, which debased his better nature. When seated as a conqueror in the Peishwa's capital, he had drained the shops of Bombay of cherry and raspberry brandy. These excesses gradually produced the insanity which brought his life to a miserable close ; but when he determined to hazard a campaign against the invincible bayonets of the Company, his intellect was still clear and vigorous, and candour must admit that Ek Chushnool-Dowla was one of the most formidable leaders that India had yet produced.

The British Commander-in-Chief, the veteran Lake, soon found that this new antagonist could give him plenty of occupation. Col. Monson's detachment, compelled to make a disastrous retreat, was with great difficulty saved from annihilation. Lake, when he imagined he was about to draw Jeshwunt Rao into a general engagement, was

astounded by the discovery, that he was only held in play by cavalry while the enemy's infantry was at the gates of Delhi. The imperial city and the imperial "Roi faincant" were in imminent danger. But the tide now turned. The gallantry and constancy of Ochterlony saved the city. Reinforcements soon arrived, and General Frazer gave Holkar battle at Deeg. The action was considered by Lord Lake "the hardest fought battle on this side of India." Frazer was desperately wounded, and died in a few days after the engagement. Holkar was entirely defeated.

It was at this time that Metcalfe joined the "Grand Army." He had been appointed by Lord Wellesley to be Lake's Political Assistant. He had been attacked by robbers on his journey from Calcutta, and had barely escaped with life after being cut down and plundered. He joined the head quarters in October 1804, and as one of the first of a class which has never been popular with men of the sword, his position was not enviable. Men who have made themselves ready for combat, have a natural aversion from the application of *avoirdupois* to the "*casus belli*." They dislike despatches, and notes and interviews, when hostiles and spears are glittering and turbans flaunting, and "Hur Hur Mahdeo" resounding. The reproach of Turnus is ever on their lips :

*"Farga quidem, Druce, tibi semper copia fandi,  
Tunc cum bella manus poscunt."*

The young look upon Politicals as mar-plays ; the old regard them as confidential representatives of unfriendly interests. Metcalfe, as a Civilian, and as coming straight from the Governor General's Office, was peculiarly exposed to this aversion and distrust.

This circumstance, we may suppose, prompted an act which appears inconsistent with the calm solidity of his character. The army was now before the fortress of Deeg. The battering train had played on the outworks for six days before a practicable breach was reported. On the night of the 20th December it was determined that the assault should be made. Metcalfe volunteered to join the storming party. He was one of the first who entered the breach. The outworks were carried, and the Town and Fort were almost immediately evacuated. Lake, with the generous impulse of a true soldier, was delighted with his young Assistant, his "little stormer" as he called him. "Before I conclude this despatch," he wrote, "I cannot help mentioning the spirited conduct of Mr. Metcalfe, a civil servant who volunteered his services with the storming party, and, as I am informed, was one of the first in the breach." From that day his unpopularity ceased, and his military brethren regarded him as one of themselves. As his mother truly surmised,

"he must have had some good and strong reason to have gone out of his line."

From Deeg the army marched against Bhurtpore. The error, then so common in Anglo-Indian warfare, of attacking strongholds with inadequate forces was never so painfully exhibited. Four times were devoted columns of Europeans and Sepoys led up to the assault. But ditches were found to be too deep, ladders too short, and breaches too arduous. The assailants were repulsed. Holkar's scattered Sowars began to re-assemble, and a predatory force, under his lieutenant, Ameer Khan, hovered on the flanks of the besieging army, convoys were menaced, and the new territories of the Company threatened with fire and sword. Lake, though he could not be ranked high as a strategist, was not a soldier on whom such tactics could safely be attempted. General Smith with a brigade of Dragoons, and Metcalfe as his Political Aide, were detached to ride down Ameer Khan. Day and night they were on the Afghan's track. Metcalfe was interpreter, secretary, diplomatist. There was an exhilaration in the life which he always remembered with pleasure. After dashing through the smoking villages and wasted fields of the Doab, the pursuit was maintained in the valleys of Rohilkund. At length they came up with Ameer Khan at Afzulghur, and after a brief contest cut his Pindarees to pieces.

Metcalfe was subsequently employed with Lord Lake in the celebrated pursuit in which Holkar's Camp was being surprised. "Without these dours," he said, with the tone of a free lance, "camp would be dull." In the heady excitement of such a life, he might well, with the gay exuberance of twenty, "rejoice that his brother Theophilus still continued to be pleased with his situation, and be rather surprised that his ambition was satisfied within the limits of the Factory of Canton."

A change now, however, came over his prospects. Lord Wellesley retired from the Government of India, and Lord Cornwallis commenced his second reign. Peace, at whatever sacrifice, was now the cry. A treaty had already been concluded with the Raja of Bhurtpore. It was determined to concede the points which Sindia's wukeels had obstinately contested, and which had nearly produced a second appeal to arms. A treaty was also to be concluded with Holkar. Cornwallis, broken down by age and infirmity, died in two months after his arrival; but Sir George Barlow proceeded to carry out the same policy. The finances of the Government were in alarming confusion; the pay of irregular troops was in arrear; no accounts had been received from the grand army for more than a year; debt was accumulating in crores, and new loans seemed impossible of negotiation. To pilot the state through such difficulties, H. St. G. Tucker was summoned from the counting house of Pal-

mer & Co., and induced to undertake the duties of Accountant General. A stern economy was introduced into all departments; contractors were bridled, establishments were decimated, allowances were tomahawked, to prevent the continuance of enormous charges on the plea of arrears being due. Tucker even ventured on the expedient of forestalling the revenue. His calm courage and indomitable will triumphed over all obstacles. His name was execrated in cantonments and cutcherries, but the bankruptcy of the state was averted.

A general peace was concluded. After an attempt to sway the Sikh chiefs against the British had been frustrated by the resolute vigilance of Metcalfe, and Holkar had been driven into the Punjab, he at length evinced a willingness to negotiate. He obtained far better terms than his enmity to the British name, and the desperate condition to which he was reduced, might have suggested. Too much precipitation was, however, shown by the Government throughout the negotiation, and the abandonment of the petty chiefs, some of whom, like the Rajas of Boondee and Jyepore, had rendered good service to the British cause, without any guarantee of protection from the aggressions of Sindia and Holkar, was a "*relieta non bene parmula*" which occasioned shame and mortification throughout India. The high spirit of Lake was so galled by the reproaches of the Jyepore Wukeel, and by the disregard of all his representations in Calcutta, that he resigned his political functions, and only retained his military command, until he could place his troops in cantonments, and complete the reduction of the irregular corps.

Metcalfe's last duty with the army was to visit Holkar, who had requested that a British Officer might be sent to his camp, and his people thus assured that friendship with the great British Government had in reality been restored. Metcalfe was accordingly deputed. He found the turbulent warrior playing on the musnud with a lap-dog, and by no means the savage he had expected. Ameer Khan was also present, smeared with gunpowder, and affecting the rude ferocity of a common sowar. A friendly conversation ensued, and Metcalfe, who was now a practised diplomatist, succeeded in inspiring the assembled chiefs with confidence in the pacific intentions of the British Government. He also induced Holkar to leave the rich plains of the Punjab, where the presence of his gaunt horsemen excited fears and jealousies which might quickly lead to new wars, and new complications. This little mission, attended as it was by many incidents of pleasure and novelty, was entrusted to Metcalfe by Lord Lake as a distinction, and it gave the old soldier another opportunity of bringing his assistant to the favorable notice of the Governor General.

The army now returned to the Company's provinces, and

Metcalfe's vocation as a "Nurse of King's Officers" ceased. Seldom had one so young obtained so great an opportunity, and never was a great opportunity more promptly seized. He had witnessed important transactions in their actual progress; he had studied the native character in numerous phases, and under various classes of circumstances; he had mingled much with men of large capacity, and of other professions than his own. Fertility of resource, readiness of expedients, a large eye of the board, had been demanded, and amply exhibited. His gentle nature and genial disposition had already endeared him to a host of friends. The versatile Malcolm, and the laborious Seton, were equally enthusiastic in his favor. His contemporaries, the "Four Boys"\* of Calcutta, felt it their duty to present him with an address and a testimonial. The first act of his life drama closed at this period, and the curtain may fairly be said to have fallen amidst general applause.

The Governor General's office not having escaped the unsparing Tucker, Metcalfe on his return to Calcutta was appointed First Assistant to his friend Seton, the Resident at Delhi. He remained in the appointment about two years, when Lord Minto, who had immediately succeeded to the mansion of his old opponent Warren Hastings, determined to employ his energies on a worthier field.

In 1808, the career of the Emperor Napoleon excited the painful attention of Indian statesmen. The impression produced on European intellects by his dazzling successes was diminished by the comparative facility with which intelligence was communicated: events were presented to the mind in successive scenes, and could thus be more calmly appreciated. But in India it was widely different; a ship appeared in the Hooghly or in Bombay Harbour, and brought the astounding information that the military power of a great kingdom had been annihilated, or that an ancient dynasty had ceased to exist. In England more accurate knowledge enabled public men to estimate with some precision the policy of Napoleon, and the forces arrayed against it; but even in England speculation was sufficiently wild. In India all was doubt and gloom. The expedition to Egypt was remembered, and the mission of Gardanne to Persia afforded perilous stuff for inquiet brooding. Visions of a second Alexander, unchecked by any Hypsias, planting his eagles in the cities of the Ganges, loomed mistily upon the troubled mind. We may gain some idea of the general feeling, by observing the impression produced on the calm and philosophic mind of Mackintosh. To Lord Holland he wrote in February 1808:—"The foreign danger of India is from the

\* A little club of young Crivians in Calcutta. The address was a very good barlesque on similar documents, and the testimonial was a silver pen—the first of many addresses and many testimonials.

“ army of an European enemy. A march through Turkey and Persia is a difficult, but, when these countries are friendly, not an impossible enterprise, and it surely will very soon be attempted, in my opinion with success. I will not expatiate on this subject, which so directly leads to the universal monarchy, of which the establishment has, since the battle of Austerlitz, seemed to me inevitable.” Still more gloomy were his forebodings in a letter written on the next day to Scarlett :—“ We observe, that in two campaigns, one of three, and the other of nine months, within two years, he (Napoleon) has conquered all the countries from the Rhine to the Gulf of Finland ; that his empire extends south to Palermo and Gibraltar ; and that, as Turkey and Persia are his vassals, it is not absolute extravagance to consider the Indies as its eastern boundary. How long this may continue, and how soon he may be impatient even of the Ganges as his oriental limit, cannot be precisely ascertained ; but it may be safely laid down, in general, that it can be no very long time.” We believe, that when Mackintosh wrote thus, he reflected the feelings of the most thoughtful men in the country.

The Government of India, threatened, as it believed, by a foe so formidable as to dwarf all previous opponents, resolved to fortify its position by the barriers of defensive alliances :—Persia, Afghanistan, Lahore were to be opposed to the conqueror of the west. With this object Malcolm and Elphinstone were accredited to the Court of Tehran and Cabul as chiefs of embassies of unusual splendour ; Metcalfe was selected by Lord Minto for the advocacy of British interests in the Camp of Runjeet Sing.

The Muharaja of Lahore was at this time in the full vigour of manhood. His father, Mahi Sing, the head of the Sookunchukea Misl or confederacy, had, when Runjeet was a boy, obtained some decisive advantages over the Kunnia, which had long been the most powerful Misl among the Sikhs. These advantages he enhanced, and rendered permanent, by marrying his son to the granddaughter of Jan Sing the Kunnia leader. Thus Runjeet, on attaining to manhood, found himself the representative of the most influential Misl in the Punjab. His clear subtle intellect took in with a comprehensive glance the full power of his own position, and the rich plains which lay extended before his ambition. One by one, by force, by cajolery, or by threats, he subjugated all the Trans-Sutlej chiefs. From Shah Zuman, the monarch of Cabul, he obtained the investiture of the sovereignty of Lahore, thus giving to his usurpations the prestige of right. No chances of the game were disdained by him. If an enemy were weak, he rode him down horse and foot ; if formidable, he bided his time ; and if he could do nothing else, jockeyed his antagonist out of some guns, as a compliment for his forbearance.

His passion for accumulating ordnance was a useful foible, and he would point to a gun with the same pious unction that Soult contemplated the Murillo "which once saved a good man's life." His very dissipations were made subservient to his policy. He became a voluptuary at the very moment when just demands and remonstrances, which were not convenient, were clamouring round his gates: the softer hours of a great king were not to be disturbed; the bowers of love were not to be profaned by Wukeels. He obtained the success which may always be anticipated when a man of rare powers pursues with cold sagacity a single object: "Deg Tegh and Futteh" were his; as Nanuk devised a religion, as Govind created a people, so the genius of Runjeet organized a compact and vigorous government.

Such was the chief whom Metcalfe was deputed to conciliate. His mission was complicated with other difficulties than those connected with its immediate object. The restless ambition of Runjeet, having consolidated the principalities on the right bank of the Sutlej into one formidable empire, was now intent on the absorption of the chiefs on the south-east. His movements had not escaped attention, and it had been urged that the British Government should take the Cis-Sutlej chiefs under its protection; but to this policy the opinion of Cornwallis, Barlow, and Minto had been firmly opposed. These rulers trusted to the customary disunion of the Sikhs for the security of their frontiers, and, in conformity with the great principle of non-interference, determined on the maintenance of a strictly defensive system. It will thus be observed, that in his progress to the Punjab, Metcalfe had to deal with the anxieties and importunities of numerous chiefs, who were utterly in doubt whether his mission was to herald their deliverance, or to condemn them without hope to the rule of the Muharaja of Lahore.

To solicitations and inquiries thus prompted by the sense of imminent danger, Metcalfe returned the conciliatory generalities with which diplomacy is so familiar. The chiefs might be assured that the British Government entertained the warmest desire for their prosperity, and that the present mission was entirely consistent with that friendly sentiment; therefore applications for protection against Runjeet Sing he was not empowered to receive—they should be presented to the Resident at Delhi, who would not fail to submit them to the consideration of the Governor General. To the Raja of Puteala, who felt the meshes of his wily foe thickening daily around him, and who, in the extremity of his fear, besought Metcalfe to receive the keys of his fort, and retain them as a gift from the British Government, he replied, with many expressions of encouragement and regard, that his instructions did not render him competent for the performance of so grave a ceremony.

On the 1st September 1808, the Mission crossed the Sutlej. The first difficulty was to find the Muharaja, who seemed as averse from a conference as Holkar had been from a battle. It was at length arranged that the Envoy should be received at Kussoor. Metcalfe's keen eye soon observed that his reception was not to be in accordance with the respect due to the representative of a powerful Government. He therefore intimated his expectation that the Muharaja should advance from his camp to meet the mission. The demand was evaded; but Runjeet's courtiers saw that their opponent was not to be slighted, and no ceremonial of respect was omitted at the interview. According to oriental custom, the first meeting was merely complimentary, and no business was discussed.

Four days elapsed before Runjeet thought proper to return the visit. He had surrounded himself with a great assembly of chieftains, many of whom had only recently submitted to his yoke, and it was his object to impress upon these adherents that he regarded the British mission with complete indifference. In the Envoy's tents, however, his natural bon-homie, mingled with a most esurient curiosity, prevailed, and he entered into familiar conversation with Metcalfe and the officers of the escort. He asked innumerable questions about military discipline and artillery practice, told stories of Holkar and the Mahrattas, and witnessed a parade of the sepoys with great interest. Business was again avoided, but the Muharaja was so cordial that Metcalfe had little doubt the necessary discussions would now proceed without delay, and under most favourable auspices.

The next day brought a reverse. A letter was presented to Metcalfe, which he described in his despatch to Government "as an extraordinary instance of suspicion, hastiness, and disrespect." The letter was brief, and though enveloped in the usual cloud of oriental incense, its intent was sufficiently clear and acrid: "It was imminent to part with friends, but imperative duty demanded it of the Muharaja. To march on the first day of a moon was auspicious, the Muharaja therefore intended to march on the first of the moon. The Envoy was understood to be the bearer of a letter from the Governor General; it was suggested that the letter should be at once transmitted."

This by interpretation was equivalent to saying, "The rice lands of the Company Buhadar are fairer than the pastures of Lahore; give the letter, and seek the rice lands." It had been suggested to Runjeet Sing that the real object of the Mission was to secure an alliance with Cabul, and that he had only been considered worthy of a passing visit. Metcalfe at once saw that evil influences were in action: he therefore addressed the Muharaja in a tone of courteous remonstrance, at once inspiring confidence, and indicating that he had a duty to perform of which he was fully determined to acquit him-



self. Runjeet was re-assured, and after a few more difficulties had been smoothed away the negotiation commenced.

On the 22d of September, Metcalfe went unattended to the palace, and met Runjeet and his counsellors. He informed them that the French Government was now intriguing with Persia, its object being to invade and subjugate Cabul and the Punjab; that the Governor General regarded the interests of those countries as identical with the interests of the British Government. It was for the obvious benefit of all that a more intimate alliance should be concluded, and that measures should be arranged in concert for the destruction of the common enemy. With these views the Governor General had appointed another gentleman to be Envoy to Cabul, and had commissioned Metcalfe to intimate his Lordship's sentiments to the Raja of Lahore.

The substance of the communication, and the address in which it was introduced by the Envoy, were received with general approbation. The Raja expressed his full concurrence in the views of the British Government. An animated conversation then ensued, in which Metcalfe spared no pains to convince the Raja that his territories were in peril, and that his best resource was in the courage and constancy of his English allies. Runjeet, whose curiosity was completely awakened, was eager and voluble in his inquiries—What forces would the British Government send? How far would they advance? When might the French be expected? Were the Company's troops ready for the march? What if the King of Cabul were induced by crass stupidity to take the side of the French? Was no danger to be feared from Holkar? To these, and a hundred other questions, Metcalfe replied with a calm adroitness, relieved by that good humour which is so much appreciated by natives. As an instance, indicative of a turn for quiet pleasant irony, which we think characteristic of Metcalfe, may be mentioned the mode in which he parried an embarrassing lunge of the Raja relative to Holkar, at this time an ally of the Company. Runjeet with unusual candour plainly said that Jeshwunt Rao was a "determined rascal," on whom no trust could be placed. Metcalfe gravely replied: "When we were at war with Holkar, it was also our custom to speak of him as a determined rascal; but as we were now at peace, we always spoke of him with the respect due to a friend." It will, we think, be admitted that Metcalfe, while eminently qualified for the graver discussions of politics, was not deficient in that agility of fence which oriental diplomacy demands.

In the mean time, while Runjeet was cross-examining Metcalfe, his councillors were deliberating apart in whispers. The result of their conference was at length communicated to the Raja, and then to the Envoy. It was stated that a close alliance with the British

Government was warmly desired, but that the subject of the negotiation being of the highest importance, it was necessary to proceed with caution; that the question would be fully discussed by the Raja and his ministers, and the result communicated the next day. Profound secrecy was enjoined on all, and the interview terminated.

The adjournment was not favourable to the progress of the negotiation. Full consideration led Runjeet and his advisers to the conclusion, that the danger from the French was remote, and that in seeking the alliance with Lahore the British government was merely arranging for its own security. On the other hand the Sikhs had immediately before them the one great prize of their ambition. It followed that, as the price of the alliance, concessions ought to be exacted from the Company in furtherance of the designs of Lahore. Accordingly at the next meeting Runjeet Sing intimated, that a recognition by the British Government of his sovereignty over all the Sikh states on both sides of the Sutlej should be included in the provisions of the proposed treaty. This was a demand which Metcalfe had always anticipated, and he replied that he had no authority to promise any such guarantee, that he was deputed for one specific duty, the negotiation of an alliance against the French, and that therefore other subjects should be left for future consideration. The Sikhs adhered to their own proposition, and for three days discussions were maintained with inflexible obstinacy without any approximation to amicable results. Runjeet then diversified this diplomatic skirmishing by a manœuvre of remarkable assurance. He broke up his camp, without giving the slightest notice to Metcalfe, and crossed the Sutlej in order to attack Fureedkote, a fort and district in the territory of the Raja of Puteala.

This audacious measure was probably recommended to the Raja by several plausible considerations. He had, it may be supposed, heard of the indefinite answers returned by Metcalfe to the solicitations of the Raja of Puteala and of other Cis-Sutlej Chiefs, and naturally concluded that the British Government was not desirous of entangling itself in the petty interests and disputes of the minor Sikh states. Although that Government might hesitate to sanction by anticipation his aggressions on the other chiefs, it did not follow it would interfere after those aggressions had been made, and after the entire territory had been reduced. His natural cunning did not fail to urge that, when he had usurped the whole, he might at least in the subsequent negotiations succeed in retaining half. Lastly, he felt that he should at once raise himself in the opinion of his own Chiefs and enfeeble the resistance of his opponents, by proceeding to the attack while the British Envoy was in his camp. To the one party it evinced a contempt for British influence; to the other party it suggested, that operations undertaken

at such a time must have at least the tacit approval of the British Government, the only Government in India able to defeat them.

Runjeet and his councillors had however committed one error, of which due advantage was afterwards taken by Metcalfe. When the Cis-Sutlej territory was attacked, it was forgotten, or at least the importance of the fact was not duly estimated, that Runjeet had sought from the British Government a recognition of his sovereignty over those states. The proposition implied that British consent was in some measure necessary to the solidity of his claims. To establish therefore those claims by force of arms, without referring to the Government whose sanction he had just before wished to obtain by treaty, was a "preposterous"\* measure. Runjeet should have inverted his proceedings,—have taken the country first, and have asked for the recognition of the British Government afterwards.

Metcalfe followed the Raja in his erratic course, and discussions were continually renewed. Far, however, from inducing Runjeet Singh to abandon his policy, Metcalfe had to deal with new demands. Success had somewhat inflated the ruler of Lahore, and he now wished a clause to be introduced into the treaty, pledging the British Government not to interfere should he hereafter direct his forces against Cabul. Various indignities were also practised on the Envoy; supplies were not properly furnished, bankers would not cash his bills. Spies swarmed in his camp. His messengers were intercepted and his letters opened. To these insults, Metcalfe was studiously blind, but he took care to report to Calcutta that every incident in the negotiation convinced him that Runjeet would never, except under compulsion, abandon his designs on the Cis-Sutlej country, and that it behoved the Government at once to determine, whether it was expedient to comply with the Raja's wishes, or to maintain the independence of Puteala and the other states on the left bank of the river.

It was the opinion of Lord Minto, after much anxious deliberation, an opinion formed most reluctantly, for no ruler was ever more desirous of peace, that on every consideration of honor and policy the ambition of the Raja of Lahore should be curbed, and that the Chiefs between the Sutlej and the Jumna receive the protection of the British Government. A letter was accordingly addressed to the Raja by the Governor General, calling upon him to desist from further aggressions, and to yield up the districts he had recently

\* In one of the discussions which arose during the trial of Warren Hastings, Burke characterized a decision of the Lords as "preposterous"; great indignation was evinced, and intentions were expressed of censuring the manager at the Bar of the House. Burke protested his inability to understand how he could have offended their Lordships—"Preposterous only means putting the cart before the horse."

taken. Metcalfe was subsequently instructed to protract the negotiation, until troops could be collected on the Sutlej, and at the same time to induce Runjeet to recede from his position without the conclusion of a treaty. The turn of events in Europe had dissipated the dread of French ambition in the East, and our statesmen were unwilling to be drawn into any engagements with a Chief so restless and so unscrupulous as Runjeet Sing.

In the meantime the Râja pursued his conquests and his chicaneries, and then returned to Umritsur for relaxation. Metcalfe immediately repaired to the Palace. He found the Raja a triumphant reveller. Dancing girls were summoned; cheerful cups were crushed; and as to Lord Minto's letter, the Raja was proud to receive, but not prepared to read it. Metcalfe accordingly did not press the subject, but with ripe diplomacy entered into the spirit of the scene "within the limits of becoming mirth," as Mr. Kaye cautiously informs us. The Raja and his Council would appear to have surmounted those limits.

The next day having passed, without any notice by the Raja of the Governor General's communication, Metcalfe announced the resolution of his Government in an elaborate note. This document is a fine specimen of Metcalfe's ability in diplomatic composition. The lucid statement of facts, the dignity and decision of tone, without the slightest alloy of arrogance, will be immediately recognized. It was placed in Runjeet's hand, and the effect was that of an electric shock. The letter from the Governor General had never been opened. The Raja at once saw that a perilous game was before him.

He was unable, however, without bitter disgust to relinquish a prey which lay panting in his grasp. Every delay which his shifty ingenuity could devise was attempted. His ministers in the meantime endeavoured to soothe Metcalfe, by pleading the Raja's eccentricities and his utter ignorance of control. The Envoy drily remarked, "that the eccentricities were sufficiently apparent, and that he had often been amused by them, that indeed they would be very entertaining if they did not interfere so much with important business, but that he was unable to state them to his government to account for the Raja's conduct, as any consideration of them would be inadmissible." Metcalfe was, however, well aware that these eccentricities had always an object. He soon perceived that Runjeet was collecting his troops. He therefore sent warning to the Commander-in-Chief, and at the same time determined to make the announcement to the Raja, from which he had hitherto refrained, that the British Government was prepared to sustain its demands by the advance of a military force.

On the 22nd of December the communication was made. Runjeet received the intelligence with unusual self-control. A long

discussion occurred, in which the ministers took the principal part. Three times they retired. On their first return, their demeanour was defiant; they stated that the intimation of the Envoy was inexplicable, and that its spirit was utterly repugnant to the sentiments entertained by the Raja. Finding Metcalfe imperturbable, in the second conference they proposed a compromise with equally bad success. On their third return, the concurrence of the Raja in all the proposals of the British Government was announced. While these discussions were in progress, Runjeet, baffled but recalcitrant, rushed down below, and astonished Metcalfe by prancing about the Court yard of the Palace on horseback.

The Raja had now expressed his compliance with the pleasure of the British Government,—to give effect to that compliance remained. But Eucio did not cling closer to his manors than Runjeet to his conquests. For three months more he evaded and procrastinated, in the hope that he might at least obtain some concessions. A force under Ochterlony had already advanced to the Sutlej, and a proclamation had been issued declaring the Sikh Rulers on the left bank to be under British protection. Runjeet seemed inclined to defend his acquisitions with the sword, when an incident, slight in itself, but of infinite significance, suggested a wiser discretion.

The Court and the Mission were now at Umritsur, a city of peculiar sanctity, in which a short time previously a violent dispute had raged between the Mahommedans and the Hindus. The Mohurrum was approaching, and it was agreed, in consequence of some bickerings which had occurred, that the Mussulmans of Metcalfe's escort should parade their Tazeah only in the Mission Camp, and that they should not be molested by the people of the Town. On the morning, however, of the 25th February, a large body of "Akalees," "the soldiers of God," the sworn guardians of the Khalsa and especially of Umritsur, rushed from the city, in their blue dresses and bracelets of steel, to free the sacred precincts from the abominations of foreign mercenaries. An indiscriminate rabble intent upon plunder attended those devotees. The sepoy of the escort under Captain Popham stood to their arms, and Metcalfe in vain endeavoured to parley. The fanatics immediately opened a furious fire. No alternative being left, Metcalfe permitted Popham to advance upon the assailants. A brief struggle ensued, and the Sikhs were driven into the town at the point of the bayonet.

This rencontre convinced Runjeet, who was never deficient in sagacity, that a combat with the veteran battalions of the Company would be a disastrous experiment. He accordingly abandoned his hostile designs, and in the beginning of March yielded all his con-

quests, excepting Furrudkoto. On that his lingering grasp remained. To delay the restitution he plunged into dissipation, and stated his inability to attend to affairs of state. But Metcalfe with the haven in view was determined to be driven to and fro no longer. He accordingly demanded his dismissal and a safe conduct to the British Army. "The Muharaja is revelling in delight in the Shalimar gardens, unmindful of the duties of friendship. What friendship requires is not done, nor is it doing. I have nothing now remaining in my power but to require leave to depart." Runjeet saw the last arrow in his quiver glance from the impenetrable mail of the British Envoy, and yielded. "The delights of the garden of friendship far exceeded the delights of a garden of roses, and what was required should immediately be done." Orders were accordingly given for the restitution. The occupants raised a petty obstacle about the grain stored in the fort. Metcalfe hinted that a detachment could immediately expel the objectors. The Raja wrote with a demure dignity: "I must observe that when matters are settled in an amicable way, to talk of armies and such things is neither necessary nor pleasing to my friendly disposition." The hint was, however, effectual, and on the 2nd of April the fort was surrendered to its lawful owner.

The British Government had been unwilling to encumber itself with any engagements with the Raja; but on the strong solicitation of Metcalfe it was determined, as an act of justice to Runjeet on his compliance with all the requisitions of the Governor General, to grant him the treaty which he had originally been led to expect. It was, however, resolved that all inconvenient details should be avoided. Accordingly four articles were drawn up, briefly engaging that perpetual friendship should exist between the British Government and the state of Lahore; that the former should have no concern with the territories on the northern bank of the Sutlej; and that the Raja should not encroach on the possessions and rights of the chiefs on the southern bank. The treaty was concluded on the 25th April 1809. Runjeet Sing lived for thirty years more; but the compact of Umritsur was never violated. To the last hour of his life, he remembered too well the firmness and the wisdom of the young Envoy to imagine that any aggression would escape notice, or, if noticed, would not be promptly repelled.

We have dealt long upon this position of Metcalfe's history, because we agree with Mr. Kaye in regarding it as "the turning point of his career. He went afterwards straight on to fame and fortune." He had been known as a young man of the greatest promise; he was now included in the front rank of those who had done the state service. The approbation of Lord Minto's Government was lavishly expressed:—

"During the course of your arduous ministry at the Court of Lahore, the Governor General in Council has repeatedly had occasion to record his testimony of your zeal, ability, and address in the execution of the duties committed to your charge. His Lordship in Council, however, deems it an obligation of justice, at the close of your mission, generally to declare the high sense which he entertains of the distinguished merit of your services and exertions in a situation of more than ordinary importance, difficulty, and responsibility, to convey to you the assurance of his high approbation, and to signify to you that the general tenor of your conduct in the arduous negotiations in which you have been engaged has established a peculiar claim to public applause, respect, and esteem."

This honorable recognition of his services was succeeded by substantial proofs of gratitude. He was summoned to Calcutta and appointed Deputy Secretary to Government. In this capacity he accompanied the Governor General to Madras, when an extraordinary crisis in the affairs of that Presidency, which we can only call the mutiny of the officers of the Madras Army, demanded the presence of the chief ruler. On his return in May 1810 he was nominated to the Residency at Sindia's Court, and early in the following year, when only twenty-six years of age, he was selected for the high office of Resident at Delhi, one of the most brilliant appointments in the Indian service.

In this splendid position he remained during seven years. The Resident at Delhi must not be regarded as the representative of British interests at a foreign Court. The Imperial dignity was now a shadow, the great Mogul a pensioner, intriguing for an increased stipend. The Resident was the administrator of a large territory, and the director of the political relations of the Government with a wide circle of petty states. Metcalfe's duties were most arduous; their performance, he mentions to a relation, frequently engaged him until 9 o'clock at night. But such labours were not without ample results. He achieved a reputation as a civil administrator not unworthy of his distinction as a diplomatist. His biographer states as a consummation of all encomium, that his system of Land Revenue was the germ of the settlement of the North-Western Provinces. This must be admitted to be great and honorable praise, even by us who are sworn champions of the new survey and assessment, introduced by our Goldsmids and Wingates into the Presidency of Bombay.

His political functions demanded a masculine judgment. The Palace of the Emperor was an abundant source of anxiety—scenes of daring license were said to be enacted within its walls. Sometimes rumour whispered of murder; sometimes it was hinted that Princes of the royal house were receivers of stolen goods. Needy impostors, such as are wont to gnaw the pitances of fallen chiefs, and who, alas! are not always of Asiatic origin,

swarmed in the Emperor's Court. The unfortunate Shah was duped of considerable sums on the pretence of securing the favor of the Chief Justice, *Lord Russell*, who soon caused the retreat from India of the Governor General, and of Seton the old Resident at Delhi. While such difficulties occurred in the capital itself, the principalities around did not contribute to Metcalfe's peace. The Raja of Bhurtpore, elated by the successful defence of his fortress, was insolent and intractable. The Rajah of Macherry coveted his neighbour's fortresses. Metcalfe's old friend, Ameer Khan, was constantly quartering his Patan ruffians on the harvests of Jyepore. No small portion of the Resident's time was occupied in controlling the lubricities of Wukeels, who in a single interview would seek for their principal's protection from some chief in the north, and permission to plunder some chief in the south.

As our limits will only permit us to dwell on the more prominent incidents of Metcalfe's Indian career, we must hasten briefly to notice the great event to which history has given the name of "the Settlement of Central India." The Earl of Moira had, towards the close of 1813, succeeded Lord Minto in the Government of India. Shortly after his accession, he was compelled to accept those situations of hostility which appear to be almost a condition of our Oriental sway. A war with Nepal was a difficulty, superadded to the perplexing combinations which India itself presented to its British ruler. The Ghoorikas were no contemptible antagonists, and severe reverses were at first experienced. Marley and Wood blundered. Gillespie, with the same impetuosity with which in youth he had fought a desperate duel over a handkerchief, died sword in hand on the crest of a stockade. Two detachments were repulsed before Kalunga. The feverish condition of our political relations was ill adapted for shocks of this violent character. The Governor General, who had achieved reputation both as a soldier and a statesman, was earnestly in favor of vigorous measures. His Council were equally warm for peace, economy, and shuffling the cards. The sympathies of the Home Government were with the Council. It was not therefore without vivid satisfaction, that Lord Moira found ranged on his side a partizan, so prompt and so skillful as the resident at Delhi.

The state of India at this period required no hostilities on the frontier to excite anxiety and alarm. The Peishwa and Dowlut Rao Sindia, during the former war, had been mere youths, taking little part in the management of their affairs. They were now administrators, deficient neither in acuteness nor activity. Bajee Rao, under the tranquillity which the British alliance secured, was carefully improving his resources; while at the same time he regarded that alliance with an aversion, which his practised dissi-



mulation was unable to conceal. Dowlut Rao, engaged in accumulating treasure and in reducing the chiefs between the Chumbul and the Nerbudda, seemed only inclined to abstain from hostilities against the British, so long as the British refrained from interference with the petty states of Malwa and Rajpootana. The power of Holkar had, since the death of Jeshwunt Rao, fallen entirely into the hands of Ameer Khan, and Mahomed Shah Khan, two predatory chiefs who maintained large bodies of mercenaries, chiefly by the plunder of the Rajpoot states. The Raja of Nagpore, still smarting under the loss of Berar and Cuttak, watched every movement of British policy with a jealous dread, and seemed doubtful whether his best defence would not be at once to attack the great power which, sooner or later, would otherwise compromise his independence.

The unsoundness of the system of non-interference, which had been established by the pacification of 1805-6, was rendered painfully apparent by circumstances which occupy an eventful chapter in Indian History. In the armies of the later Mohammedan dynasties of the Deccan were included bodies of irregular cavalry receiving, instead of pay, permission to plunder. On the fall of these dynasties, the same class of roving horsemen accompanied the expedition of the Peishwas against Hindoostan. They were called Pindarees,—an appellation which, we believe, has baffled the researches of etymologists. When the Peishwa abandoned Hindoostan, they attached themselves to Sindia and Holkar, but principally to the former. From that chief they received considerable grants of land in the valley of the Nerbudda. Their dependence, however, on established rulers soon became merely nominal, and they divided themselves into durras, or companies, under chosen leaders of their own. The durras formed leagues for plunder, and their expeditions gradually assumed the regularity of a system. Their operations extended from Bendulkund to Cambay. At each recurrence of the Dussera festival, a number of leaders met and arranged a foray for the ensuing cold season. When the rivers became fordable, a body of 25,000 men, mounted on horses trained to endure great fatigue, proceeded rapidly to the destined districts. Of all the scourges which had afflicted these unhappy regions, this was the most terrible. The Pindaree could lose no time. If a wretched ryot's money or his wife's jewels were not immediately produced, his head was thrust into hot ashes. He might see his child tossed upon a spear, and his wife throwing herself into a well to avoid a more shameful fate. No incident in which lust or rapine could result was wanting. After the villages were sacked and burnt, the durras withdrew with the same noiseless celerity as they came; and their miserable victims were left to plough and

sow, utterly uncertain by what agency effete governments would permit the harvest to be reaped.

While the Pindarees harried the territories of the Peishwa, the Nizam, the Raja of Nagpore, and the petty Chiefs of Rajpootana, they for a time kept clear of the frontiers of the Company. But many wise and good men had long entertained the opinion, that the honour of a great Government, and the common interests of humanity, demanded that these iniquitous excesses should be sternly controlled. This obvious course was surrounded, however, by formidable impediments. Of the four great powers to which we have recently alluded, two, the Peishwa and the Raja of Nagpore, were well known to be so inimical as to be only watching for an opportunity, such as an arduous war would afford, for raising their standards against us. The interests of Holkar and Sindia were identified with the maintenance of the marauding races. The retainers of Ameer Khan, the natural ruler of Indore, were merely Pindarees playing for a larger stake than village plunder, and regarding Jyepore as a hunting field. Sindia, blind to the fact that the predatory bands, if uncurbed, must eventually subvert all the established governments of India, would only see that they spared his territories, and that in times of need they would constitute a formidable element in his armies. Coincident with the extirpation of the Pindarees would, he feared, be protection of the minor states by the British Government,—a conjecture utterly destructive of the footing which his insidious ambition had stealthily devised.

It was at this crisis that Metcalfe joined the Governor General's camp at Moradabad. He had forwarded a paper to Lord Moira on the conduct of the Ghoorka war, in which he reviewed the various failures which had recently occurred in siege operations. He strongly urged, that we never availed ourselves sufficiently of our scientific superiority, and that with all the aids at our command which inventive genius could supply, we trusted too much to mere physical power, even when fighting against superior numbers. "We should be lavish," he argued, "of the contents of our arsenals and saving of the lives of our men." All attempts with small armies should be abandoned, and our demands should invariably be dictated by an overwhelming force. Lord Moira read the paper with earnest attention, and immediately invited the Resident to meet him at Moora-dabad.

Metcalfe remained with the Governor General for about a month. During this period his affluent mind poured forth stores of political knowledge, of which a tried statesman like Moira well knew the value. He tells his friend Jenkins, that immediately on his arrival he presented a paper "on the present state of affairs and the measures for adoption." This was followed by another "on the

political state of India," or, as Adam the secretary called it, "De omnibus rebus." Then came one on the progress of the Ghooorka war; next one on our alliance with Jyepore; then one on our military policy and establishments; then one on the settlement of Central India, "with several intermediate ones which I do not accurately recollect. The whole would form a large volume."

The policy advocated by Metcalfe was first, peace with Nepal, after full demonstration of our power, then the settlement of Central India. To obtain the former of these ends, no expense or exertion was to be spared. Parsimony at such a time would be the heaviest tax. Re-inforcements should be obtained from the other Presidencies, from the colonies, from England; nothing was to be left to chance. In this spirit war was eventually prosecuted, and at the end of the year 1815, the Chief Secretary Ricketts was able to write to Metcalfe, "Hurrah! Peace with the Ghooorkas."

The plan for the settlement of Central India, eventually adopted by Lord Moira, with such modifications as intermediate occurrences suggested, was originally propounded by Metcalfe in an elaborate paper. It is always difficult after the lapse of years, after prejudices have been overcome, and after the course of events has justified a certain policy, properly to appreciate the judgment and foresight from which the movement received its first impulse. In this paper there are many statements, which appear to us now as mere truisms, but which forty years ago were hotly contested by no unskilful combatants. Conclusions, which we think must have been obvious, were the result of long and anxious thought, and could only be eliminated by cautious argumentation. With all these deductions we are convinced, that the masterly ability of Metcalfe's paper will be immediately acknowledged.

He commenced by stating, with remarkable precision, the various hostile interests with which we had to deal. He distinguished between the substantive powers, the military powers, and the petty states. In the first class he placed Sindia's, Holkar's, and other established governments. In the second Amcer Khan, Mahomed Shah Khan and the Pindarees. In the third Jyepore, Oudipore, Kotah, and generally the small states of Rajpootana and Malwa. Of the first of these he advocated the subjection, of the second the annihilation, of the third the protection.

Metcalfe boldly stated the plain fact, which at that time was certain to challenge opposition, that it was our interest to reduce the substantive governments to a state of dependence, and to secure on all just occasions the greatest possible acquisitions of territory. He saw clearly, that India would never be peaceful and well governed until there was one dominant power, and that, whenever two different degrees of civilization should come in contact,

there would, without the imputation of particular blame to the one state or the other, inevitably be hostile collision. But he tempered these conclusions by the qualification, that, however desirable the reduction of other Governments might be, a liberal regard for their rights and pretensions must invariably be evinced. A cold parenthesis of this kind is sometimes introduced into state papers, with about as much influence in the discussion as the item of bread occupies space in Falstaff's tavern score; but we should little understand Metcalfe's character if we imagined that such expressions, when used by him, had no vitality. There is no feature in his moral conformation more distinct, than the clearness of eye, which never permitted what was right to be merged in what was desirable,—an error beyond all others difficult of avoidance, by men of sanguine temperament. As he saw the right clearly so he combated for it strongly. He loved justice fearlessly.

With the Pindarees no terms were to be made. To defeat them in a battle field would effect little; scattered in one district they would re-assemble in another. "They must," said Metcalfe, "be pursued wherever they take refuge. They must be dispersed wherever they assemble; we must not pause until they are annihilated as a power."

To facilitate the attainment of this object, it was suggested that the other powers should be invited to confederate with the British Government for the destruction of the predatory hands. Should they be indisposed to take a part in the contest, a strict neutrality, with the right of free passage through their territories, might reasonably be demanded. Should they decline both to co-operate and to be neutral, no choice would be left but to treat them as enemies and to attack them accordingly.

The military powers of Ameer Khan and Mahomed Shah Khan were incompatible with the preservation of tranquillity in India. They must cease to exist. But it was thought possible to disperse them by other means than force of arms. It was suggested that a provision might be made for the chiefs in lands obtained from Holkar, whose government they had virtually usurped, upon the condition that their troops should be disbanded. The destruction of the Pindarees and the other arrangements proposed, which, either by compulsion or agreement, would commit the established governments to the extirpation of all predatory leagues, would compel Ameer Khan to abandon his aggressions, should he be indisposed to accept of the peaceful alternative offered by the British Government.

But a prominent part of the settlement was the protection of the petty states. The policy of non-interference had, after years of discussion, presented this plain question for the consideration of our

statesmen : Are these rulers to be ranged on our side in subordinate co-operation, or are they to be converted into hostile forces by being absorbed by other governments inimical to us ? Non-interference was a theory which evoked all the common places of propriety ; it could point sentences and round paragraphs ; it was not without results of immediate gain ; it contracted no loans ; it made no exhausting demands on the Exchequer. The principal objection to it simply was, that, if rigidly adhered to, there would be no exchequer to drain. The system of non-interference was admirable, so long as it was equally binding on all governments ; but a system which bound the hands of the Company, and left hostile powers free to oppress and to conquer, was necessarily deficient in its operation. A rigid non-interference with the petty states would, if sedulously observed, have produced its legitimate conclusion in our complete non-interference with India.

Metcalfe then strongly advocated the protection of all principalities anxious to be dependent upon the British Government. Existing engagements with other powers in many instances would prevent the immediate adoption of this policy ; but no opportunity should be lost of freeing the Government from such restraints. No rupture with any of the great states should be allowed to pass, without instituting a rescission of the former agreements as the basis of any subsequent accommodation. The protection of the Government should be purchased by the payment of tribute, and the income thus derived should be appropriated to the increase of our military establishments—"an object which," Metcalfe emphatically stated, "should never be lost sight of in any of our political arrangements in the present state of India."

Such was the settlement which has been characterised by Wilson "as most conducive to the happiness of India and to the security of our own interests, as the establishment of universal tranquillity under the guarantee and supremacy of the British Government." It was some time before the turn of events induced the Home Government to adopt fully the policy advocated by the Governor General. But all obstacles were at length overcome, and Lord Moira took the field in October 1817.

The part assigned to Metcalfe in the great drama, was the negotiation of the treaties with the numerous states which hastened to take their stand behind the ægis of the Company. The duty also devolved upon him of detaching Ameer Khan from the hostile Camps. The Pindaree war and all the coincident events, the fall of the Peishwa, the humiliation of Nagpore, do not belong to the biography of Metcalfe. Before tranquillity was fully established, he had in 1818 quitted the Residency at Delhi, and proceeded to Calcutta as Secretary to Government in the Political Department.

He did not remain in the Secretariate for more than two years. He liked a "Kingship" as he called it; and for some time he and Malcolm were constructing one of those aerial fabrics, which are subject neither to the laws of estimate, nor the rules of audit. This was a plan by which all the Residencies and Agencies, in Upper and Central India, were to be consolidated in one great political charge under an officer with the title of Lieutenant-Governor. But before so great an appointment could be duly constituted, discussions, references, sanctions would be necessary, and although the scheme was not unfavorably received by the Marquis of Hastings, (such was now the title of the Governor General) it appears to have sunk quietly into the limbo of projects. A more substantial kingship was, however, soon found, and in 1820 Metcalfe became, in succession to Sir Henry Russell, Resident at Hyderabad.

We shall not dwell on his admirable administration of the Nizam's country, in which his high qualities as a statesman were conspicuously displayed. His name, as Resident at Hyderabad, is principally illustrated by the painful discussions, relative to the House of Palmer, in which for the first time Metcalfe found himself opposed to the Head of the Government, and in which he was compelled to advocate what he deemed the right against the convictions of an honorable, but, in this instance, mistaken statesman, of exalted position and reputation.

The Nizam's country, long groaning under every species of bad Government, had, among other evils, to maintain a large contingent of troops under the command of European officers. This force, with its pay constantly in arrears, was frequently on the verge of a general mutiny. Insubordinate acts of the most virulent character were of constant occurrence. To remedy this alarming evil, a former resident had consented to an arrangement, by which the pay of the contingent was regularly defrayed by the house of business, which received, in return assignments on the Nizam's Revenue. The monthly payments of the House of Palmer and Co. amounted to £20,000, the assignments to £300,000 per annum. The firm thus received 25 per cent for their advances. But this did not constitute the whole of their gain. They pursued the path, which has been trodden by hundreds of native capitalists with hundreds of native Principalities. They began gradually to interfere with matters of state, and by the aid of the Minister, Chunder Lall, who was their creature, to usurp the Government. They became the "fountain of honor." Their interest was sought by cringing petitioners. Large sums were paid to members of the firm as annual allowances. The sons of William Palmer, who were studying Corderius at school, were converted into stipendiaries of the great Nizam. If the stipends were not paid, they were car-

ried to account in the books of the firm at an interest of 25 per cent. In short, to adopt a phrase which has become classical, "matters were made pleasant," and the whole contingent, the House of Palmer, and, almost excusably with such an example before them, a legion of corrupt officials, sat down to a delightful game which was maintained with extraordinary spirit, and was called "Poor Nizzy pays for all."\*

But as, notwithstanding the enormous sums which were paid for interest, the claims of the House of Palmer were still increasing, it was determined by the members of the firm to place the transaction on a different footing, and to obtain, if possible, the guarantee of the British Government for the repayment of the whole sum. It was given out that a new loan was required for sixty Lacs of Rupees, or £600,000. This amount was to be repaid in six years and to bear interest at 18 per cent. To this supposed loan the old debt was coolly transferred. The British Government therefore was led to suppose that the Nizam was contracting a new debt at a reduced rate of interest, for the purpose of discharging the old obligations which pressed so heavily upon him. But the House of Palmer preferred 25 to 18 per cent. They also wished to obtain the guarantee of the British Government. The reduced rate of interest was a lure to secure the latter object. The former was attained by a process of charming simplicity. In consideration of the liberality of his creditors, His Highness the Nizam was to pay a bonus of eight lacs of Rupees, which bonus was to be carefully concealed from the British Government.

The House of Palmer was great. It administered a lavish hospitality, and gave a large interest to its constituents. It was supposed to be all powerful. It had a brother near the throne; Sir William Rumbold, one of the partners, had married a ward of the Governor General. Let the influence of such a fact in the hands of a bold plausible adventurous man, at such a distance from Calcutta as Hyderabad, among such a population, be calmly estimated. Let it be understood that the Nizam's Minister had abetted, and been abetted by the House in numberless advantageous transactions, and we shall begin to understand what was the barrier, how fortified, how defended, which was thrown across the path of a Resident eager for reform, and whose stainless honor knew no polite periphrasis for robbery.\*

Metcalfe saw with painful distinctness the peccant part. No very acute diagnosis was demanded for the discovery of the cause of the disease. He never feared to do his duty; but on the other hand his heart was warm, his friendships constant. The vulgar am-

\* This was a favorite phrase in Hyderabad.

bition of rising on the ruin of others never sullied his noble nature. William Palmer's brother, the John Palmer of Calcutta, had been Metcalfe's intimate friend from his first residence in India. Sir William Rumbold he had known long and intimately in Delhi. Dr. Lambe, another partner, was an old friend, and had been his medical attendant. To trample on such ties, in the cause of public justice, would convey a grim satisfaction to some cold, stern, indomitable characters; to Metcalfe the duty was one of sorrow so acute, that as he wrote to John Palmer, "had he known in Calcutta what he now saw, nothing should have induced him to go to Hydrabad."

He, however, confronted the evil, huge and hundred-handed as it was. He first proposed to open in Calcutta a six per cent loan, guaranteed by the British Government, and with the proceeds to liquidate the Nizam's debts to all creditors inclusive of the House of Palmer. He addressed the Government officially on the subject; but before he despatched his letter, he announced his intentions to the partners. It was not to be supposed they would abandon their spoils without a struggle. They first urged that the sudden liquidation of their claim would inflict a serious injury on the firm, and that a certain compensation should in fairness be made to them. To this Metcalfe, in the hope of removing opposition, acceded, and introduced into the agreement a clause, conferring on the House a gratuity of six lacs of rupees. A safe retreat being thus secured, in the event of defeat, the Palmers assumed the offensive. Having induced Metcalfe to delay the despatch of his letter until the ~~Councils~~ were fully discussed, they employed the interval, as we of the Western Presidency would say, in making "Khutput" in Calcutta. Sir William Rumbold wrote an urgent appeal to the Marquis, and Metcalfe's long revolved proposals remained without any official acknowledgment.

Lord Hastings wrote, however, privately to Metcalfe, and, while remonstrating with him for not having in the first instance referred to the Governor General, stated that he entirely disapproved of the new plan as injurious to the bondholders. Thus far the House was successful; but they found that the Resident did not enter into the spirit of the game which they had long been playing, and that the prosperity of Palmer and Co. was rendered a secondary consideration to the prosperity of the Nizam. Another representation proceeded from Sir W. Rumbold to Lord Hastings, and another remonstrance came from the Governor General to the Resident.

To this document Metcalfe submitted a reply, which Mr. Kaye with his usual judgment has published in its integrity. The letter is too long to be given here, and too good to be abridged. But it must be studied by all who are interested in the fame of the great



Civilian. The nobility of Metcalfe's soul breaks out in every line ; the earnestness, the dignity, the serene greatness of character throughout exhibited must kindle enthusiasm in the coldest heart. We believe that no one will ever read this admirable remonstrance without saying, " This was a great man."

The course pursued by the Governor General greatly strengthened the hands of the house and of the corrupt Minister, Chunder Lall. But as difficulties thickened, Metcalfe's undaunted spirit rose with the occasion. He did battle for the cause of the weak and wronged. He bent all his energies to the work before him. The shafts of intrigue, of falsehood, of sordid insinuation, glanced harmless from his bright shield and towering crest. The keen spear of truth pierced the triple mail of the giant fraud, which had dared him to the combat. He stood victor on the hard fought field.

Lord Hastings long upheld the cause of the House ; he even went so far as to receive complaints from the Minister against the Resident through Palmer and Co., and persisted in this course, after its impropriety had been pointed out by his colleague, John Adam. He even contemplated the removal of Metcalfe from Hyderabad, and might have carried his intentions into effect, in spite of the spirited remonstrances of Adam and Swinton, but that indisputable evidence was at length afforded that Palmer and Co. were not so spotless as the Governor General had fondly imagined, and that officers of the Residency had been closely and corruptly connected with the House,—a fact in direct opposition to affidavits of Palmer and Rumbold. The Governor General, therefore, wisely abstained from an act, which could only have been regarded as a disgraceful blot upon a long and brilliant administration.

Lord Hastings quitted India at the beginning of 1823, but before his departure a correspondence occurred between him and Metcalfe, highly honorable to both, in which a reconciliation was effected. During the temporary administration of John Adam, the claim of Palmer and Co. was liquidated by specie remitted from Calcutta ; but the secret bonus and the clandestine allowances to members of the firm were rejected from the account. The House soon after failed. It might have been thought that the discussions would now have ended. But indiscreet friends of the Marquis thought it their duty to submit the subject to the consideration of the Court of Proprietors. Papers were called for and printed. A folio of a thousand pages was devoted to " certain pecuniary transactions of Palmer and Co. with the Nizam's Government." " Motions were made and amendments proposed. A debate of six days duration invested the India House with unusual interest. Nearly nine hundred votes were recorded. A majority of two hundred and seventy sustained the views which had been advocated by Metcalfe.

In after years a discussion arising out of the claims of Palmer and Co. placed the Court of Directors in direct antagonism to the Board of Control. So complete was the difference of opinion upon this unhappy subject, that a mandamus was obtained in the King's Bench to compel the Directors to sign a despatch, and gentlemen on furlough were in daily expectation of waiting on their honorable masters in prison.

Metcalf remained at Hyderabad until 1825. While at Delhi he had lost both his parents. In 1823 his brother Theophilus died, and he succeeded to the Baronetcy. In the same year his health for the first time failed, and he had an opportunity of estimating how much his life was valued, by the exertions of his friends to relieve his sufferings. A government yacht was sent to Masulipatam to bring him to Calcutta; the most promising of the assistant surgeons (J. R. Martin) was deputed to attend him. Two of his Assistants determined "to waive the Nizam's allowances and to cleave to the Company" in order that they might accompany him. Of these one died early, the other is now Resident at Hyderabad.

In 1825 the aspect of politics in the North West induced the Government again to appoint him to the Residency at Delhi. He found a civil war impending in Bhurtpore, an uncle attempting to deprive his nephew of his birthright. All negotiations having failed, a British army advanced against the usurper, and Metcalf had the satisfaction of seeing the renowned fortress reduced by storm, which twenty years before had, in his presence, withstood the columns of Lake.

In 1826 he entered the Council of India. He retained his seat for some years, having been continued in the appointment for two years beyond the usual period by a special resolution of the Hon'ble Court. The career of a member of Council presents little of interest. Metcalf's life was now one of cheerful, but laborious routine. He rode out in the early morning in his park at Alipore "in top boots on a plump white horse." We should mention that he was always a remarkable bad rider, and was constantly suffering from falls. He commenced his work every morning at seven. From nine to twelve he breakfasted, and received visitors. From twelve to seven he was at the desk again, and when he had no visitors in his house, and was free from other social engagements, returned to his papers after dinner. On some occasions, when alone, he dispensed altogether with the formality of dinner, and contented himself with a sandwich, and a pint of claret on his terrace, while his candles were being lighted. At the same time he played his part as *Amphitryon* with lavish munificence. His balls were the best in Calcutta.

On every subject of importance which occupied the attention of the Government, Metcalfe recorded an elaborate minute. A selection from his papers would be a work of the greatest value, and may, we hope, be prepared for publication by Mr. Kaye, who has already edited, with remarkable judgment and good taste, the writings of Henry St. George Tucker. The minutes of Sir Charles Metcalfe, rich with mighty thought and varied illustration, are perhaps, above all other merit, distinguished for lucid clearness of intellect. He always appears to be master of his subject. He never refines, is never hurried into dissertation. His reasoning is always perfectly disciplined. His meaning can never be misunderstood. The skein is carefully unravelled, all the contingent difficulties are plainly stated, and a precise opinion is recorded.

In 1833 he was appointed Governor of Agra. He had hardly, however, assumed charge of this high office when the failing health of Lord William Bentinck compelled the immediate departure of that great statesman, and Sir Charles Metcalfe returned to Calcutta to the Governor General of India.

His administration of the Government of India is chiefly associated with the liberation of the Press. It would not be becoming in the youngest born of Periodical Literature to comment on this much vexed question. We may trust, however, that our pages will, at no distant period, contain a comprehensive essay by "an eminent hand" on the history, prospects, and duties of the Indian Press. For our own part we shall briefly state our opinion, that to keep India without a free Press is about as reasonable as to expect a man may still be bound in swaddling clothes. We know, as we think, all the arguments on the other side, and it is still our deliberate opinion that the form of our Government in this country, and the peculiar relation between the small body of administrators and the large mass of the governed, demand the check which the Press affords. The objections, which we hear advanced, invariably relate to detail and not to principle. We shall allude to only two. The personalities of our Indian Newspapers constitute a frequent complaint. Whatever foundation there may be for the objection, the fault is more with the readers than the editors. The Indian Press, taken as a whole, is as decorous in tone and more free from animosity against public men than the press of England. But we may be assured, that whatever personality there may be, it would be less, if it were more disagreeable to ourselves. We imagine that skilled witnesses would tell us, that the science of Government and our political relations, though discussed with scholarship and research, do not challenge exactly the same interest as the flagellation of an engineer or a collector. The other objection is one, which

the public may justly advance—the frequency of discreditable squabbles between rival editors. When the shepherds of the people, instead of discoursing most eloquent music, begin to break their oaten pipes on each other's heads, the simplicity of the audience must be more than bucolic, if the reproach of Caliban is not heard: "What a thrice double ass was I, to take this drunkard for a god, and worship this dull fool!"

A great effort was made at home by some influential members of the Directory to retain Metcalfe permanently in his office. The measure was not regarded with favor by the administrations of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne; and Lord Heytesbury and Lord Auckland were successively appointed. The claims of Sir Charles Metcalfe were not, however, entirely disregarded. He was decorated with the red ribbon of the Bath, and was prevailed on to accept with great reluctance the Lieutenant Governorship of Agra, the constitution of which had been recently altered by Parliament.

He remained in Agra for about two years. He had now passed thirty-eight years of hard service in India. He was possessed of an ample independence, and had achieved an honorable reputation. He only remained at his post from a sense of duty. When, therefore, he was led to believe that his conduct, in relation to the Press, had diminished the cordiality of the confidence hitherto reposed in him, one course alone seemed open for adoption, and he retired from the service of which he had long been so distinguished an ornament. He retired, amidst the demonstrations of affection from all creeds and races, from a country which he had served and ruled with truth, conscientiousness, and devotion.

We have thus arrived at the close of Metcalfe's Indian career. We have not proposed to follow him through the triumphs which he nobly won in another hemisphere. Full of glory and sorrow would be the tale. Jamaica and Canada were successively entrusted to his care, and admirably did he acquit himself of those great trusts. But a disease, the most insidious and the most terrible that can afflict the humane frame, was preying upon him. He bore with unflinching courage the most cruel remedies without avail. He continued to labour, when his fingers were swollen with arsenic, and his very eyesight was yielding to his awful malady. When the Peerage, with which a grateful Sovereign marked her approbation of his splendid services, was conferred, he was a dying man. Lord Metcalfe of Fern Hill never took his seat in the House of Lords.

He returned once more to England. Day by day, by slow degrees, his life ebbed away. Loving and beloved he died—a calm,

sweet calm upon his face, a Christian's sure and certain hope in his unclouded mind. On the 5th of September 1846 the long struggle ended.

He was buried in the little parish Church of Winkfield, near Fern Hill, in the old vault of the Metcalfe's, where he had often wished to rest. Costly monuments in Asiatic and American cities attested the gratitude of the nations which he ruled. The tablet, with which private affection marked his grave, was inscribed by the pen of England's great Historian.

We believe from our hearts, that the world has seldom seen so beautiful a nature as that of Charles Metcalfe. His character rises four square. Qualities which, in their fullest development, might degenerate into defects, were maintained in healthy growth by appropriate checks. His liberality was munificent, but it was the liberality of a man of prudence, not that of a man who did not know the value of money. His ambition was high and noble; but it was consistent with an earnest and most scrupulous regard for the interests of others. Though his talents were brilliant, his industry was that of a slow laborious man. In the struggle of public life it was said of him, that his fairness was so extreme, that, if his adversary made a false step, he would rather help him to right himself than profit by his error: His self-reliance and moral courage were conspicuous; when once he had satisfied himself as to the right, he shrunk from no confederacy of opponents in its advocacy. His energy was without the slightest parade. Gibbon Wakefield, a most competent observer, said of him: "How he finds the time is a problem. I know only that he is never in a hurry." It has been well remarked, that a man's character may be ascertained from the letters of his correspondents; when this test is applied to Metcalfe, the endearing traits of the man are at once apparent. When the brave old soldier Ochterlony addressed him as "the child of his affections," he only expressed, in a manner becoming his advanced years, the same sentiment of deep attachment which animated all the friends of Metcalfe. The warmth of his own affections, his acute sensibility, the depth and constancy of his friendships, his own letters, and a hundred daily acts of delicate kindness, most amply testify. He was tried by the severest tests to which humanity is subject; a prosperity, greater even than his youthful ambition had ever imagined, never detracted from the beautiful simplicity of his gentle and noble nature; the agonies of his fell disease never ruffled the sweetness of his temper, or extracted one reproachful complaint from his heroic heart.





